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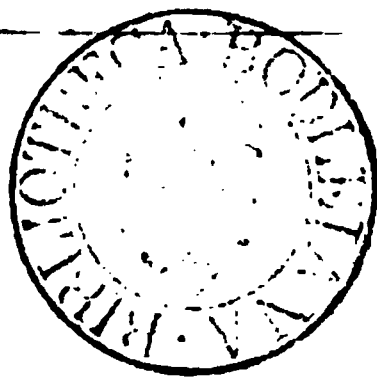
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THE METROPOLITAN.

TRADES' UNIONS.

It is a singular feature in the present condition of this country, that its agitation, from domestic and other sources of discontent, appears to resolve itself into Unions; like the acting of the cohesive power upon atoms, which, though separated in a quiescent fluid, fly to obey the laws of attraction, when their state of individual repose is disturbed. It may be, hereafter a matter of deep speculation to the historian, to enter more fully into the causes of this political phenomenon. We ascribe it to the freedom of the individual, arising from the peculiarity of our constitution, and we congratulate ourselves and the country, that a state of things, which, in our old antagonist, France, would long ago have been decided by revolution and bloodshed, has, in this country, produced only the gatherings of phalanxes, to oppose what have been considered by the people as encroachments upon their liberties and their rights. We are now a nation of Unions. Political parties are but Political Unions, and the Conservatives are just as illegal, or as legal, whichever you please, as the widely-extended Political Unions themselves. On the one side, we have the union of wealth and influence, on the other, the union of the mass; up to the present time each employing none other but legal measures to uphold their respective claims, and contending for constitutional rights without violating constitutional laws. So far all is well; but we have now to comment upon another and hitherto unheard-of species of Union; one which is legal in itself, and illegal in its acts; one, that if not checked, either by legal enactments, or causes to which we shall hereafter advert, threatens the peace, the security, and the prosperity of the country; an Union which has declared that *labour* is no longer *marketable*, and in making such declaration, strikes a blow at once to social order and national prosperity. Its ramifications are immense, its power tremendous, its conduct arbitrary and tyrannical, and it yet remains to be proved in what manner this powerful combination may be directed. When we reflect that its meetings are secret and masonic—that dreadful oaths are administered—that the obedience of its members is implicit—and that this obedience is enforced through every part of the United Kingdom, we at once perceive that a well-regulated and extended Union of force of this description becomes an immense engine to be applied, if diverted from its original intentions, to the most alarming and dangerous purposes. We feel,

then, that it is necessary that an immediate check should be put to this growing incubus upon the prosperity of the nation, that it should no longer be permitted to "startle the isle from its propriety," and that every legislative enactment on the part of government, and every exertion on the part of well-wishers to the country, should be called forth to destroy this many-headed hydra of combination.

We are now about to enter into a detail of the spirit and the conduct hitherto pursued by the Trades' Union, and in so doing, we shall meet the question with that impartiality which, we trust, we shall always show in the discussion of every subject. The Trades' Union is a combination of the labouring classes of manufacturers, agriculturists, and others, to uphold each other against a reduction of wages by their employers. It is the proud privilege of English liberty, that every one who lives under English law, may act in all things as it may seem good to him, provided he violates no enactment. A workman, or any body of workmen, have an undoubted right, if they consider that the wages offered are not remunerative of their labour, to *strike*, as they term it, and refuse to work. They have an undoubted right to exercise their own free will in that point; so far the Union is legal. Farther, the said workmen have a right to support each other; they have a right to raise a fund among themselves, that they may support those who are out of work in consequence of their having, in conformity with the resolutions agreed to among themselves, refused to take work at a lower price than that which they have agreed upon; so far the Trades' Unions are legal. They violate no enactment, and they have a right to work or to be idle, and to assist each other, as they think proper. But the Trades' Unions have found out that simply adhering to these, the professed objects of their Union, would not have the effect desired, and in consequence they have proceeded to acts decidedly illegal in themselves, although difficult to be brought under the head of any existing law, the laws not having as yet contemplated that such measures on the part of the Unions would have been resorted to. For instance, although they have a right to *strike* themselves, they have no right to prevent others from working who are so inclined; they have no right to place spies and scouts round the manufactories, and prevent, by force and threats, those who wish for employment from receiving it, or the employers who wish for workmen from obtaining them; they have still less right to instigate murder, and to administer oaths in which murder is declared to be justifiable. Yet such has been the conduct of the Trades' Unions, as we shall now prove, by extracting from a very valuable work on the subject, the truth of the contents of which is undoubted.

"The tyranny of the Association now knew no bounds; and the Committee, like all ignorant men in the possession of authority, for which they are wholly unfitted by intellectual acquirement, ran riot in their power, and frequently exercised it in the mere wantonness of passion and caprice. They determined to change the mode of paying wages, and that in future each man should not be paid by the piece, as was the general practice, but by a weekly allowance of their own fixing. An instance of the way in which this determination was enforced, will show the character of their proceedings. The overlookers of a large factory were summoned before the Committee, and ordered to pay the work-people in their establishment at the rate of 21s. a-week, and not by the piece. Upon this, the overlookers produced the books of the mill, and proved to the Committee that the men were then earning 23s. a-

week at piece-work, and, therefore, that to comply with the demands of the Union, would be to reduce the men's wages. The Committee answered, that the master was cheated by his men, and that their orders must be obeyed. They were obeyed, and at the end of the week, the master discovered that his work-people had only turned off as much work as was worth 15s. at the usual prices. Thus the manufacturer, his men, and the public, were all injured by this oppressive proceeding. The absence of the stimulus of being paid according to the work done, was doubtless one cause of the relaxed exertion of the men, but we suspect that the large decrease in this instance was owing to the express commands of the Committee, given in pursuance of the policy which influenced them in advocating the Ten-hour Factory Bill, viz. to diminish the quantity of goods brought to market, and thus, as they foolishly supposed, to raise the rate of wages."

We have here another proof of the arbitrary and insolent conduct of the Trades' Union. Would it be credited that a body of men, dependent upon their employers for their daily bread, would ever have been able to place themselves in the situation of dictators, to reverse the order of things, and instead of receiving with humility and thankfulness their weekly earnings, "dressed in their brief authority, play such fantastic tricks as these?"

"Another manufacturer, who had been forced, in the way just mentioned, to change the mode of paying his men, was treated with an additional instance of oppression, which could hardly be exceeded by an Eastern despot. As soon as he discovered the loss he was sustaining on account of the small quantity of work performed by his men on the plan of weekly wages, he naturally complained to the Committee, upon which he was ordered to keep *no books*; and to this extraordinary command he was compelled to yield submission."

Again—

"One manufacturer was punished by a turn-out of eight days continuance, because he discharged a workman for negligence, and changed an overlooker from one department to another."

The Builders' Union offered a good proof of the danger of power in the hands of these people. Among other observations we have as follows:—

"The lofty and imperious tone assumed in their communications with the masters, brings to mind the grandiloquent edicts of Chinese dignitaries, while it shows the opinion they entertained of the extent of their power. 'We consider,' says one of these despatches, 'that as you have not treated our rules with that deference you ought to have done, we consider you highly culpable, and deserve to be highly chastised.'"

This Union established a *Builders' Parliament*! The system of preventing others from receiving employment is thus described:—

"When a strike has taken place in any factory, men are always stationed to keep watch on the building, and also on every avenue leading to it, whose business it is to prevent fresh workmen being engaged in the place of those who have turned out. Every labouring man who appears to be seeking employment in the direction of the factory, or, having accepted employment in it, is returning from it, is stoppt and interrogated, and should he prove refractory, is threatened or maltreated. This system of *picqueting* mills has been carried to the greatest extent in Manchester, where the obnoxious factory is always watched by five or six men, unknown in the immediate neighbourhood, and who, on a given signal, can be reinforced to the extent of three hundred. These picquets are regularly relieved, by night and by day, with as much order and method as is observed by an army in a hostile country; and so effectual are they in producing the desired end, that an establishment is not unfrequently kept in a state of literal siege; no one can enter or leave it without danger of molestation; and if fresh workmen have by any means been

introduced, beds and provisions are prepared for them within the walls of the factory."

But there is another feature in these Unions that must be most severely animadverted upon, which is, that they do all they can to encourage and promote idleness. Their object is evidently to be paid well and work little, and to establish this, they show the most inveterate hostility to *task* work.

"One of the worst features of these Societies, is their hostility to piece or task-work, and the consequent discouragement they give to the exercise of superior skill and industry. 'The man who does task-work,' says the Trades' Union Magazine,—'is guilty of less defensible conduct than a drunkard. The worst passions of our nature are enlisted in support of task-work. Avarice, meanness, cunning, hypocrisy, all excite and feed upon the miserable victim of task-work, while debility and destitution look out for the last morsel of their prey. A man, who earns by task-work, 40s. per week, the usual wages by day being 20s., robs his fellow of a week's employment.' The discouragement of merit, is, indeed, the necessary consequence of the attempt to establish what is called an 'equalization of wages,' a state of things, in which every one is to earn an equal sum, without reference to his talent or diligence. To this desire is owing the absurd rule in the Appendix, which imposes the penalty of 2s. 6d. or expulsion from the Society, on any member, who should 'be known to boast of his superior ability as to either the quantity or quality of work he can do, either in public or private company.'"

So that the industrious man who exerts himself to a late hour to procure comforts for his wife and family is scouted; nay, it seems to be even worse; for it appears that one of the foulest murders ever perpetrated was upon a poor man, whose only crime was a desire to gain those wages to which he was fully entitled by superior skill. We will now extract the form of oath taken by the cotton-spinners in Scotland in 1823.

"I, A. B., do voluntarily swear, in the awful presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, that I will execute, with zeal and alacrity, as far as in me lies, every task or injunction, which the majority of my brethren shall impose upon me in furtherance of our common welfare; as the *chastisement of knobs*, the *assassination* of oppressive and tyrannical masters, or the demolition of shops that shall be deemed incorrigible; and also that I will cheerfully contribute to the support of such of my brethren as shall lose their work in consequence of their exertions against tyranny, or renounce it in resistance to a reduction of wages; and I do further swear, that I will never divulge the above obligation, unless I shall have been duly authorized and appointed to administer the same to persons making application for admission, or to persons constrained to become members of our fraternity."

It here appears that they take a secret oath to *assassinate* oppressive and tyrannical masters, and to execute it with zeal and alacrity. The chastisement of *knobs* is the punishment of those workmen who refused to join the Union, and were anxious to support their families by their industry. As a specimen of *what* the chastisement consists in, we quote the following:—

"The murdered man had become obnoxious to the Union, by refusing to join in a strike; and though the charge could not be proved against the members, the circumstances told so strongly against them, that the jury which sat on the inquest, gave in their verdict, that they had 'too much reason to fear, that his murder had been the consequence of fidelity to his master!' The night of the murder, the Union had had a long and violent discussion, which lasted from six to eleven; at half-past eight the object of their hatred was attacked in a lane by between thirty and forty persons, and beaten to death with clubs. Not one of these ruffians ever made a sign of their guilt, and the perpetrators are still undiscovered."

Again—

“ Not an unusual mode of attack in Scotland on those who oppose the wishes of the Union, is by firing in at the windows during night, and also by throwing vitriol, through which atrocious crime, several have lost their eye-sight, and been otherwise irremediably injured. One man confessed that he had been *employed to assassinate* four of the masters, who had incurred the displeasure of the Union, and that for the attempt he was to receive 100*l.*, with an addition in case of success.”

Speaking of the cotton-spinners in 1829, the author of the work we quote from, has as follows :—

“ In addition to the common outrages, which always accompany strikes, this was sullied with the crime of assassination. Many masters were shot at, but these villainous attempts were unsuccessful, except in the instance of Mr. T. Ashton, one of the most respected of the manufacturers, whose yet unpunished murder attests the excess to which the workmen are capable of proceeding, when impelled by the spirit of combination.”

The foregoing extracts will sufficiently establish our case, that the Trades' Unions have exercised a power as unwarrantable as mischievous, and that they are no longer to be considered as within the pale of the law. But it will be said, that although the acts emanating from these Unions are illegal, that the Unions themselves are not so. Now we reply, that allowing such to be at present the case, that it is high time that laws should be made against combinations, attended with such disastrous results, that if these Unions do not relax or abandon these proceedings, the rest of the community, whom it must be remembered are still the majority, are called upon by the principles of self defence, of justice, and a regard to the prosperity of the country, to put all these fearful agitations without the pale of the law, by some decisive acts of legislation. Not that we consider this so necessary from the *Union of the Trades*, for the avowed legitimate right of *protecting themselves*, but from the feeling that if these Unions are continued, and are fully organized, to the extent of which they are capable, the result will in all probability be, that, defeated in their *avowed objects*, they will be ready to use their power in *rebellious and unconstitutional measures*. As soon as their own acts have reduced them to a state of misery and starvation, (and a continuance will inevitably produce such a result,) they will then turn their enormous combined force to the promotion of anarchy and the violation of every right. They will take by force that food for which they have refused to work ; and it will end in their being bayoneted in the act of plunder, or convicted as felons, they will terminate their lives in the penal colonies, or by the more dreadful expiation on the scaffold. That this must be the issue of these unsuccessful machinations we have no hesitation in asserting, and that they have hitherto been, and must always be unsuccessful, we shall now proceed to establish.

The most important of the Unions—the one which occasioned the greatest alarm and mischief—was that of the cotton spinners. The cotton spinners do not form more than one tenth of the establishment in a cotton mill, but their labour was absolutely necessary to the working of the material ; consequently by refusing to work themselves, all their fellow labourers were thrown out of work at the same time : one thousand cotton spinners striking will throw out of em-

ployment ten thousand people. These men have been the most refractory of all, and yet in no instance have they ever gained their demand, viz. an increase of wages; but the result has been what might have been expected—a new piece of machinery has been invented, by which the necessity of a *cotton spinner* is done away with. As soon as it is introduced into all the manufactories, the cotton spinners, ten thousand in number, will be no longer required—the race as such will disappear, and have to turn their hands to some other employment. So that the effects of these Unions have been to take the bread out of their own mouths, although at the same time the introduction of extra machinery is for the present injurious to the interests of the country.

One of the most extensive unions has been that of the building trade, their chief organization being at Liverpool, where building on a large scale has been carried on. These people struck for no reason whatever, and it is to be remarked, that the major part of these Unionists were *Irish labourers*, who had come over to England to gain their bread. We have specimens of their conduct now at the police offices in London. These hod-and-mortar gentlemen held out until the builders were obliged to call in the steam engine, much to the discomfiture of the labourers, whose services are no longer required.

The wool-combers also obliged their employers to have recourse to machinery; and after many trials, an engine has been invented, and is daily coming more and more into use. It performs its work better and cheaper than by the old process, and before long, the trade of the *wool-comber*, like that of the cotton spinner, will have *ceased to exist*.

We have brought forward these facts to prove that in some instances the manufacturers have been able to defeat the measures of the Trades' Union, but this cannot be so in all; for instance, a carriage, a house, a hat, or a shoe, cannot be made by steam or machinery. It therefore remains to prove why these Trades' Unions cannot hold together much longer for their *legitimate* and *avowed objects*. Because every time they strike they weaken their own force. Those who strike, in obedience to the orders of the delegates, are to be supported by those who are in full work; this impoverishes the whole body, and at each new strike they are less able to support those who remain in idleness. Another consequence of a strike operates very powerfully in diminishing their strength, which is, that it introduces a new set of workmen, increases the number of applicants for employment, and decreases their profits in proportion. We will quote from the work before us.

“In the year 1824, all the spinners in Hyde turned out, much against their own wishes, but at the persuasion or dictation of the heads of the Union. The reason given for this step was, that the Hyde spinners were working for wages below the regular rate, inasmuch as they were paid 3s. 7d. per 1000 hanks of 40's., while in other places 1s. more was given for the same quantity of work. But the machinery on which the Hyde spinners worked was so superior, that they could at these comparative low prices, earn more weekly than the neighbouring spinners, who however insisted that their Hyde brethren were paid lower wages than themselves, and therefore ought to turn out, whereas it is obvious that they were in fact paid higher wages than were given elsewhere. The result of this strike was, that the men, after

enduring the greatest hardships, and costing the combination between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.*, came back to their work at the same wages, which they had turned out to raise.

"In 1829 another serious turn-out took place, which originated in precisely the same causes as the one last mentioned,—the introduction of improved machinery. A little before this time, several masters had erected mules, carrying from four to five hundred spindles, which enabled the spinners who worked at them to receive a less sum in the proportion of three to five for a given quantity of work, and at the same time to earn at least an equal amount of wages, with those who were employed on the old machinery. Twenty-one mills and 10,000 persons were thrown idle for six months by this strike, which, one of the witnesses of the working classes, who was examined by the Factory Commission declares, has entailed evils on the Manchester operatives, which it will be long before they recover. Many of the men are to this day suffering in destitution the penalty of their folly in 1829, the immediate result of which was their return to work at a reduction of wages from what they were previously receiving, after passing the usual round of privations, and many of them being brought to the verge of starvation. And this was the effect, notwithstanding a contribution, at one time no less than 2*s.* 9*d.* weekly, subscribed by each of those in work for their support."

Again—

"The shipwrights in Liverpool struck for an advance of wages in 1816, and having continued idle twenty-two weeks, returned to their work at five per cent. reduction from what they were receiving when they turned out. The hatters in London struck in 1820, demanding an increase of 1*s.* per dozen hats; and after staying out for fifteen weeks, they accepted employment from their masters at a decrease of 1*s.* instead of a rise of that sum, which they had forfeited nearly a third of a year's wages to gain."

We give another extract in confirmation of our opinion.

"It may be thought they would be able to attain their object by limiting the number of those admitted to the business, but this they have never been able to do, for one especial reason among others, that the last resort of their power, a strike, invariably introduces new workmen, and thus their end is defeated by the very means taken to gain it. More than 300 persons were instructed in spinning, owing to the turn-out in Ashton in 1825, and Mr. Lees states in his evidence, that every general turn out without exception has ended in a reduction of wages immediately after, on account of the influx of fresh hands causing a superabundance of labour."

Speaking of the combination of the stuff and worsted trades, we have the following proof what can be done by one individual, if he be firm, and also it proves the large sums which the Unions are obliged to expend in furtherance of their views.

"The most remarkable strike that has arisen from this Union is that which took place last year in the establishments belonging to Messrs. Hindes and Derham, by which all their work-people, exceeding 1000 in number, were thrown out of employ. This turn-out ended in the complete discomfiture of the men, and it forms the only instance we are aware of in these trades, of a manufacturer having single-handed defied the whole power of one of the most extensive Unions in England, and at length gaining the victory. This result is mainly attributable to the peculiar locality of the mills belonging to the firm, one of which was situated at Dolphinholme, a small hamlet, seven miles from Lancaster, a second in Leeds, and a third in Bradford. The first of these was the chief scene of the dispute, and to its distance from any large town, and facility of getting workmen from the neighbouring agricultural district, the successful resistance must in a great measure be ascribed. The little reason there was for a strike on the score of wages, may be learnt from the fact, that the earnings of thirty wool-combers in the year previous to their turning out, averaged 41*l.* 11*s.* 9½*d.* each man, or 15*s.* 11½*d.* weekly; and that the average earnings of the sixty-three families employed in the establishment for the same time, consisting of four persons and a minute fraction in every family, were 87*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Every mode of annoyance which the Union could devise was put in practice on this

occasion. The workman lived in cottages belonging to their employers, and obstinately refused to quit, when the proprietors were compelled to bring no less than forty-seven actions of ejectment at the Lancaster assizes, in order to obtain possession. Funds for the support of the men were subscribed by their fellow-workmen in every part of the country, as will be seen by the following extract from the books of the Union, which gives the receipts and payments to Dolphinholme from September 11th, 1832, to February 2nd, 1833.

PAID TO DOLPHINHOLME.

	£.	s.	d.
From Kendal.....	27	16	0
Leeds.....	58	5	11
Halifax.....	85	0	0
No. 2 Lodge, No. 2 District.....	5	0	0
Bradford.....	1822	10	3½
Other sums from Keighley, Halifax, and Kidderminster.....	59	9	8½
Total paid to Dolphinholme....	£2058	1	11

Besides the sums disbursed in maintaining in idleness those who had struck, and which are not all given in the preceding account, many other heavy expenses were incurred. Among these we may mention the sending the whole of the Dolphinholme workmen across the country to Leeds, and on the whole, we have reason to believe, that 4000*l.* is beneath the sum, which the Union expended in this unsuccessful contest.

"This strike was the cause of the invention of the wool-combing machine, which wholly superseded the labour of that class of men, who were the chief ringleaders in this affair, and which has struck a blow at their combination, that it can never recover. The highest credit is due to Messrs. Hindes and Derham for the spirit with which they resisted the tyranny it was attempted to impose on them, the oppressive nature of which will appear by one demand that was made in writing, by which they were required to dismiss seven persons who had become obnoxious to the Union. Compliance with this request would have deprived them of the controul necessary to carry on their business; and not less tact and conduct was displayed in opposing these despotic proceedings, than enterprise in discovering a mode, by which not only the proprietors of these works, but other manufacturers in the trade must eventually free themselves in great measure from the dictation of those they employ."

Now, when to all the facts we have brought forward, we have to add one still more convincing, that these combinations are not made from necessity—that it is most satisfactorily proved by evidence before the committee, that when times are bad there are no *strikes*, but that it is only when wages are high that they take place, we may then surmise that these 'Trades' Unions have been raised by artful and designing men, who have some *ulterior object* in view, upon which they wish to bring this enormous power to bear. This we are afraid is the case; and we therefore shortly point out to government and to all friends of social order, the necessity of putting them down—at once—and not allowing them to carry on their machinations until those who yield obedience to their mandates, are, by the misery and starvation inflicted upon them by their own rules, in a state to be led to any act of anarchy and rebellion.

Much has been said about the master manufacturers combining against the workmen, but this is an outcry without a foundation. It is impossible for them to combine so as to regulate wages. Wages rise and fall in proportion as labour is in demand. A contract from

government, or large orders to be immediately executed, will necessitate our manufacturers to give higher wages, to enable him to execute his orders. It would be therefore impossible for the masters to keep faith with each other—in fact, they must always be at rivalry from the effects of competition; and the proof of this is the very circumstance, that oppressed, dictated to, and bullied, as they have been by the Trades' Unions, they never have been able to *combine in their own defence*. Had they been able to combine, the Trades' Unions would long ago have died a natural death.

It now remains for us to point out what measures may be taken to stop the progress and disastrous effects of their combinations. On the part of government, it is absolutely necessary that they should be checked the moment that they exceed legitimate bounds. The system of *picqueting* and preventing the men from applying for work after a *strike*, ought to be most *severely punished*. The delegates, or those who sent out the orders to commit unlawful acts, should be held responsible as well as the persons who execute their orders—and those who strike in obedience to the command of the Union, should, with their wives and families, be entitled to no relief of any kind whatever.

The master manufacturers should so far combine as to protect each other from serious loss in case of a strike. After all, it becomes a question of the *purse*, and the longest will soon carry the day. It is well known, that very often the sum of 80,000*l.* is vested in a cotton mill; the loss of interest of money to the proprietors will be 75*l.* per week. The strike takes place generally when the Unions know that there is a large order to be executed. Now, the loss is twofold, in the interest of money vested, and payment of the superintendents of the manufactory while it is idle, and in the impossibility of completing the order. The manufacturers should so far combine as to make a *purse*, (each party subscribing in proportion to the extent of his manufactory and numbers of men employed,) so as to indemnify from serious loss any one of their body whose men may *strike*; at the same time entering into a compact, *never to employ* those men who have *struck*. If this were once entered in and adhered to, the Unions would soon be broken up; the expense to the manufacturers in proportion to that of the operatives would be trifling, as may be seen by a reference to the sums paid by the Unions to those who were out of work in obedience to their orders. The sum paid by the Union to the Dolphinholme strike was upwards of 100*l.* per week, for twenty weeks—the total expenses are estimated at upwards of 200*l.* per week. When once it comes to an affair of the *purse* between the *master manufacturers* and the *Unions*, the latter must break down.

We think these measures would be found effectual, if not, government must interfere; and an admission from foreign countries of every article of manufacture which the Trades' Unions in their wisdom will not be permitted to be manufactured here. Injurious as it would be to the prosperity of the country, and tending as it would do, to destroy the whole manufacturing trade of the country, still it would be preferable to our being ridden over, rough-shod, by those who think proper to substitute insolence for gratitude, and constitute an

imperium in imperio, as dangerous and subversive of all society, as it is disgusting and ridiculous. We think after this *exposé*, the decisive measures relative to the Dorchester labourers, which have been taken by the government, will meet with the approbation of our readers; and we trust that the same line of conduct may be pursued, convinced that it is only by the strong arm of power being freely applied, that we can expect to secure that quiet and submission to the laws so necessary for the welfare and prosperity of the country.

Union can but be met by Union, and it appears to us that one of the most advisable plans would be, that the knobs, i. e. men who will not join the Trades' Unions, and are willing to work, should be formed into a body to oppose the Unions. It is well known that one half of the Trade Unionists belong to it per force, and would be most willing to leave it. Let them once see a body, equal, as it certainly would be, (and *may* prove more powerful than the Unionists,) ready to repel force by force, and there is no doubt but that a large proportion of the Unionists would join, especially if this body were protected and supported by their employers.

THE FORTY-THIRD ODE OF ANACREON, TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY EDWARD JOHNSON.

Εἰς τέρτιαν.—TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

SWEET chorister, how blest art thou,
Who, on the summit of the bough,
Thron'd like a king, the whole day long
Dost sip thy dew and pour thy song,
While all around thine eye can see,
In wood and mead, belongs to thee!
The farmer knows thee void of harm,
And, passing, flings his welcome warm;
To all mankind thy song is dear,
Sweet prophet of the Summer near!
Apollo's self doth love thee well,
And gave thy voice such tuneful swell.
The Muses from their hill remote,
Delight to listen to thy note.
E'en chiding age, so prone to see
The faults of others, chides not thee.
Harmless, skilful, bloodless rover!
Heavenly Music's earth-born lover!
Thou almost dost deserve to be
Accounted a divinity!

STORY OF A STUDENT.

" Creative Art,
 Whether the instrument of words the use,
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,
 Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part,
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert ;
 And O ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
 Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
 And in the soul admit of no decay,
 Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness,
 Great is the glory—for the strife is hard !

WORDSWORTH.

I AM about to record the strugglings of a life spent in that strife, but unrewarded by that glory. True, my years have been few, too few for the attainment of a serene and lofty fame ; yet few as they have been, their number is completed, for another will not elapse before this wasting frame shall have become "dust for oblivion." The tide of life is ebbing fast through my young pulses—earthly hope and enterprise are extinct within me, and thought itself is changed to saddening retrospection ; yet should I be uncandid did I say that self-reproach makes part of my despondency—yet should I be ungrateful did I leave earth complaining of its woes, and thankless for its pleasures. But there is one mood of mind in which I am made to feel shame, remorse, and self-contempt—it is that in which I am haunted by the fear that I do not in truth possess that genius which should alone have caused or justified the enthusiasm with which I devoted myself to the pursuit of fame. The martyr, who, in the midst of death-flames, should begin to doubt the divineness of the cause for which he suffered, could alone estimate the misery with which I yield to the suspicion that the shrine on which I have sacrificed health, home, and all the world's untasted joys, contains no heaven-descended spirit, but an idol formed by my own vanity. But this distrust of my own powers, though terrible, is only occasional, and there are moments, not a few, in which I entertain the proud conviction that, had time and strength been given me, I would have won a crown and throne among the living kings of thought and song.

I was born in an Irish provincial town, which afforded excellent opportunities for education. My parents were poor and humble shopkeepers. I was their only child, my mother's pride, my mother's sorrow. Of those early days when life is almost wholly animal, I recollect little more than my boisterous delight in boyish sports, my awe of my stern, cold father, and my fondness for my indulgent mother ; but since I indeed became a living soul, since thought and self sentience dawned, memory has been a faithful chronicler. My father sent me to school betimes, intending that I should only receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that when this meagre education should be completed, I should be apprenticed to some trade or business. It was long before I was reconciled to the inroads which school hours and school books made upon my childish amusements ; but so soon as I had experienced the nobler excitement of mental conflict, I became the most

ardent student in the academy. My father never praised or fondled me, but his parental pride was flattered by my reputation for talent, and in order to give it wider scope, he permitted me to learn Greek and Latin, and subsequently modern languages and science. But he had not relinquished his original design of putting me into business; he only postponed the execution of it until I should have acquired the last and highest of our collegiate honours. Meantime, study had with me become a passion, and the desire of fame grew up in my heart, strong, silent, and unbending as a tree. I had felt the "spur of the old bards to mighty deeds,"—I had vowed my soul to the service and the search of truth, and my body I had devoted to be the slave and instrument of its divine guest, the soul. But my desire of fame was not a selfish and sole-thoughted passion for personal aggrandizement; it was composed of the best affections of our nature—love of parents, of country, of mankind. My heart throbbed warmly at the thought that I might be the destined discoverer of truths that should be benefactions to future ages, but dearer still was the hope of winning a fame that might be worthy to make part of my country's glory; that when she should be taunted with the fewness of her philosophers and bards, mine might be among the honoured names with which she would reply to the reproach. I could not indeed expect to witness more than the commencement of such a fame, but it is the peculiarity of this mysterious and unfathomable passion, that it places its hopes, though earth-bound, beyond the grave, and kindles brightest at thought of praises which will fall unheeded on the "dull cold ear of death." Yet no man ever found a durable renown, whose claims were not at least partially recognized during his lifetime, and I was scarcely aware how much I was animated by expectancy of this foretaste of glory, and by anticipation of the triumphant wonder with which my parents would witness my success. Youthful dreams—bright visions! how often have they been dispelled by the harsh voices of reality and want—how often have I wooed them back and fondly cherished them! but now they have for ever vanished, they have heard death's coming footsteps, and are fled beyond recall.

I was now about seventeen, and had hitherto led a life as tranquil and happy as I could desire. The little apartment which I called my own, was neatly and even elegantly fitted up, and furnished with choice books, which my mother's bounty had enabled me to purchase. In this loved retreat I studied night and day, seldom leaving it, except for the purpose of enjoying my dear mother's society. Every evening when the shop was closed, my father went abroad in search of recreation, and I descended, to pass an hour or two in my mother's cheerful parlour. Here we discoursed gaily or sadly of things past, present, and to come, and often enlivened our discourse by singing together some of the beautiful airs of our country. But this sweet life of enjoyment and hope was soon to terminate. One day, as I was retiring after dinner, my father said abruptly, "I have apprenticed you to Mr. ———, the woollen draper; indeed I should have done so long since; but I expect that you will immediately prepare to give up your bookish nonsense, and enter on your new situation." I stated my invincible repugnance to this mode of life, and attempted to remonstrate against being forced to enter on it; but he interrupted me with vehement anger, vowing that I should adopt the business he had chosen for me, or leave his house and provide for myself, as he would no longer support me in idleness. Silently indignant I withdrew, and shutting myself into my quiet sanctuary, began to contemplate for the first time the stern and chill realities of life. I felt that I was no longer a child to be nourished by the toil of others; the time was come when I must bear my portion of the primal curse, and eat the bread of my own labour. Yet I could not resolve to brave the living death that

was proposed to me. To forego my burning desire of fame, and submit to years of dreary toil with no higher aim than that of making a little money—to be compelled to learn the textures, prices, &c. of broad-cloths, while my soul was thirsting unquenchably for knowledge—such a lot I could not for an instant bear to dwell upon. I could not blame my father, but I determined not to deceive him; and as I found myself unfitted for a business life, I resolved not to sacrifice my time and his money by entering on any apprenticeship whatever. I had just formed this resolution when my mother entered. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her voice faltered as she said, “Surely, dear John, you will not disobey your father?”

“Nothing could grieve me more than doing so, but what he commands at present, is an impossibility to me.”

“O my poor child, do not say so! Your father has solemnly sworn, that if in one week you do not consent, you must leave this house—and you know how resolute he is.”

“Well, in that at least I can obey him,” I said, proudly, though my breast heaved and my eyes brimmed. I know not what hardness or strength of heart enabled me to resist my mother’s entreaties, but when she found me inflexible she implored me to make choice of any of the learned professions—divinity, law, medicine—and promised to obtain my father’s consent. But neither did the professions tempt me. The first was too sacred to be entered on from inferior motives, and the others would too much engross that time which my ambition had secretly dedicated to higher uses. My poor mother was dismayed, and a faint sound of displeasure was in her voice as she asked, “What do you intend to do?” I had not conceived the difficulty of answering this simple and natural question, and I blushed painfully as I reflected that the disclosure of my plans would subject me to the imputation of madness. I therefore attempted to quiet my mother, by telling her, what was indeed the truth, that I intended going to Dublin, where, by the exercise of my talents, I hoped to be able to maintain myself for a few years, after which I would be better able to choose a walk of life fitted to my capacity. I had, in fact, determined on going to Dublin, and there commencing my literary labours. I proposed to myself a life of more than anchorite seclusion, and austerity in food and clothing, and I did not doubt that, by daily sacrificing a small portion of my time in tuition, or some such occupation, I should be able to supply my few wants, and yet reserve all my energies for the slow and toilsome march to fame. I did not then know how much of time and labour the world sometimes exacts in pay for mere subsistence. My father did not speak to me until the time he had appointed for receiving my consent. He then summoned me to his presence, and demanded my decision. I replied respectfully, but firmly, that my habits and inclinations were invincibly averse to business. He then scoffingly wished me success in the honourable career I was about to run, and telling out twenty guineas, he handed them to me, saying sternly, but I thought also sorrowfully, “Headstrong and disobedient boy, try how long you will be able to maintain yourself on this sum, then try how long your talents will take to earn even that pittance, and you will soon discover that a business life is the fittest for one who is not born to an independence. The sooner you purchase this experience, the better for yourself, therefore leave my house to-morrow, and never again enter it until you are convinced of the folly of your disobedience.” Next morning I quitted the parental roof, never again to become a dweller under it. My little fund had been privately augmented by my mother, and I had with me an excellent wardrobe, so that I felt secured from want for at least a year, and that year I resolved to dedicate to my first work. On arriving in Dublin my first care was to procure a cheap and quiet lodg-

ing. In this I succeeded, and quickly establishing myself in my new residence, I commenced my long projected poem. Nothing could so effectually have taught me humility as did this attempt. Thoughts and images which in the mistiness of my own imagination had seemed sublime, lost their majesty, and sank into commonplace, when clothed in my uncouth style; and I saw, but without dismay, that it would be long before I could fashion for myself a grand harmonious utterance like that of the ancient sons of song.

Were I an acknowledged child of genius, I might here relate many of my mental experiences, for, in that case, they would be highly interesting; but I feel the difference which exists, and which ought to exist, between the biography of an obscure and that of a celebrated man, and shall, therefore, suppress the details of my hours of composition. The scantiness of my income compelled me to adopt the most rigid frugality. I lived almost entirely upon bread, fruit, and vegetables, and often, (shall I confess it?) when the chill and cheerless meal was served, I caught myself sighing after the delicacies with which my tender mother used to tempt my fastidious appetite. But far, far more did I miss that mother's tenderness, when sickness visited me, and that was frequently, for I was of a very delicate constitution. But these considerations had no power to check my enthusiasm. When they recurred, I banished them with these few words of Chateaubriand, which I often and fervently repeated—"What are privations, what is death itself, if our name but descend to posterity; and if two thousand years hence its sound should cause one generous heart to beat in the cause of liberty?"

I was in the habit of taking a long walk into the country very early every morning, and it was always during these excursions that I originated those poetical conceptions, which, during the day and night, I laboured to embody. One morning, about six months after my arrival in Dublin, I went out for this purpose, taking with me some money, with the intention of purchasing a work which I ardently desired to possess. It was seldom, indeed, that I could permit myself such an indulgence, and I had long since discovered that even the student cannot be reconciled to poverty, when he feels that mental, as well as sensual pleasures are circumscribed by want of money. As I was walking rapidly along Sackville-street, my eye was caught by a mail-coach bearing the name of my native town. An unutterable yearning to look again upon my dear mother's face filled my heart—the money which I had with me would defray the expenses of the journey—the coach was about to start—I could not resist the impulse of filial love, I stepped upon the vehicle, and in a few seconds found myself rapidly travelling towards my birthplace. Looking back upon all the circumstances of the visit to my mother, I cannot but believe that it was some mysterious prompting that urged me to it on that particular day. It was late and dark when I arrived, but it was, I knew, the best time for seeing my mother alone, as the hour approached at which my father generally closed the shop and went abroad. Meantime I wrapped my cloak around me, and muffling the lower part of my face in its folds, I walked up and down, gazing fondly on my dear mother, who was as usual busied in the shop. As I stood in the shadow without the door, I could hear some of the customers who were neighbours, inquiring for me, and attempting in their own style to comfort my mother, whose tears flowed at my name. They prophesied that I would soon see my folly and return, unless, indeed, I should fall into the wicked ways of the great city, and then there was no saying, &c. All, however, agreed that it was cruel in my father to cast me off for a first offence; but here his entrance, from the back parlour suspended the conversation, and the gossips dispersed, one of them saying as she passed me in the darkness—"Ah! I doubt he is a wild boy; no good could he be thinking

of when he refused the decent trade his father offered him." I continued to hover near the house until I saw my father close the shop and go out. I then knocked gently, and making myself known, was soon clasped in my mother's arms. We sat together until my father's return, when, as I did not wish to be seen by him, my mother brought me to my former apartment, and left me, promising to see me in the morning, and to call me in time to return next day by the Dublin coach. About an hour after midnight, however, I accidentally awoke. A bright full moon was shining into the apartment, and its silver brilliance fell on the face and form of my beloved mother, who was kneeling and praying by my bedside. The moonlight showed me that she wept fast and freely, although no sound of sorrow passed her lips. Stretching out my hands to her, I murmured,—“Dearest mother!” but, taking my hands in hers, and pressing them to her lips, she whispered, “Hush, my child, sleep, for you have need of rest;” then holding my hands, and bowing her head upon them, she continued in the attitude of prayer. I gazed upon her in unspeakable reverence and love, until sleep insensibly surprised me, and, owing to the fatigue I had undergone, several hours elapsed before I again awakened, and in that half-conscious state which precedes a gradual waking from profound sleep, I felt an indefinable sense of misery, a strange presentiment of impending evil. Without unclosing my eyelids, I knew that my mother had not quitted the posture in which I had last seen her. Her hands still clasped mine, her lips still pressed them; but the hands were cold—the lips had no breath. In an agony of alarm I started up. The grey twilight of dawn enabled me to distinguish her kneeling and moveless figure. I called on her in tones of love and terror—but no motion, no reply. Hoping that she slept, or had swooned, I raised her tenderly in my arms, but her tears were dried—her sorrows and her prayers were ended—she was dead! She had perished without pain, by the swift stroke of apoplexy, and I had slept tranquilly while the only heart that loved me was stilled for ever!

Grief for my mother's death served to soften my father's displeasure against me; and during the very few years that he survived her, he occasionally sent me money and other presents. At his death I inherited the small sum arising from the sale of his effects; and these pecuniary aids enabled me to devote several years to study and composition. During this period I began several works, and completed some, but never attempted to bring any of them before the public. I looked upon them rather as exercises that would prepare me for the production of glorious works, than as compositions entitling me to any share of present fame. I naturally distrusted the efforts of such extreme youth, (I was scarce twenty-one,) and I would not, if I could, have risked my hope of reputation by publishing any of them. But I could no longer continue to toil for a remote object; my funds were almost exhausted, and I must earn money or starve. In this emergency I wrote a short article and sent it to a London periodical, for seldom does my luckless country possess any of these ready resources of indigent genius. After a considerable delay my suspense was terminated by the return of the article, accompanied, however, by a complimentary note from the editor, stating that its rejection was unavoidable, as it avowed political principles opposed to those supported in his periodical; but hinting that the same power and taste expended on papers purely literary, would ensure their insertion. Simpleton that I was, I had overlooked the obvious necessity of silence on obnoxious topics. I resolved, however, to profit by the lesson in future, but it came too late for my urgent wants, and I was unwillingly obliged to offer one of my poetical works for sale. I resolved to part with it for any sum, however small, that might relieve my present necessities, annexing only the condition that it should be published anonymously. The

first publisher to whom I offered it, declined without reading it, saying coldly that he did nothing in that line. The next perused it carefully, and pronounced it the work of a strong but immature genius, adding, however, that even had it been far superior he could not risk the expense of publication. The poem had been so long written that I could judge of it dispassionately, and I freely admitted the justice of the bookseller's opinion. Encouraged by his friendliness, however, I informed him of the urgent necessity that could alone have induced me to think of publishing it. I begged him to furnish me with some literary employment, however humble, that would procure me present relief. "At present," he replied, "I cannot think of any. At another season I might give you orders for political pamphlets, though I doubt whether your philosophic mind could stoop to render them such as would generally please and obtain an extensive sale." I was about to leave him in despair, when he hesitatingly mentioned that he believed he could procure me a situation, which, though it was beneath my talents, might possibly be acceptable in my present circumstances. I eagerly accepted this offer of his services, and was in a few days engaged as clerk in a newspaper-office, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. This, together with occasional contributions to magazines, afforded me a comfortable livelihood; but my time was so completely sacrificed—my genius so much dissipated and frittered away—that I was as far removed from the possibility of producing any great original work, as if I had been employed from morn till night in measuring broad-cloths. Daily I became convinced that of all men he is most miserable who is wholly dependent on literature as a profession. He, whose very subsistence must be purchased by the daily labours of his pen, can never attain that concentration of spirit so necessary to genius, nor, transcendent as may be his talents, will he ever win an immortal fame. But I must now hasten to a part of my narrative chequered by events and feelings more generally interesting.

One evening, about dusk, I was as usual in my office. It was the eve of publication, and I was busily engaged at my desk, when a small slip of paper was laid before me. Glancing hastily over it, I saw that it was an advertisement for insertion in the next day's paper. The advertiser desired a situation as governess, and professed competency to teach the various accomplishments indispensable to modern female education. Communications were to be left at the office. I looked up at the bearer, who I felt assured was also the advertiser. Her appearance strongly excited my curiosity and interest. She seemed scarcely sixteen, and had an air of utter artlessness and inexperience. Glossy golden ringlets fell in profusion round a face and neck of singular beauty and fairness, but her eyes were stained with weeping, and her hurried manner indicated terror and distress. She had on a deep coarse bonnet and a common grey cloak, such as are worn by females of the lower order; but an accidental motion of her arm displayed the dress she wore beneath, which was extravagantly rich and showy. Puzzled by these incongruities, but still more interested by her loveliness and evident embarrassment, I offered to send or bring to her any communication, if she would favour me with her address; but she eagerly exclaimed, "O, not for the world!" Then checking herself, she said, she could not think of giving me that trouble, but would herself call in a day or two. When she left me, I saw her tripping along the street with the speed and lightness of a fairy; while ever and anon she glanced hurriedly around, as if fearful of being followed or discovered. The day after the advertisement appeared a letter was left by a livery servant, addressed to the advertiser. So anxious was I to see her again that I feared to leave the office for a moment, lest she should call during my absence; and every female form that approached made my heart palpitate with expectation. At length, when evening was deepening into

twilight, the lovely little stranger came. Before she had time to ask a question I handed the letter to her, which she received with the fervent ejaculation of, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" Opening it impatiently, she began to read, but the brilliant flush of joy soon faded from her cheeks, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. Deeply affected, I ventured to express my sympathy, and suggested that, by repeating the advertisement she might meet with something more satisfactory than the present proposal. Restraining her tears, she answered, "Ah, yes, let it be repeated. The present situation would not do. I need not apply for it." She then inquired the cost of the advertisement; indeed, she seemed scarcely sure it would cost any thing, and availing myself of her evident inexperience, I named a price scarcely half the real one, purposing to supply the deficiency myself. I was delighted that I had done so when I saw how much she was appalled even by the small sum which I demanded. She paid it, however, in silence, and left the office. As it was now my time for returning home, I could not resist the impulse to follow her, and if possible discover her residence. Accordingly I kept as close to her as I could do without attracting her observation. In this manner we passed through several crowded streets, until we came to one comparatively private. Here the unprotected girl was accosted by two gentlemen, who peered admiringly under her bonnet, and seemed disposed to enter into conversation with her. She evidently quickened her steps in order to avoid them, but finding it impossible to distance them, she darted into a shop which was still open. I saw, however, that her persecutors continued to watch for her re-appearance, and resolved to offer her my protection. For this purpose I entered the shop, where I found her trembling violently, and pale as death. With respectful earnestness, I urged her to accept my escort, which she did, though apparently not without reluctance. We walked on for some time in silence, which was at length broken by the fair unknown herself. "I know not, kind stranger, why I should so much dread letting you see the poverty of my present abode, and I am sure I may rely on your concealing your knowledge of it, and of me, when I assure you my happiness, perhaps my life, depends on my concealment." I eagerly assured her that her confidence should not be abused, and representing the danger of traversing the streets at such an hour, obtained permission to bring to her any letters that might follow her next advertisement. We had now arrived at a poor cabin in one of the city's most miserable outlets. It was the lodging of my beautiful and mysterious companion. She did not invite me to enter, but begged that so soon as I should have any intelligence for her I would come there and inquire for "Charlotte."

This little adventure kindled my youthful imagination, and, short and slight as had been our acquaintance, I was already enthusiastically enamoured of this fair and helpless being, who, though almost a child, was so strangely friendless and forsaken. I felt boyishly proud of the protection I had afforded her, and, for the first time in my life, I longed for wealth and station that I might share them with her. Methinks I see the self-sufficient sneer with which the "world's true worldlings" will regard my pure and honourable love for one of whom I knew so little, and that little so questionable and suspicious. But no dark doubt of her purity ever flitted across my soul, filled as it was with that ancient-world passion—love. Her sweet and cherub countenance was ever present to my eye and heart; and he who could dispute its testimony must have been fashioned of other clay than I. I had no thought, no plan for the future; I only felt that I loved with my whole mind, and heart, and soul. I only knew that if I could not win her love I must be for ever wretched. I watched, anxiously as she could have done, for an answer to her second advertisement, but none appeared, and with a heavy heart I went to

communicate the unwelcome intelligence. On arriving at the house, I raised the latch, and found myself in a kitchen, in which two or three dirty little children were at play. I inquired for Charlotte, and one of them threw open the door of a side apartment which contained a mangle, baskets of clean clothes, &c., indicating that the house was tenanted by a poor washer-woman. Charlotte was standing at a table in the centre of the room, engaged in ironing some caps. The costly dress in which I had first seen her had been laid aside, and she was now attired in a plain wrapper of coarse brown stuff. She welcomed me gratefully, and invited me to sit down, but my intelligence seemed to convey the bitterest disappointment. I endeavoured to prolong the conversation, as an excuse for prolonging my visit, and not knowing how to begin, I reverted to her then occupation. "It was," she said, "wholly new to her, and she feared her hostess would soon be weary of so unprofitable a servant." Although she did not confess so much, I learned to suspect, that if she failed of procuring a situation, she would soon be destitute of food and shelter. I advised a repetition of the advertisement, to which she assented. A letter was the result, and early in the forenoon I went to deliver it to her. I found the mistress of the house alone. Charlotte was absent. "She had," she said, sent her to the hedge to watch some clothes, which were drying; "but, indeed," she added, "I cannot keep her here much longer. Very few would have let her in as I did, when she came here in the darkness of the night, crying for shelter. God forgive me! I thought she was nothing good, when I saw how she was 'dizened out like a play-actress. But, poor thing! I never saw any harm with her since she came here, and I would not turn her out if I could help it; but I can hardly get bread for my own children; and now her money is done, and though she is willing to work, she is of no use to me; for, indeed, sir, she has not the strength of a cat: would you believe it, she fainted yesterday at the wash-tub." The poor woman would have run on for hours, endeavouring to excuse to herself and to me her intended inhospitality; but I pacified her by a small present, which I promised to repeat in case she treated her guest kindly, and telling her that I had a letter, which I was sure contained good news, I persuaded her to go take Charlotte's place, and send her home to receive it. I had not waited long when Charlotte arrived, breathless and brilliantly rosy, from haste and expectation. But the perusal of this second letter seemed even more afflictive than that of the former. Letting the paper fall from her hands, she sank upon a seat with a look of utter hopelessness, that it was terrible to witness in one so young. She did not conceal from me the cause of her disappointment and despair. Having resolved to exchange her time and talents in return for mere maintenance and protection, and determined not to reject any situation, however lowly, in which these could be afforded her, she had not anticipated the possibility of failure. Her ignorance of the world's ways had prevented her foreseeing the necessity of references and testimonials as to character; hence her dismay, on finding, from both letters, that these were absolutely required. Testimonials of any description, she could not, she said, procure, without incurring the certainty of a discovery, which she dreaded more than death; even her real name, she confessed, she dare not assume. I saw, at once, that under such circumstances she would find it impossible to procure any honourable occupation; and I shuddered at the peril of her situation. Though I could not penetrate the mystery that enveloped her circumstances, yet I felt in every nerve the magic of her looks, her tones, her tears; my love grew brighter as her fate grew dark. I longed to lift her from the thorns of life, and bear her over its dreary waste, safely sheltered in a husband's arms. Awed by the venerable presence of misery, I had not yet dared to speak of love, but the respectful fervor of my

manner, and the sympathy I manifested for her misfortunes, had, I saw, impressed her in my favour, and disposed her to regard me with confidence. I could not resolve to commence my suit in a place where we would be every moment liable to interruption. I wished rather to breathe my vows "full in the smile of the blue firmament," and, telling Charlotte that I wished to converse with her on a subject important to my happiness, I with much difficulty obtained her consent to walk with me that afternoon. At the appointed hour I returned for her, and found her equipped, with her usual attention to disguise. The evening was a glorious one, and we rapidly and in silence traversed the streets that lay between us and the quiet of the country. As we passed along one of the squares, Charlotte grasped my arm convulsively, and bent down her head as if in terror. I saw that the object on which her eye had rested, before it was so suddenly withdrawn, was a phaeton which was slowly approaching us. In it were seated a handsome, but bold and showy looking woman, who seemed to be about forty or forty-five years of age, and a man some ten or fifteen years younger. While they were slowly passing, I felt Charlotte shudder, as if in an agony of affright; she then gasped out, "Did they see me? Do they look back towards us?" Turning to observe them, I saw that they had not noticed us, and told Charlotte so. She then drew a long relieving breath, but murmured passionately, "Oh, that the grave would hide me from them—from wretchedness!"

As soon as we had left behind the stir and tumult of the city, I began to describe my love with all the eloquence of fervid passion. Charlotte heard me in silence; but not, alas! the silence of a loving and beloved maiden. Low moans stole through her pale, closed lips, and heavy sobs shook her slender frame. Distressed and bewildered by a grief which seemed alike remote from affection and from indifference, I could only articulate, "Charlotte, Charlotte! do you not, can you not love me?"

At this question she suddenly looked up into my eyes with a rapt and devotional expression. "O what a heart would mine be if it did not love you! Yes, my guardian angel, my protector, my friend—my only friend; I do indeed love you!"

A thrill of rapture ran through my pulses at this impassioned avowal, and I exclaimed triumphantly, "Then are we one, henceforth and for ever; another sun shall not set before our hands shall ratify the union of our hearts! Say, dearest, shall not this be so?"

"O no, no, no, I may not, must not, be your wife! Fate has stored no such happiness for me."

I tenderly remonstrated with her on the inconsistency of her words, and pictured glowingly the efforts that I would make to better my lot, when she should be the sharer of it. A strange, sad conflicting of love and fear was visible on her countenance while I spoke; but she made no direct reply, only ejaculating, as if in prayer, "Almighty arbiter! can it be thy will that I should cast away this blessing—that I should myself dash down the cup of happiness?" From her broken exclamations I learned to fear that there was some hidden impediment to our union, and I implored her to tell me if this was the case—but tears and sobs were her only reply. At length, when we drew near the city on our return, she became suddenly calm, like one who has formed a resolution on which the future must depend. "John," she said, "I can no longer endure this miserable strife. I fear that I have taught even your unsuspecting heart to doubt me. I have therefore resolved to confide to you the whole of my short, sad history; but to night I am unequal to the task. Tomorrow I will write to you, and if when you have read my letter, you still desire our union, I shall have nothing left to wish for."

Next day I received the promised letter. It began abruptly. "My true name is Charlotte Ormond. My earliest recollections are of a school

in the south of Ireland, in which, until about two months ago, I passed my life. When quite an infant, I was placed there by my mother, who continued regularly to remit my school pension, but never visited or wrote to me. My youthful imagination delighted in decorating this unknown mother with all the loveliest attributes of humanity. I loved to make my young companions describe their respective mothers, and from each I stole some grace or charm wherewith to deck my visionary parent. Night and day I prayed and pined to see my mother; in her all my hopes and affections centred, and often have I envied some little ragged urchin, when I have witnessed the maternal caresses bestowed on it. Alas, alas! I have since found my own. And what a mother! to avoid her I would flee to the ends of the earth—to the depths of the sea—to the gloom of the grave. The only information that my governess could give me concerning her was, that when she left me at school, about twelve years before, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, and called herself Mrs. Ormond. Since that time the remittances had been sent regularly, often from provincial towns in various parts of the United Kingdom, but in winter they came chiefly from London. From this, and some peculiarities of dress and manner, which she had noted in their sole interview, my governess conjectured that my mother was an actress, though she had never been able to discover any of celebrity who bore that name.

“About two months ago this long expected parent came to remove me from school. She had, she said, withdrawn from the stage, and intending to reside privately in the neighbourhood of Dublin, wished naturally for the society of her daughter. I hung enraptured on every word and glance of my beautiful mother, and though to me there seemed something strange and startling in her manner, I carefully combated this impression, and imputed it to my own ignorance of the world. Though I shed some regretful tears on leaving my young companions, yet regret was soon lost in glad anticipation. And when I found myself seated beside my mother in her elegant chariot, I was conscious only of tenderness and joy. We arrived at our new home (a neat villa within a very few miles of this city) on the third day of our journey. Here I was allotted a sumptuously furnished apartment, and my mother’s confidential waiting-woman, Catharine, was appointed to attend me and superintend my toilet. I often remonstrated against the gaudy adornments that were heaped upon me, but with a laughing tyranny which I could not resist; I was compelled to wear them. Every day my mother drove me to town in her phaeton, and every day seemed to add to the number of gentlemen who attended, and escorted us. Two or three times a week my mother gave splendid supper-parties, but at these few, very few of her own sex were present; indeed, her associates were almost all gentlemen. Of these Sir Lawrence Harwell paid me the most assiduous attention; but there was a boldness, a presumption in his manner, which made me receive his addresses with unqualified disgust and terror. Indeed, the society in which I now found myself was well calculated to inspire such feelings. Levity and profaneness ruled the conversation of the guests. And the hostess—but in what words can a daughter paint a mother’s moral deformity? How shall I describe my horror when veil after veil fell from my eyes, and I looked clearly on my mother’s dishonour. She sedulously encouraged the addresses of Sir Lawrence, and frowned severely on me whenever I ventured to treat him with disdain in her presence. Though this grieved me, it did not lessen my respect for her, as I considered it pardonable in her to desire so wealthy an alliance for me; but I was soon cruelly undeceived. One day, when Harwell had teased me out of patience by his importunate professions, I exclaimed petulantly, ‘Sir Lawrence Harwell, spare yourself and me a repetition of these scenes, for I

solemnly assure you that I would not marry you if you were monarch of the world.' I do not remember the words in which the wretch replied, but their import aroused in me a passion of indignation, such as I had believed myself incapable of experiencing. I commanded him instantly to leave the house, and declared that I would prevent the possibility of his return, by informing my mother of the deep baseness of his designs. 'Your mother, my pretty baby,' scoffed the fiend, 'will feel very slightly obliged by your communication. However, I see that she has sadly neglected your education. And I shall, as you desire, relieve you of my presence; but to-morrow I shall hope to find you more tractable; a little maternal advice will improve you amazingly. But I vow we must have you on the boards. That melo-dramatic air is divine, and would make your fortune.' Appalled and terror-stricken I fled to my own apartment, and, locking myself into it, tried to reflect upon the scene that had just occurred. But in vain. I could not follow out any train of thought; my mind was a chaos, through which one sole bright ray penetrated—a hope that the atrocious Harwell had belied my mother. When, therefore, she knocked at my door, I gladly admitted her, and, throwing myself into her arms, sobbed out my agony upon her bosom. But never shall my pen or tongue repeat the conversation that ensued. It was such as left me convinced of the utter, the unimaginable depravity of her whom I must call my mother. I never loved her since—I can never love her more! The violence of her threats left me no hope of safety but in flight, and flight I found impossible. Two days elapsed, during which I was permitted to remain undisturbed in my own apartment; but on the third my mother entered. All traces of anger were banished from her fine features, and with a congratulatory and exultant air she informed me that Sir Lawrence had commissioned her to make me an offer of his hand. The very thought of passing my life with such an abandoned man, filled me with a sick, unutterable loathing, and forgetting my fears of my mother's violence, I solemnly asseverated that I would rather die. The words had no sooner passed my lips, than she smote me again and again, with frantic fury, then hissing into my ears a horrible malediction, she vowed that she would herself drag me to the altar. In a misery verging on delirium I continued to lie, stretched on the floor, as she had left me, and had the means of self-murder been within my reach, I feel—I fear, that I should have used them. Towards evening Catharine came to wait on me. She had, she said, been ordered to adorn me for the reception of Sir Lawrence's first visit to me as his intended bride. Thinking I read compassion in this woman's voice and manner, I implored her to aid me in escaping from a fate so horrible. She long resisted my passionate entreaties, but at length promised to aid my escape in case she could do so without herself incurring suspicion. But in order to procure a possibility of this, it was, she said, necessary that I should gradually assume a semblance of consent. This was my first lesson in deceit; but necessity makes apt scholars, and I soon learned to veil my abhorrence with false words and smiles. The vigilance of my persecutors, however, was not lulled, and I saw the appointed time approach without bringing any opportunity of escape. Sometimes too, I was haunted by a fear lest Catharine's seeming sympathy might be only part of a deep-laid scheme to compass my unhappiness. The fatal day appointed for my marriage came. Catharine continued to feed, but had not yet fulfilled, my hopes. She urged me to keep up the deceit, and I obeyed her, yes—obeyed her, even while my cruel mother decked me for the sacrifice. But I escaped—praised be Heaven! I escaped before it was consummated. Catharine procured me the slight disguise of a coarse cloak, which I had only time to cast over my gay bridal garb, when the long-sought opportunity of escape occurred. Youth and terror lent me speed, and I had nearly

reached the city when darkness set in, its friendly shroud enabling me to pass even the hated Harwell unnoticed. I wandered long through the city's thousand obscure lanes and alleys, before I could summon courage to seek a night's shelter; at length, alarmed by the lateness of the hour, I succeeded in obtaining my present refuge. The following day was that on which I first saw you.

"And now, generous and kind friend, if you can resolve to wed your heart to me, who may at any moment be torn from you, I shall no longer scruple to link your fate with mine. I know little of the laws of man, but I believe that they endow the parent with absolute power during the child's minority: and if during mine my mother should discover me, I should be lost to you for ever. Better than this that we should now part, that I should bear my misfortunes alone, and leave you to the peace in which I found you. If you share in this conviction, let yesterday's meeting be our last, but do not quite forget the lone castaway, whose latest breath will utter prayers for you."

The intense interest with which I perused this little narrative, was only equalled by my delight on finding that it contained nothing which should delay or prevent my union with Charlotte. I did not observe that her story furnished no adequate cause for those exclamations which had led me to fear that some duty opposed our marriage. This discrepancy between her written and spoken words eluded my notice, until recalled by succeeding events.

In a few days we were married, and I brought my young bride home to my humble lodging. I cannot here delight the romantic and imprudent by describing our wedded life as an unalloyed elysium. We were, indeed, in full possession of those rarest and purest elements of happiness,—harmonious accordance of temper and disposition, and calm reposal on the affection of each other, but we were not therefore insensible to the vexing power of minor evils. For the sake of a miserable pittance, I was obliged to leave my Charlotte for the greater part of every day utterly alone, and when I did return to her, instead of being able to enliven our evenings by gay or tender converse, I was obliged to devote myself to the literary drudgery which served to eke out our precarious subsistence. Nor was Charlotte an idle dependent on my toil. Mistress of her needle and her pencil, she devised a hundred fanciful little elegancies which amused her solitude, and by the sale of which (though miserably ill-paid) she augmented our income. These small earnings she loved to devote to the purchase of some dainty or luxury wherewith to cheer our evening repast, the hour of our re-union after our daily separation. Her winning playfulness had intense captivation for one, like me, unused to female society, and each day developed in her some new grace of manner or charm of character that added, if that were possible, to my affection. My mild, cold dream of glory had faded before the healthier excitement of labouring for the happiness of a beloved object, and when, during my hours of study, my gentle wife silently pursued her household avocations, I felt that the "light whisper of her footsteps soft," was a more spirit-stirring music than ever echoed from the trump of fame. For several weeks after our marriage Charlotte seemed quite happy. I never entered my home that I did not find her singing gaily at her work. Though I could not help suspecting that this was an affectionate artifice to quiet my regret at leaving her so much alone, it yet was evident that she was content and cheerful. All my reasonings, however, could not banish what I considered her exaggerated fears of detection. She never went out, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then veiled and disguised herself as closely as ever. The effect of such confinement on a naturally fragile frame was soon visible. Her soft young cheek "grew sick within the rose's just domain," and the hollow cough which has knelled away so many precious lives,

became frightfully frequent. Then I felt the sharpest sting of poverty : I could not bear my drooping bird to the pure climes of health and renovation, but must sit calmly by and see her pine to death in her lone cage : I vainly tried to make her accept of such recreations as were within our reach. The mere idea of going to any place of public amusement made her shiver and turn pale, and on the few occasions on which she went abroad to procure materials for her industry, such were her panting haste and trepidation, that her health was injured rather than benefited. But I soon became aware that it was not disease alone that was preying on her life. Some new and solitary sorrow was seated in her eyes, and the lightest tread, the softest knock, made her suspend her breath, and strain her sight as if for the appearance of some terrific phantom. One evening, on my return from the office, I ran up stairs, as usual, to our little drawing-room, but had nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of my wife, who lay in a deep swoon a few paces within the door. On her recovery she imputed her indisposition to mere physical weakness, but, from this time forward, I observed she always bolted the door of our apartment during my absence, and only opened it when assured of my presence by my voice. Her caution arose, she said, from the carelessness of the persons below in leaving the street door open, and thus exposing her to the intrusion of any one who chose to enter. But a circumstance shortly occurred which painfully convinced me that I did not possess my wife's full confidence. One evening, about twilight, I was on my way home, at an hour somewhat earlier than usual, when I saw Charlotte at a distance of several paces from me. I could not mistake her well-known dress, her light and graceful step, though I wished to dispute even the testimony of my senses, when I saw her addressing earnestly, and with animated gesture, a gentleman who was walking with her. At the corner of a street diverging towards our lodging, her companion was about to leave her, when she laid her hand on his arm with a detaining movement, prolonged the conversation for some minutes, then darted rapidly homewards. I followed, but though she could not have preceded me two minutes, I found her quietly seated by the fire, all traces of her recent excursion banished. Resolved to watch the developement of this mystery in silence, I did not mention what I had seen, but, for the first time, I felt unkindly towards her, and my manner must have betrayed the feeling, for often during the evening I caught her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of lamenting fondness that half vanquished my rising doubts of her integrity. The following evening we were sitting together, silently occupied, I in writing, Charlotte in drawing, when a handsome, well-dressed man, of about thirty years of age, entered our apartment unannounced. He addressed me with an air of fashionable effrontery,

"You are, I presume, the ——?"

I assented.

"And this young lady, in what relation does she stand to you?"

"She is my wife."

"Are you very sure of that, young sir?"

"Perfectly. But by what right do you presume to investigate her affairs or mine?"

"By the indisputable right and title of a husband; for know, young gentleman, that if you believe yourself married to this girl, she has egregiously deceived you. Let her, if she can, deny that she was my wedded wife before she ever saw your face?"

I looked to Charlotte, expecting her indignant refutation of this dreadful charge, but she had none to offer! Pale, convicted, guilty, she sat, like a felon, awaiting doom.

And addressing her, the intruder continued, "But, in consideration of your childish years, I shall overlook the past if you will now return to your

duty. Come then, my fair fugitive, my—nay, I should say your—carriage waits to bear you hence.”

But with a wild shriek of abhorrence, Charlotte fled at his approach, and sought refuge behind my chair. The strange scene proceeded, but, stunned as I was by the certainty of Charlotte’s guilt, I took no part in it.

“Be it so, then, fair dame! but since you will not accompany me on my continental tour, I shall defer it, in order to have the pleasure of procuring you a safe and cheap passage to New Holland. British law recognizes such a crime as bigamy, my pretty runaway.”

The wretched Charlotte had not yet spoken, but she now said slowly and in hoarse and feeble accents, “Monster, I no longer fear you. You have destroyed my peace—you have poisoned my happiness—you have broken my heart—you can do no more.”

“I shall try, nevertheless. Therefore, most gracious wife, adieu. Trust me, we shall meet again.”

For many minutes after his departure the silence of our apartment was unbroken, save by the quick, troubled breathings of the unhappy Charlotte. At length she attempted to take my hand, but I repulsed her sternly and coldly, and burying my face in my hands, yielded to all the bitterness of the belief that my hopes of love, though fairer, had been falser than my hopes of fame. The unfortunate then fell at my feet in penitential humbleness, but I could not trust my fortitude to look upon her, and she continued her pleadings, interrupted only by her sobs, and fatal, convulsive cough. “O John, beloved John, have you no forgiveness for her who has loved, and who still loves you so fervently and well? Listen to the whole truth, and do not pronounce a sentence harsher than that I look for from my heavenly Judge. The letter which I wrote to you was true in all particulars, but one. I was momentarily expecting Catharine to give me freedom, when she entered my room hurriedly, and said, that Harwell had arrived, accompanied by the clergyman who was to perform the ceremony—that he desired to see me immediately, and that flight was now impossible. I resolved to cast myself on the protection of the clergyman, but Catharine assured me that this would be of no avail, as he was a person wholly devoted to Harwell’s interest. But if, she said, I could submit to undergo the ceremony, and thus quiet all suspicion, escape would then be easy, as she knew that Harwell and my mother had some business to transact, which could not be completed till after the marriage. Fear and her arguments prevailed. I was led to the drawing-room, where, half-insensible, I heard some words muttered over me, and repeated others, the import of which I scarcely knew. The hated ring (which I soon after flung away for ever) was then placed on my finger, and I was told that I was married. Shortly after I withdrew, my mother and Harwell remaining together. Then it was that Catharine fulfilled her promise, and I fled. And now, dear husband, (for so will I ever call you,) now you will understand the mingled joy and anguish with which I listened to the avowal of your pure and ardent love; but, believe me, I did not at first intend to deceive you. Even when I began that lying letter I meditated a full disclosure of my situation. I believed that my enforced marriage could not be binding in the sight of Heaven, and I hoped that you might also think so. But my courage failed when I contemplated the possibility of losing you for ever by this confession, and I adopted the deceit which made you mine. I know that you may justly doubt the truth of even this statement, from one already convicted of falsehood, but words uttered with death-breath may surely be relied on.” They were relied on, and long before the dear penitent had concluded her recital, she was restored to my confidence and pillowed on my bosom. She continued to explain the events of the last few days.

One evening, on her return from making some little purchases, she was followed and traced home by Harwell, who forced himself into her presence, but who, to her great surprise, instead of upbraiding her for her desertion, addressed her in terms of adulation, and urged her to accompany him on a tour of pleasure which he was about to make. Having discovered that what she most dreaded was my being made acquainted with his claims, he, on her refusal to accompany him, or even to receive his visits, threatened to make all known, and legally enforce her return to him. It was on the evening of this threatening visit that I found her in the deep swoon, into which she had fallen soon after he had left her. Hence her precautions for preventing any subsequent intrusions on her solitude, and hence too her alarm at every sound that might indicate the approach of a stranger. The evening before the present, however, meeting him accidentally, she of her own accord accosted him and earnestly besought him to bury in oblivion their ill-omened marriage, and leave her to the lowlier lot which she had chosen. His manner left her in doubt as to the effect of her entreaties, but the event showed that his revengeful feelings were excited by her unconquerable aversion, and made us feel that he would spare no effort to compass our separation and her destruction. Though I felt that the poor Charlotte was my wife, in the eye of justice and of Heaven, I yet feared that human law would not consider her as such. My marriage with her could, I knew, be easily substantiated, and if, as was likely, Harwell could also prove his, every thing was to be dreaded from his malignity. This, together with alarm at her hourly increasing illness, prevented my thinking of Charlotte's sole fault, that of deceiving me. Mental suffering had so fatally aggravated her disorder that she was soon confined entirely to bed. Finding it impossible to leave her alone in such circumstances, I resigned my situation, and devoted myself entirely to tendence on her while she waked, and to writing when she slept. I had sufficient credit to obtain for her all that she required, and in such a case, I did not scruple to incur debt; for should I lose her, I should have time enough, and too much, to defray it, and should my cares be blessed by her recovery, all after privations would seem light to us both. Fear of the threatened prosecution, however, disquieted every moment of our lives, and Charlotte's deepest slumbers were haunted by visions of trial and disgrace. But when several days elapsed without bringing any new calamity, we began to hope that Harwell would fear to invite public notice to a transaction in which he had played so disgraceful a part. On calm reflection, I saw good reason for believing that the marriage had only been a mock ceremony, intended to delude and betray the innocent Charlotte. The unprincipled character of her mother, the profligacy of Harwell, and above all, his conduct on his first visit to Charlotte, after her marriage with me, so unlike that of an injured husband, served to confirm me in this conjecture, and, eager to obtain proof of it, I resolved to seek an interview with the woman who had favoured Charlotte's escape. For this purpose I went to Mrs. Ormond's villa, the situation of which Charlotte had often described to me. But my disappointment was keen on finding that she had left Ireland. I learnt, however, that she had dismissed Catherine (who now lived in Dublin) some time before she went. This Catherine I, with some difficulty, discovered, and her testimony banished all lingering dread of Harwell's threatened vengeance. He and his vile accomplice had quarrelled on pecuniary subjects soon after Charlotte's flight, and Catherine then learnt, for the first time, that the pretended clergyman had been one of Harwell's minions in disguise, and that, even had the ceremony not been otherwise informal, it would have been nullified by the fact that Harwell had already been for many years the husband of an Englishwoman of fortune. It was, therefore, evident that his threats had been employed only in order

to terrify Charlotte into his power, but mighty love had shielded her from a fate so terrible, and she was now mine beyond the power of any earthly rival. But this blessed certainty came too late for happiness. The young sufferer's strength waned slowly, but steadily, and when at last death, the "pale unrelenter," claimed his dedicated bride, she received his chill caress without a murmur or a moan.

The ancient cemetery of Clontarf contains the dust that once was beauty. Since my Charlotte's golden head has rested there, no sun has risen that has not seen me kneeling by her green and quiet grave, nor could earth offer me a hope so dear as that of swiftly joining her in that "dark paradise."

I continue to write, but no longer with the aspiration for the desire of fame. The springs of hope and health are broken, and the unelastic spirit longs wearily for its last repose. I write that I may pay my debts, and leave the world with a conscience void of offence towards men; but unable to imagine or paint fictitious woes while my heart is heaving under the pressure of its own, I have penned this record of too true a tale.

DREAMS.

YE visions of the night that flit before the sleeping eye,
 Ye Proteus forms of nothingness that people vacancy,
 Dim shadows of the future, or wild phantoms of the past,
 With your enchanting wands aside reality ye cast;
 The soul, immortal principle, unconscious of decay,
 That impress of Divinity, then quits its home of clay,
 Through Fancy's bright elysium it seeks its native world,
 The present, distance, time, and space, in Lethe's waters hurl'd.
 The tomb, its bars of adamant, in shadowy vapours float,
 And heave, as erst the battlements, at Judah's hallow'd note.
 Ye dreams! the gates of heav'n aside all noiselessly ye roll,
 And give to view in mortal form the light encircled soul,
 Ye bid th' ensanguin'd battle-plains give up their noble prize,
 The waters yield their wonders up, to glad the longing eyes!

Ah, in those soul entrancing hours, friends meet whose lamp is spent,
 Whose voice is hush'd in far-off graves, whose dearest ties are rent,
 And we the lost and lov'd one seize—the heart beats high and loud,
 We weep, we wake, and Ixion like, alas! we grasp a cloud!

Unwearied scrutators ye, and ceaseless on the wing,
 Ye light the mine of mem'ry up; all ruthlessly ye bring
 Those deeds of darkness forth that gave, the heart its guilty stain,
 And those black thoughts, whose record is deep branded on the brain,
 Mingled with smiles that wreath'd the lip, now mouldering into dust,
 Love treasur'd in rapt silence long, and ill-requited trust,
 In one mad chaos all rush on, their goblin forms disclose,
 Delusive ignes fatui, dread harpies of repose!

O essences ethereal, that rove o'er many lands,
 The Arab of the wild ye haunt, amid his desert sands,
 Ye rend the starry canopy, unveiling to his eyes
 The prophet's heav'n of Houris in th' arcana of the skies,
 Ye spread before th' Indian the Prairie's verdant vast,
 Where in wild chase, his fathers sought, and won the swift repast;
 He sees upon the whirlwind there, the chief of other days
 Encircled by the rainbow's hues in one resplendent blaze.

These spells are evanescent things—but wizards of the night,
 Fading at rosy beaming morn, away in floods of light,
 Types of being, that teach us this, tho' earth may here enthrall,
 The *body* is the DREAM itself, the *soul* is all in all.

H. E. H.

THE SYCOPHANCY OF FASHION.

BLACKWOOD has sounded the tocsin, and the aristocracy are startled. They awake to the danger which threatens their privileges, but awake too late to impede the fall. Not only have they lost their influence with the third estate, but mutiny has broken out in their own ranks. It is amongst themselves that they have sown discontent; it is to each other they have acted with a high hand; it is on portions of their own body that they have inflicted humiliation. *There* the injury was done, and *there* the evil springs. The lower orders sought not to meddle with the higher—they gazed without malice on the luxury of the latter—they were contented to be well in their own way. But in the upper classes envies and heart-burnings were caused and increased. A hundred capricious lines divided society into as many sections: the tyrant fashion fixed the scale of preferment, and assigned to each individual his place in the list. The distribution was as unjust as arbitrary. Fools were promoted above men of merit, and the latter were daily reminded of their degradation. A multiplicity of titles, unnecessary forms, and a spirit of exclusion, gave constant cause of mortification, and made each individual wish the fall of those above him. Some hid their discontent in smiles and affability; some struggled for promotion; others quitted their natural sphere, and became the leaders of an ignorant mob.

“ Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”

The invidious system still exists: gentlemen meet gentlemen, but not on terms of equality. Their education has been the same, their manners are equally polished; there is no difference in their talents, nay more, there is no difference in their fortunes: and yet, for all this, their positions in society are far apart. The (perhaps unmerited) epithet “honourable,” or the poor privilege of having a “sir” affixed to the christian name, gives a false importance to the one, while the want of these distinctions leaves the other in obscurity, a “fellow of no make nor likelihood.” The difference is invidious enough in itself, but the sycophancy of an upstart gentry has made it more so. They have cringed to titled distinctions of honour, till the untitled are almost disrespected. The noble mind reluctantly pays deference to anything but intrinsic merit. It will court talent, respect virtue, and bow to power; but it feels degradation in yielding precedence to an unmeaning sound. If a title necessarily implied talent, virtue, or power, the deference paid to it would be intelligible; but many a mis-named noble is ignorant, base, and helpless. The distinction of an illustrious lineage, is, at best, a borrowed glory; but even this poor pretension is often wanting in the newly-created lord. A fool, and because a fool, a favourite at court, is dubbed a lord; the title acts like alchemy, and turns the sneers of scorn into smiles of adulation. It is not the idol, but the idolaters who are to blame. Men must be

sycophants by nature, or they would not worship a word. Many a base-born idiot has risked his money at play with a Lord William, in order to have the gratification of *calling* the said Lord William his friend. If the untitled betray such meanness, is it surprising that the titled should act with arrogance? The favoured few think less on their honours than the uninitiated many. On the latter they weigh like an incubus. They dare not refuse the tribute of respect, and yet bow in bitterness of soul. Their feelings are humiliated till their imaginations are affected. They fancy an unreal importance in others, and exaggerate their own insignificance. Hence their want of spirit, and thence their sycophancy.

An aristocracy must exist in every organized society. Wealth or power must command deference, and the possessors of them necessarily take the lead of their less favoured neighbours. These inequalities cannot be avoided, and it is therefore useless to complain of their existence. Against them censure were unjust; but we may condemn those unnecessary distinctions which men in their perverseness have added to the original disparity of fortune.*

Such are titles of courtesy, and the miserable prostitution of the baronetage. The bearers neither obtain a seat in Parliament, nor a claim to a pension. No longer what it originally was intended to be, the possessors of the title are not raised, but the rest of society are lowered: for between the mass of the latter, and the small body of hereditary peers, the amphibious tribe intervene. It is wrong to wound the feelings of many in order to gratify the vanity of a few. Even men of independent minds cannot stand for ever in the back ground without being annoyed at their obscurity. They reluctantly yield precedence to titled fools, and burn to assert their right to an equality. They find that names, and not things, lead to preferment. Their minds become soured, and they themselves lose respect for their own caste.

The constitution requires that there should be Lords and Commons; but all subdivisions are foreign to the purposes of government.

In the olden time, every distinguished member of a good family was a knight. The word had then an honourable meaning: now it has sunk into a humiliating distinction.

The barons were once the great owners of the soil: now a marquis may exist without an acre of land. The title of baronet is an anomaly. To the latter, it almost amounts to an insult: for by singling

* We do not go the length of the author in wishing to repudiate the whole class of the baronetage. Some of the oldest families may be found amongst them; and when baronets are ascertained to be of ancient family, they always spring from a worthy source, knights bannerets being formerly made only on the field of battle. The order has been, in modern times, dreadfully degraded, by admitting into its ranks parvenus for services that many of their descendants will blush to avow. This desecration of the class is surely a justification of a part of it, of really honourable descent, for retiring haughtily within the circle of an inviolable exclusiveness. The editor of this periodical does not wish to be identified with the sentiments of every writer who may appear in its pages, which will be ever liberally open to the canvassing of opinions and principles, always excepting those that may be inimical to morality, or repugnant to social order.—EDITOR.

out a few of the gentry as gentle, it implies that the rest are not so. So anomalous is the distinction, that it cannot be stated without a contradiction in terms. Titles are so multiplied, that between the duke and the plain mister, six distinct classes intervene. Etiquette is carried to so ridiculous a point that precedence is granted, not only to the titled individuals themselves, but to their sons and brothers.

These trifles are ingredients of the cup of humiliation, which many a worthy man is daily doomed to taste. His own proud mind despises the petty system: he cares not for its effects in his own regard, but feels the mortification it inflicts upon his wife or family. *Their* field of ambition is confined to the salons of fashion. There they seek gratification, but often only find discontent. Wearied out by constant annoyances, they at last shun society, and repine in seclusion. In this manner thousands are estranged from the side of aristocracy, and finally, act in opposition to the body of which they should form an integral part. Neglect and contumely leave their baneful effect, even when their victim is withdrawn from the scene of disappointment. The mind broods over past wrongs; generous feelings, once nipped by unkindness, seldom regain their pristine vigour. Social duties are neglected, and the houses, where hospitality ought to preside, resound with little else but the complaints of their tenants. This is not all the evil. The disappointed man does not vent his spleen against the highest ranks of society, but against the cringing members of his own class. The former only accepted the homage which the latter forced upon them; but the latter neglected their natural associate to gain a humiliating acquaintance with the former. Thus are dissensions sown in the very heart of society. Men are at variance with men of their own standing. Jealousy in some, and contempt in others, keep them apart. Apparent equality is so studiously avoided, that the mind actually becomes infected with a notion of gradation. There is no resting-place, no level in society, and the sole employment of those who compose it, is a constant effort to ascend.

Society is more magnificent, but perhaps less agreeable, in London, than in any other capital of Europe. Few, I might almost say none, of the individuals who compose it, are satisfied with their natural station. An imaginary scale of merit exists: it is divided by no rule, and fixed on no principle. It is undefinable, and is commonly known by the term—"Fashion." Those who are at the foot of the ladder are continually trying to attain the topmost round; those who are above are occupied in impeding the advance of those below them. Neither office nor wealth are certain claims to promotion. Talent is little recommendation, and honesty none. There is nothing, even at the summit, to repay the trouble of ascending. Mr. ——— is a man of considerable talents. He finds genial associates in the coterie of Mrs. ———, and is bored to death at Lady ———'s exclusive parties. Yet he prefers being neglected at the house of the latter, to being courted in the circle of the former.

This it is which drives so many of the middling classes to the continent. In France, Italy, and the baths of Germany, they find society

on an easier footing than in their own country. Petty distinctions exist there as well as elsewhere; but it is the native, and not the foreigner, who suffers by them. Some half dozen of the old nobility maintain the exclusive system in Rome: their pretensions are founded on antiquity of family, not upon titular honours. The rest of society do not attempt to intrude on their seclusion. Few leave their natural sphere, and none yield precedence to the worship of a name. Place is given to advanced years and official capacity: further distinction is carefully avoided. From these circumstances society is more stable, and at the same time more agreeable on the continent than in England. Thousands annually leave their native soil to sojourn in foreign countries. If they return, they return to discontent; if they remain, they encourage others to follow their example. A lengthened sojourn on the continent unfits an Englishman for English society. Many a countenance which beamed with cheerfulness under the sunny sky of Italy, is darkened by melancholy in the aristocratic quarter of Grosvenor Square. The time is come when the aristocracy must think of these things. The absentees on the continent are so many champions lost to their cause. Those of their own caste at home, whom the higher orders have estranged from their side, are their deadliest enemies. They lead the march of revolution, and from them the heaviest blows will be dealt. Let the aristocracy conciliate, or the hour may arrive when conciliation cannot be effected. The lower orders will remain quiet unless stirred up against the higher by renegade leaders. It is within the pale of what is commonly called society, that discontent has broken out, and it is there that peace must be offered. Let those who are interested in the question think betimes. An inquisitive spirit is abroad, and the peerage itself can scarce stand the test of an analysis. If antiquity of family be required, many a noble lord cannot trace his pedigree higher than his grandfather. If wealth be indispensable, one-third of the peerage must plead guilty of poverty. If public services are essential, the House of Lords must be reduced to a small number indeed. These imperfections are inseparable from an hereditary peerage. Vacancies must be supplied by new creations: wealth does not always descend with titles: few have the opportunity, though many have the will, to serve their country. No power on earth can make worth hereditary, and a patent of nobility sounds like the assumption of a divine prerogative. This opinion would be dangerous if adopted by the people; but dangerous as it is, it is not new. Many men have thought, and one has beautifully expressed the truth.

“ A prince can mak’ a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a’ that;
But an honest man’s aboon his might.”

What Burns addressed to lowly poverty, is read by the educated rich. Amongst the middling, and not amongst the lowest classes, his words have found an echo. The latter are too far removed to envy the garter-star, and a’ that. They judge their superiors according to their works. With them

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gold for a’ that.”

Those who associate with, but are not of the nobility—those who constitute the largest, and yet the inferior portion of the aristocracy—those are the men who writhe under the mortification of titular distinctions: they silently, but maliciously, analyze the peerage; they bow subserviently, but while they bow, they fain would sap the gorgeous structure which casts their minor pretensions into shade: they are the mean spirits who deny the royal capacity to create a noble mind, and yet inconsistently crouch to a noble name. These, and such as these, have brought the nobility into odium: their loathsome sycophancy has forced titles into an invidious pre-eminence: they have unrobed the idol to the people, and yet they are the vermin which the nobility carefully foster by their side.

A proud gentleman disdains to mingle with the subservient herd: he avoids them, but in avoiding them, he avoids also their patrons. The name of a tuft-hunter is so hateful to his feelings, that he carries disrespect for titles beyond the limits of independence. He is the avowed enemy, while the sycophant is the false friend, of nobility. In the day of revolution both parties will strike at the privileged class. That class will stand alone and unfriended. In vain will they display their heraldic honours. The baron's supporters cannot exclude violence from his house, nor an earl's coronet save his property from spoliation. The herald may trumpet forth their titles; but the high-sounding words will only reverberate with their hollowness. Then will they learn that coalition should have been formed on firmer bases than a nominal distinction. Property and education should have been the ties which bind men in mutual support. For the worship of a word they have sacrificed substantial interest. Men who should have joined in a common cause, will stand opposed in unnatural enmity. While civil dissension occupies the wealthier classes, the reckless mob will share the spoil. This may not befall in our days; but who dare prophesy security for our children, or for our children's children?

It is easier to foresee the danger, than point out the remedy. A legislative act cannot alter the discrepancies of society. The example of a few high-minded individuals cannot make the sycophant many blush at their meanness. The hundreds whom accumulated riches send in all the pride of purse from the counter to the drawing-room, purchase a borrowed lustre from the dearly-paid intercourse with the titled poor. To them they give fêtes—to them they lose their money—on their notice they force their plebeian daughters. For themselves they have no respect. Manly pride and independent spirit are not in their nature. Like all narrow souls, they value that the most from which they themselves are the most excluded. Hence their fawning manners to other classes, and their insolent behaviour towards their own.

We cannot conclude this article, without saying a few words in defence of those individuals, commonly called exclusives. The society of London is more extensive than that of any other capital. There are more families in affluent circumstances, more men of education, and ladies of refined manners. The number increases, and will continue to increase. All may have claims to be introduced to the best

circles, but few can have their claims attended to. There must be a limitation in numbers: the wealthiest duke must put some bourn to his acquaintance, and the list of Almacks cannot be extended *ad libitum*. An individual, whose rank or acquirements make him conspicuous, prefers a small number of intimate friends to a crowd of uncertain acquaintances. His connexions are by birth and relationship amongst the magnates of the land. Of them his society is formed, and in their company he finds sufficient amusement to occupy his leisure.

Such an individual is accused of exclusiveness. His only fault is collecting round his own fireside his own intimate friends. He neither interferes with the pleasures of others, nor supposes that merit is confined within the pale of his own circle. With the self-supposed excluded, not with the retired nobleman, the fault must be found. *They* give a fictitious value to a society which differs in nothing from the generality of family-parties: they might have the same pleasure at their own homes, but inconsistently long to intrude into the homes of others. They have not noble pride to value themselves, but the petty vanity to strut in the borrowed plumage of others.

Equality in education and manners is so general, that no particular star can be singled out of the galaxy for its brightness. Not one, but ten thousand suns deserve to have planets revolving round them. Let the daily-increasing children of affluence form among themselves new and numerous points of re-union. Let each system or circle rival its fellow in elegance or refinement; and let not men leave their natural sphere to wander in an erring course round some distant luminary.

This is what the aristocracy should encourage, whether amongst the long-established, or newly adopted, members of their body. Self-esteem, and a spirit of independence, can alone prevent jealousies and divisions. Individual pride is a necessary support, and equal interests a certain bulwark to the higher orders. Let the paltry distinctions which curb society be dropped, and merit will soon find its own level. Things and not names will be the groundwork on which we found our claims to preferment.

“ Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world all o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that.”—BURNS.

M. T. S.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.¹

A TRUE STORY.

J———, Esq.

The subject of the following brief memoir, was a youth of the fairest hopes and the brightest prospects. He was the immediate *élève* and particular favourite of the late Lord ——, who for many years presided as First Lord of the A———, and from the care he took, and the interest he manifested in the education of Mr. ——, it may be fairly inferred that he destined him one day to fill some respectable, if not high situation. But those high hopes and brilliant expectations were utterly destroyed by his own early indiscretions.

Having finished his education, and spent some time in town with his patron, he was placed at one of our great sea-port towns, to superintend the arrangements of the foreign packets: this situation, though advantageous and lucrative, was only considered a step, or gradation, to higher appointments and distinctions. At this station he remained for some years, living in great credit and respectability, but unfortunately for himself, he had, like Ferdinand Count Fathom, a genius for intrigue; and like Charles Surface, too, he gave some worthy men great uneasiness. Among his many friends there was one in particular, (a clergyman,) who happened to have a very attractive wife, and he thought it would be a *glorious* achievement to alienate this lady's affections from her husband, and destroy for ever his domestic peace.

In this gallant enterprise he succeeded but too well; the consequence of which was that of involving himself and his inamorata in irretrievable ruin. It is, perhaps, peculiar to the pursuits of gallantry, that *ruin* is the general attendant on *success*.

The immediate consequence of this *venial* offence, (as a certain law lord denominates the crime of adultery,) was an action for *crim. con.* brought by the injured husband against his wife's seducer, in which the latter having suffered judgment to go by default, had damages of a thousand pounds awarded against him, which being unable to pay, obliged him to abdicate his situation like the Emperor Napoleon, and for the same reason, too, namely, because he could hold it no longer; leaving his affairs at —— in a state of inextricable confusion. Such was the publicity of this affair that it soon reached the ears of his patron, with all its atrocious circumstances; not the least of which was the desertion of his post, in which having placed him, he himself incurred a degree of responsibility. His lordship expressed great indignation at the conduct of his *protégé*, whom he determined to abandon as an object unworthy his further consideration or regard. Young —— perceiving the course of the storm, and already *feeling* the effects in the wreck it produced in his affairs, hastened to town to throw himself at the feet of his patron, and entreat his forgiveness. But such delinquencies were not to be overlooked, and he here found his efforts most grievously repulsed; for on his arrival at the A———, and sending up his name, he received such an answer from his lordship as Blifil received from Squire Allworthy, namely, *that he knew him not!*

¹ Continued from vol. ix. p. 371.

Thus abandoned, and losing all hopes of being reinstated in the favour of his friend and protector, he considered this stroke as the death-blow to all his high expectations; and as the underlings of state, when out of office, are as useless and unimportant as their superiors, our hero was wholly at a loss to know to what to turn, or for what he was fit; and he now had room for meditation even to madness. He lived for some time at a coffee-house, incurring an expence ill-suited to his almost exhausted finances, in addition to which he got deeply indebted to his tailor, which latter imprudence introduced him to lodgings at the expense of the county of Middlesex, by depriving him of his liberty. Having decorated his person in the first style of elegance, and exhibited himself in some of the fashionable *promenades* for a few days, his cruel tailor thought of taking *measures* for the recovery of his money. For this purpose he sent two *gentlemen* with a message to him at the coffee-house, who accosted him as he sat at breakfast one morning in great state, in a full room, and walking up to him, delivered their *credentials*! The instant the message was communicated to him, the tea-pot, with which he was just filling out his *first* cup, dropped from his hand, and made such a devil of a clatter as roused the attention of every person in the room, whose eyes were instantly fixed upon him, and produced what Vapid would consider a fine incident for a *genteel* comedy. The waiters, who were all in attendance, came up to the gentleman to ascertain what was the cause of this confusion; a buz and a hush immediately ran through the coffee-room, when in a few minutes the mystery developed itself on seeing the gentleman marched off attended by a pair of alguazils.

Mr. ——— was first conducted to a hackney-coach and hurried off to a spunging-house, where he remained (as is generally the case with all captives) till he spent his last shilling, which his *generous* host no sooner perceived, than he suggested the necessity of transmitting him to Newgate. It may not be amiss here to inform the *general* reader, that payment cannot be enforced for debts contracted in a state of *durance*, either in a spunging-house or a prison. The keeper of the house here alluded to was the *celebrated* P—— W——, a wretch well known to the sons and daughters of misfortune.

The achievement by which he acquired this *honourable* appellation deserves to be recorded in the annals of infamy, and deserved to be rewarded by a halter.

As the following episode, may not be unacceptable to the reader, the author will not apologize for its introduction here; particularly as it was one of those incidents in humble life, which, unlike the exploits of the Crusaders, may not have found its way into the records of the Herald's College. Besides, it is at all times satisfactory to trace the etymology of *great* names.

L—— B——, an Italian, was one of the performers at the Opera House, London. Having fallen into arrears with his tradespeople, one of his creditors took out a writ against him, which was given to W—— to execute. That officer, with two others, went early one morning to the lodgings of poor B——, to make one of those unseasonable visits for which such fellows are rather distinguished. The unsuspecting Italian was yet in bed, but the intruders burst open the door of his apartment without ceremony, which so alarmed him that he thought they were robbers, and as their appearance rather justified his suspicion he instantly leaped out of bed, and with great intrepidity seized on his sword, which hung over the mantel-piece, with which he endeavoured to defend himself, but being overpowered by numbers, sank under their repeated assaults, and was dragged first to Newgate, and subsequently to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he soon after died of his wounds.

Here follows the examination at Bow-street of the parties concerned in

this savage transaction, who were afterwards tried for the murder, and, strange to tell, were acquitted!

"*Bow-street, April 3.*—J—— W——, J—— L——, and W—— C——, were brought up for a second examination respecting the murder of L—— B——.

"Mr. J—— D——, Ballet-Master at the Opera House, stated, that he was well acquainted with the deceased in his life-time; that on Saturday, the 15th of March last, the day on which the accident happened, he visited him at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and inquired of him his situation, and how the accident happened; when the deceased told him he was extremely ill from the wounds in his throat, which, he said, he was sure would lead to his death; under which impression he informed him the way he came by his wounds, which was, that on the Saturday morning, when he was in bed with his wife, two men came into the room by forcing the door open, on which he got out of bed, and ran into the front room, where he frightened the said two men away with his sword; that soon after the said two men returned, with several others, and rushed into his room, saying, "Murder him! knock him down!" &c. struck him with their sticks, and threw the tables and chairs at him; that after they had taken him, *the officer came forward with the poker, and pushed it down his throat, and knocked him down*; that the deceased pulled the poker out of his throat with both his hands, when great quantities of blood gushed from his mouth, and continued so to do during the time they were conveying him from his lodging to Newgate, where the keeper refused to take him, and they then took him to the hospital, where he continued to bleed when he, Mr. D——, saw him; and during the several times he visited him previous to his death, the deceased repeated precisely what he had at first related to witness, as to the violence used towards him, and the way in which he was wounded.

"Mr. D—— further said, and in which he was corroborated by J—— R——, dancer at the Opera, that the deceased repeatedly declared to them, that the persons had never shown him any paper whatever, nor had they touched his person until the time they attacked him, as before described.

"The prisoners, who declined making any reply to the charge, were remanded back to prison for another examination. Bail to the amount of 1000*l.* was offered for L——, but refused."

When Mr. —— was ushered into the ward by little Orme, the *ci-devant* attorney, (but now steward of the prison,) the author was endeavouring to sooth the sorrows of his own captivity, in making a drawing, from which his attention was drawn by the entrance of the new comer, whose general appearance was highly prepossessing. The stranger, by a quick glance, darted from a keen eye, made a general survey of the apartment in which he was now destined to take up his abode, then heaved a deep sigh, which bespoke a heart bursting with anguish at the painful recollection of the respectable eminence from which he had fallen; exclaiming at the same time in an under voice, "Good God! is it come to this!" He then took his seat on one of the benches, leaned his arms on a table, and buried his head between them, in which position he remained for full three-quarters of an hour, without once raising his head, or attempting to speak a word to any of those by whom he was surrounded. No man ever seemed more to feel his degradation. His gentlemanly appearance, and evident distress, interested every person in his favour, for, say what we will, we always feel more sensibly for fallen greatness than we do for the sufferings of the vulgar; even those creatures, whose brutality hurried poor S——, the barrister, into madness, seemed for a time to have some feeling of humanity.

On raising his head and recovering a little from his reverie, the first

person Mr. ——— addressed was the steward of the ward, a good-natured, accommodating man, who did every thing in his power to soften the situation of his fellow prisoners. After a few words of conversation with this worthy man, he communicated to him the important intelligence that his purse was *empty*. This was direful news from a new comer, as *they* are generally flush on coming in, whatever they may be after; and this information, too, coming from a person well dressed and apparently affluent, was the more surprising and unexpected.

The want of money in any situation is an obvious inconvenience, but to want it in a prison precludes every idea of comfort or accommodation; for in such a place there is no credit, nor is it to be expected, as all are supposed to be equally indigent: besides, as already observed, the payment of debts contracted in prison can never be enforced. This, of necessity, operates against a person who comes into such a place without money in his pocket; who, for the wretched bed on which he lies, is obliged to pay three shillings and sixpence per week, and that too in advance. On his arrival, however, Mr. ——— had a bundle brought in with him, which contained a part of his wardrobe, particularly his linen, and it was suggested that money might be raised on some of these, by sending them to the pawnbrokers, or what is called in the technical language of the place, *putting them up the spout*. This suggestion was immediately adopted, and the needful was forthwith procured, which induced our steward facetiously to observe, (for there is always a great deal of wit flying about in a prison,) that nothing is better than a *shirt*, when a man is put to his *shifts*.

The author often "indulged his brains" to ascertain why persons in a state of confinement should be exuberant in wit and pleasantry, and has hit on the following solution, which, if it be not just, has at least the *appearance* of being learned; or as old Dayley says in the farce, of being "d——d deep." The cause, therefore, to which he would ascribe their ready wit, is that they are generally so very hungry, and nothing sharpens the intellects so much as privation, or meagre living; and *vice versa*, for who has ever heard of a well fed man of wit? The great Milton was abandoned and left to his *studies* by his second wife, because she could not relish philosophy and *spare* diet.

After overhauling his bundle, Mr. ——— selected some shirts to be sent to *his uncle's*, (the pawnbroker) on which a few dollars were raised forthwith, and preparations were immediately made for a night of festivity, an event, as before observed, that always marked the *entré* of a new wardmate.

Recovering somewhat from the gloom which had nearly overwhelmed him, this unfortunate young man rose from his seat, and crossing over to the opposite side of the room, where the author was employed in making a drawing, addressed him to the following effect. "I envy you, sir, who can thus employ your time and your mind in such a situation, surrounded as you are by idleness and dissipation."

Such a congratulation was like that of Skirmish, when he told the deserter, (who was preparing to go out to be *shot*), "Ah! you are a happy man, you can *write*." The author, who was seldom at a loss for a quotation, replied, "that if he did not make vengeance of calamity, he at least endeavoured to turn it to some advantage." Having thus "opened the door of conversation," Mr. ——— and the author chatted away most of the morning, and before night that unfortunate young man was *almost* reconciled to his situation. As this night was to be devoted "to fun and drinking," and to the *inauguration* of the new wardmate, every preparation was made, betimes, for the approaching festivity; for the *cush* was already obtained at the pawnbrokers, and the new comer had paid in his smart money. The *jollification* of this night, was not one of

those mere *kettle drums* which you have at the great slop shops in the regions of fashion, at the west end of the town, where tea, negus, lemonade, and other flimsy refreshments fill up the vacuum, and sicken the stomach, after a *spare*, but *genteel* dinner ; no, we had here *something to eat* and drink ; and the absence of those *luxuries* above enumerated was supplied by that wholesome beverage porter, with strong waters of every description, from Hodges's full proof, to the choicest Nantz, Cogniac, Hollands, and Geneva. But no wine.

“ Wine ! we could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef, we only knew the tune.”

The hour of assembling was always regulated by that of locking up ; when the turnkey, with his assistants, made his last nocturnal visits to the different wards, and holding up his lantern to every man's face, to see that all was right, he retired, saying, “ Good night, gentlemen,” then locking the perforated iron door at the bottom of the great stair-case, cooped us all in for the night like a numerous brood of chickens. This locking up below, however, did not preclude all intercourse with the other wards under the same lock and key, for the lower doors being secured, those of the different rooms were left open, or closed, at the option of the inmates. This freedom of intercourse frequently induced some choice spirits from the upper house, (for our ward was in the middle, though not always the temperate region,) to descend and join our convivial coteries.

After the ball was opened, and the usual routine of curses bestowed on our plaintiffs and detaining creditors, and drinking success to Sir Francis Burdett, (then a prisoner in the Tower, which conferred on him the *honour* of being considered one of our sect,) we proceeded to enter into the *spirit* of the meeting. *Baddy* Spearman, our president, having taken the chair, gave the *tone* to the rest of the company ; and whether he commenced his operations by a song, a pleasant anecdote, or a long speech, his example was followed with scrupulous exactness by the rest of the *convives*, who looked to him as the general fogleman to the corps.

Our president this evening opened the conversation by a short anecdote of the celebrated orator Henly, which, as he has never seen it in print, the author will without ceremony introduce here ; particularly as that Cicero in vulgar life had great notoriety in his day, and is immortalized by Pope's lines in the Dunciad.

“ That far outshone,
Henly's gilt tub, or Fleckans's Irish throne.”

This orator, who gave public lectures, being somewhat pushed for want of attractive novelty, and wishing to collect an audience on any terms, issued an advertisement, expressly addressed to journeymen *shoemakers* : wherein he promised to prove to *demonstration*, the practicability of any member of the craft making *six* pairs of shoes in a day, provided he had *sufficient materials*. This *sine qua non* was rather superfluous, by the way. Such a temptation produced the effect on which the orator calculated, and his room was soon filled almost to suffocation.

Henly ascends the rostrum, and “ mute attention reigns.” He thus began—“ Gentlemen, the lecture of this evening being of a professional character, is intended to rouse industry and stimulate exertion, in one of the most useful classes of the working community ; namely, the journeymen shoemakers, (*applause*,) many of whom I can recognize among my auditors, who do not disdain to carry about them the badges of their profession.” (*Applause*.)

The solemnity with which the opening speech was delivered, increased the attention and impatience of the company for the developement of this invaluable mystery, which, like other great discoveries, when once elucidated, appeared the most simple and obvious thing imaginable. After a short pause, a general cry of question, question, impelled the orator to resume the subject, and rush on his fate. He continued thus: "Gentlemen, although the communication which I am about to make only specifies the practicability of one person making six pairs of shoes in a day, yet, with a sufficient stock of materials, the same person might facilitate sixty—nay, a hundred!" (*Thunders of applause.*) Curiosity and anxiety were now at their height. "This grand and valuable secret, gentlemen, consists in simply cutting the *legs off boots*!" On this communication a mixture of murmurs and applause ran through the room, till some good-natured fellow remarked, "That it was all fair *game*, but there was no disputing the truth of what the orator advanced, as he had nothing to do with the expense of the materials." This pleasant turn stifled every symptom of discontent, restored good humour, and the company immediately and quietly dispersed.

The applause with which this narrative was received, induced others to follow the example of the president; but as they did nothing but inroad the province, and ransack the stores of Joe Miller, their efforts were soon discouraged, unless they traded on their own capital, without pilfering from the property of others. This point being conceded as the *sine qua non*, the two following were permitted, on the assurance that they never appeared either in Joe Miller, the Buck's *vade mecum*, or the Encyclopedia of Wit; and which bore the stamp of originality as their strongest recommendation.

The first of the two following related to the celebrated George Whitfield, founder of the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, whom Foote characterized as Doctor Squintum, who, as a popular preacher, may be considered as second only to John Wesley, the founder of the sect, the patriarch of Methodism.

Whitfield, though he had no cause to complain of a paucity of auditors, yet on particular occasions, when he wished to have an overflowing Tabernacle, he would issue an attractive placard, as a sort of decoy duck to draw in the unwary. On one of those occasions he promised to illuminate his followers by a "Discourse on *light*." This ambiguous paragraph set all his disciples on the *qui vive*, and the temple was filled to an overflow. After edifying his flock by an impressive discourse, in which he was by turns, nervous, pathetic, witty, and ludicrous, he came to the finale of his oration, or the *denouement* of the drama.

At length, however, he evinced symptoms of redeeming his pledge, in the following strain,—“My dearly beloved brethren, I promised you in the course of this evening's divine service, to give you a discourse on light, and am now about to fulfil my engagement. I shall be very brief, and reduce what I have to say to as few words as possible. It therefore remains with me simply to tell you, that my tallow chandler's bill amounts to sixty pounds, and is now lying in the vestry for your inspection and contribution!”

This witty turn, given to a serious subject, was received by the congregation with shouts of applause, and the subscription far surpassed the orator's most sanguine expectations, and his followers dispersed as well pleased as if they had been at Bartholomew Fair, or a public execution.

Sterne says, that a *bon-mot* is always worth something in France, but in England such a thing must now be invaluable; for any fabricators of anecdotes, memoirs, and reminiscences, have so raked up every thing they could from the ashes of the *great*, as scarcely to have left one solitary joke remaining for the next miserable gleaner.

We had among us two or three military officers, charged up to the muzzle with prime army anecdotes, who seemed to have a sort of itch for "fighting their battles over again;" but being questioned with regard to their authenticity, and their *novelty*, and whether they had not already made their appearance in the works of Joe, the Buck's *vade mecum*, or the Encyclopedia of Wit, the sons of Mars, not answering those interrogatories to the satisfaction of the company, fought shy, and made not a very honourable retreat. The hilarity of the evening was enriched by the tongue of Tommy Moore, which gave fresh zest to our *conversazione*.

The author does not here mean to insinuate that Anacreon the younger took a *degree* in the *University* in the Old Bailey, but that he (the author) had it *viva voce* from that *high* authority.

It happened *once upon a time*, that T—— G——, the Irish barrister, Doctor Y——, Bishop of C——, and the younger Anacreon, met at the house of G—— G——, in Dublin. The conversation was desultory, in the course of which it turned on skating, when marvellous exploits in that way were recorded of *les Hollandois*, particularly the ladies, who, it was said, would travel twenty, thirty, and even forty miles in a day upon the glassy surface, without making a single *slip*. T—— G——, who could never bear to be outdone in any way, immediately asserted that *he* had often skated a *hundred* miles in a day! The bishop, good easy man, in his way, replied, "Then upon my soul, T——, it must have been when the days were at the longest." T——. "O I admit that!"

This T—— G——, notwithstanding, is a very clever fellow, and an able lawyer. His hobby is that of knowing every thing, and doing every thing better than any body else, whence he has derived, or rather has fixed upon him, the honourable appellation of *omniscient* T——; but bating this harmless propensity, his friends, who know him, think him a worthy and estimable man. His assumption of more knowledge than other people is by no means singular in the sister kingdom, for we have had young officers of state teaching veterans in the service that which they did not know themselves!

Before finishing with Mr. G——, the author cannot resist inserting here a high compliment, and a most happy simile of Mr. O'C——, as applied to Mr. G——, one day, at the Irish bar. "There he sits, like Mount Etna, with the frost of age upon his head, and the fire of youth in his heart." A higher eulogium could not have been paid to a veteran in the profession.

Having heard a few military achievements, such as scaling of walls, mounting of breaches, and other of the ordinary exploits, which attend starving death out of countenance, Tomaso supposed a case, which though it never happened, yet it might. It was that of an officer one day becoming a soldier. Captain R—— took fire at this observation, and was ready to go off like a Congreve rocket, but an explanation soon set all to rights, cooled the courage of the fiery Tybalt, and restored harmony. The case was that of one who had once held grade in the army, being, in the course of human vicissitudes, reduced to the ranks, and serving as a private soldier. The captain said that he knew one instance of a reverse of fortune in his own regiment. It was that of a gentleman who had once been an officer either in the line, the militia, or a volunteer corps, ending his days as a private soldier in the West Indies. On detailing the circumstances, it struck Tomaso that he once knew the man, and on further inquiry found he was not mistaken. Tomaso. "Pray, captain, do you happen to recollect his name?" Captain. "I do, it was B——." Tomaso. "His christian name?" Captain. "E——." "Good heavens!" said Tomaso, "the very man whom I once knew so well in Dublin. He was the son of a dissenting clergyman, received a liberal education, became a merchant, under the auspices of Mr. A——.

W——, one of the first merchants in Dublin, had been an officer in a corps of volunteers, and always rode out attended by a groom. What a reverse !” But this change in his circumstances, this effect was not without a cause, and that was, the common cause of most reverses of fortune, extravagance and dissipation. As for his early military services, they were confined to his attending field days and reviews in the Phoenix Park, lining the streets occasionally for some popular viceroy, or firing on the Fourth of November a *feu de joy* in College Green, round the statue of King William the Third. Mr. B—— disappeared from Dublin, and Tomaso lost sight of him for some years ; but on his (Tomaso’s) arrival in London in 1788, he found him established in an appointment in the Bank of England. This eligible appointment was procured him through the interest of his friend and patron Mr. W——, and he held the situation for some years ; but here again he became the victim of caprice and irregularity, and either relinquished or was removed from his situation. He next resumed his original avocation, and became a merchant, but with what success Tomaso has never heard. He learned, however, by mere accident, the following particulars of his private habits, which will sufficiently account for his failure in all his undertakings, and render it less surprising that he should be reduced to the ranks as a private soldier, the last stage of his eventful history.

A lady who lived in Broad Street, at the back of the Exchange, who let counting-houses to gentlemen in the mercantile pursuit, whose dwellings were in remote parts of the town, once told Tomaso, that Mr. B—— tenanted one of her counting-houses, and gave such an account of his profligacy and intemperance, as shocked and astonished him. She assured him that she has known that infatuated young man to bring with him from a tavern or the theatre, at an unseasonable hour of the night, four or five desperate wretches like himself, and order supper from some neighbouring *restaurateur* to the counting-house, and a hamper of wine, over which they would gloat and gormandize *all night* till they became eventually so inebriated as to be unable to move. And when the clerk came in the morning to *business*, he not unfrequently found his master and his *gay* companions literally sprawling on the floor, covered with filth !

This was such a state of things as could never be expected to go on, and the almost immediate consequence, and indeed a matter of course, was a failure in business, with a grand crash among his creditors. At length, abandoned by his friends and connexions, and driven to desperation, and impelled by necessity, he enlisted in a regiment ordered out to the West Indies, where he sought and found an inglorious grave !

By way of contrast, or set off, to the foregoing dismal tale, one of the company told us of an ingenious, clever fellow, a friend of his, who was a great lover of science, and dabbler in chemistry, in which he had recently made a most *important* discovery, no less than the *desirable art* of turning *gold into charcoal* ! We are not informed whether Midas could do this, when he had a *carte blanche* for turning every thing into the precious metal. The paper written on the subject, and which he had read to the Royal Society with great applause from that learned body, procured him the privilege of adding to his own proper name, the mystical letters of F.R.S., A.S.S., and all that ; an honour which one of the *convives* observed was almost equal to the *value* of the discovery. “ Yes, gentlemen,” replied another of the company, “ nothing is valuable but as it is useful ; and who ever doubted the utility of charcoal ? But it is much to be feared, that if we had no other material from which to manufacture it, it must rise considerably in price, and therefore become unattainable to the poor, who must in that case resort to coke or common coal ; however, this grievance would be but little felt, for so they have

beef-steaks or mutton-chops, they are not so dainty as to care whether or not they are a little smoked in the broiling." This stroke of pleasantry met with its merited applause. In almost every society you find a cynic, and ours was not exempt, as we had more than one. Your cynic, or sneerer, is a most useful member of any community; such a person is like cayenne pepper in your sauce, or vinegar to your sallad; who, by the mere force of contrast, gives a zest to what is in itself most agreeable to the palate, and is a counterpoise to what would otherwise be mawkish and insipid. Our gentleman, *i. e.* our cynic, observed, when he heard the marvellous account of the charcoal, "that he did not wonder at Frederick the Great inviting the philosophers to his court to laugh at them." Another of the company observed, "that this was not a new discovery, though now ushered into the world under the sanction of science; for he had seen the experiment successfully made years ago, by a plain, unsophisticated man, who was neither an alchemist nor philosopher. The experiment was made thus, without *hocus pocus*, and in the presence of half-a-dozen bystanders. This man was a mere copper-plate printer, who wanting a sack of charcoal, sent out one of those pretty bits of gold coin, called a seven-shilling piece, which were current some years since, and the *transmutation* was immediately effected. Now, gentlemen, what would you call this but turning gold into charcoal?"

The company now became rather unfit for serious discussion; and began to treat with levity those things which absorb so much of the gravity of mankind. All new discoveries and inventions were treated as frivolous and vexatious, and, in many instances, injurious to society, from the spinning-jenny down to the steam-engine. Before the accursed invention of machinery, and the *march of intellect*, almost every thing was performed by human hands, or animal exertion, and *then* "every rood of ground maintained its man;" but now (as the Irishman says in the play) you stand little chance of employment, whether you are a man or a horse. It would appear here as if "drinking deeply sobered us again;" for some rays of rationality emanated from a few individuals, which would not have disgraced the sacred walls of St. Stephen's Chapel.

Many pointed *philippics* were levelled at those stupid *sages* who wish to have every thing snug and comfortable to themselves, and promulgate the preposterous doctrine of redundant population, and silyly hint at some stop being put to the propagation of mankind. Wretched speculators! would there were

" Placed in every honest hand a whip,
To lash such rascals naked through the world."

SHAKESPEARE.

No! increase of population must always be considered as one of the wisest dispensations of Providence, and the employment of its population should be considered as the first care and wisest policy of every government. The happiness and strength of a nation must depend on the hardiness of its inhabitants, and must substantially depend on the prevalence of manual labour; and where this is neglected, men become an enervated and dwindled race. Besides, what has your steam-engine and your cast iron done for us? Not to mention the gas, whose frequent explosions threaten one day to blow up Babylon itself. It is true, that by the mere force of steam, you are now wafted like a *smack* across the Atlantic, and we are told that the very paving *stones* for the streets of London will soon be manufactured of cast *iron*! This will not, nor it cannot, come to good.

What the latter has done, or is likely to do, for us in the way of roofing our houses, Mr. M—— and the proprietors of the Brunswick Theatre

can best tell ! What a mercy it was that the Philistines were not in that unfortunate *temple* when the fabric gave way ! But this is the age of new inventions and marvellous discoveries, and who can think of setting bounds to the exertions of human ingenuity ?

The report of a pistol, and the shrieks of females from the opposite side of the prison, at this moment interrupted our discourse, and threw us into considerable consternation. The shock was the greater, as we could not get out of our ward to ascertain the cause. The shrieks increased, and we could distinctly hear the cries of—"O ! he is killed ! he is dead ! he is dead !" The alarm instantly ran like an electrical shock throughout the prison, and the immediate unbarring of the gates, and the rattling of the ponderous keys, announced the approach of the keeper and his assistants, whom we distinctly saw with lights pass across the yard. In a few minutes the door at the bottom of our staircase was opened, and the noise of several voices and great confusion were heard upon the stairs. This noise was occasioned by the persons who were conveying the unhappy man, who had just shot himself, to the sick ward, which was in the same section of the prison with ours, and immediately over our heads. We could not that night collect any of the particulars of this alarming circumstance, further than that, as the unfortunate victim of his own rashness was being taken to the hospital, we concluded he was not yet dead.

It being now very late, and this incident having passed away, we adjourned our *sitting*, made our beds, and got into them with all possible expedition, deeply impressed with the melancholy occurrence, of which we next morning heard the following particulars.

The unfortunate man, whose name was N——, and who had not yet been forty-eight hours in prison, had within a few days been bereaved of his wife and child, who were buried in one grave ! At the funeral of those objects of his tender affections, he was arrested at the suit of his *own aunt*, and conveyed from the side of his wife's grave to be locked up in a jail. This sad reverse in his affairs, and the breaking up of his little establishment, had such an effect on the poor man's spirits, that he formed the desperate resolution of terminating his existence. For this purpose he procured a pistol and some powder, and as a substitute for a ball, he made use of a thick halfpenny, which he doubled and battered into something like the form of a bullet, which, had it taken the direction he intended, would undoubtedly have given him his *quietus* ; but hitting against his hip-bone, it took an oblique direction, doing very little injury save that of lacerating the skin. Surgical assistance was immediately procured, and in a few hours he was pronounced out of danger. Impressed at length with a sense of his suffering, and touched with compassion when nearly too late, his cruel relation softened into something like humanity, and gave him his liberty.

The small supply which poor —— received by pawning a part of his wardrobe was soon exhausted, and he was in a few days reduced to great extremities of distress. Thus circumstanced, having no turn for books, and few resources within himself, he felt his situation with the greater poignancy, particularly having been brought up in the lap of luxury, and having once "tasted the luscious sweets of plenty."

There cannot be a more melancholy spectacle than to see a fellow-being smarting under privations which you have not the power of relieving ; and that, too, a person who has yet remaining the feelings of a gentleman. Yet to witness such scenes is at all times one of the common occurrences incident to the interior of a prison. Many a time has the author seen this misguided young man, who till now had known nothing but affluence and profusion, sometimes dining on a piece of bread and onion, (the bread was the jail allowance,) and the onion probably bor-

rowed, or perhaps the gift, of a fellow-prisoner, who could hardly spare it from his own little stock. This, with water for his beverage, has often made the whole of his scanty meal; but when he could procure the luxury of a mutton-chop or a sheep's-heart, it was a *gala* day, and made a sort of epoch in his existence; as when they sometimes say in the sister kingdom, *the day we had the meat*. Still, however, his spirit did not forsake him. Though greatly humbled, and not naturally proud, yet he was never mean. The author has known him often in the deepest distress, and one day in particular that he had not the means of procuring even the semblance of a dinner, when some person who had once known him, left a guinea at a neighbouring shop, with directions to have it sent in to him. This was immediately done, and the guinea delivered to him; but when he was made acquainted with the circumstances under which it was left, he rejected it with scorn, and sent it back to the donor.

His necessities sometimes impelled him to draw for small sums where he thought he had claims, but the tardiness and reluctance with which those applications were complied with, proved it at best but a precarious resource. When the period arrived for his creditor to advance money for filing his declaration and other law expenses, ("the Ides of March" between debtor and creditor,) a negotiation was immediately opened for the purpose of coming into terms of accommodation; besides, the first ebullitions of fury on the part of the plaintiff having a little subsided, and recollecting that a jail is but a bad money market, he thought it better to come to any arrangement, than thus to expend his own ready money in pursuing to extremities one who must now be considered little better than a *man of straw*. The negotiation being now fairly opened, messengers passed, and *notes* were exchanged, with more than diplomatic ceremony, between Mr. ——— and his tailor; when the latter, influenced by the dread of incurring further expense, and the fear of never recovering either the debt or costs, softened into something like humanity, and after nearly six months' incarceration in a prison, Mr. ——— obtained his liberty on *easy* terms. His departure from Newgate was like the second flight of the dove from the ark, for he returned no more; whereby all clue to his future movements or avocations was lost for ever to the pen of his biographer.

Indeed, there seems a *strange* disposition on the part of those who have been once confined, to appear reluctant in returning to visit their old friends in the *interior*; it is not much to be expected that they should do it *con amore*; and having once tasted the *sweets* of the place, they feel like the rat in the fable, who even when the cat lay dead, did not wish to go near it; or as the saying is, a burnt child dreads the fire; or like Sir John Falstaff—

"Heaven keep lead out of me."

(*To be continued.*)

A LETTER ON THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan.

SIR;—Permit me to address you on a subject that has of late occupied much of my attention. No one will contradict the proposition, that after the protection of life and property, and the providing for the religious and moral education of the people, the public health ought to be a subject of anxious importance to a good government. I honestly believe that no small portion of the population of the United Kingdom would think that institutions at the public expense for its preservation would be more beneficial, and show more enlightened views in the ruling powers, than voting, or procuring to be voted, sums of money for the preservation of scholastic institutions, some which are in opposition to the principles of political economy. I find sums of money have been voted away with profusion for almost every possible, and some very impossible, objects, with the glaring exception of that which ought to be one paramount with the nation, the providing for, and encouraging, a few institutions that should form *nuclei* for the very first skill that talent, fostered into perfection, could produce. Doing this, would also be advancing the interests of science, and render an essential service, not only to the present generation, but to the whole race of mankind. What has hitherto been done in this way, has been done by the aid of public contributions: the establishments so supported are never secure, the fluctuating funds give no feeling of stability to those who take an interest in these matters; and thus, some most valuable institutions have passed away, and science and humanity have been the sufferers.

The art and science of medicine, for it may be truly said to be both an art and a science, would be, and as facts prove have been, infinitely improved, like most other scientific processes, by a division of labour. For the general run of diseases, the general run of practitioners has been, and will ever be, a sufficient antidote; but in every malady some surprising anomalies are continually found to arise, that baffle the skill, and are beyond the experience, of the general attendant, and form cases that one only, who has made such peculiar disease the study of his life, is able successfully to combat.

I believe that it is the intention of the legislature to make some enactment respecting the present state of the curative art in all its branches. Now this is the time to put it on that basis of general utility, that may make the whole world see that England has understood its own interests in advancing that of science and of philosophy.

It may be easily seen, by a reference to the bills of mortality, what diseases are most incidental to our climate, and what commit the greatest ravages amongst our crowded population. It would soon be

found that they are reducible to five or six. Pulmonary ones are the most fatal and the most numerous. . Why I mention this one in particular, will be seen hereafter.

Now, what I would propose, would be, that for these five or six maladies, as many special colleges should be founded. National colleges, not supported by eleemosynary aid, but by the country, with one or two well-paid professors in each, and we shall proceed to show, that the advantages of such institutions would infinitely more than compensate for their expense. I do not mean that these colleges should at all interfere with the established hospitals, nor should they, in their constitution, resemble them ; but merely as appeals, in the last resort, in the most desperate cases, or in the crisis of some public infliction, or for the relief of some absolute pauper.

I am now going to cite an instance, both of what one man can do by giving his undivided attention to one particular object, and the injustice of the nation, in permitting him to struggle on at his own risk, and without that official encouragement, that he has so much right to expect. I take this example from no sinister motive, from no partiality of friendship, or even acquaintance ; but simply because it is a case exactly in point, and will elucidate the reasonableness of the proposition, which I have thought it to be my duty to place before the public.

Few can have any idea of the number of persons who are afflicted by partial and total deafness. Indeed, there is scarcely a person who has attained his grand climateric, who has not, at some period of life, been threatened, or actually afflicted, with some imperfection of hearing. Those who are born deaf and dumb, and dumb because they are born deaf, form a very startling proportion to the whole European community—so many as twenty-one in every one thousand five hundred and thirty-seven. Now, excepting the slightest and most obvious diseases of the ear, that important organ was, till lately, almost abandoned to the curative efforts of nature ; and nature resenting this imposition upon her energies, seldom interfered, at least beneficially, in the matter. The patient, thus consigned to Providence, and to what philosophy he might have, bore his visitation as he might, for he was told never to expect a recovery, and he was never disappointed. Deafness was the reproach of the faculty.

Considering the magnitude of the evil, and the difficulty of repairing it, that man deserved well of his country who roused all his energies to combat with and overcome it. But why should he sacrifice his other more lucrative prospects, peril his private fortune, undergo days of labour and nights of anxiety, by devoting himself exclusively to a difficult and unprofitable subject, when the beaten road of the profession lay so invitingly before him, the progress along which was so easy, and the termination of the journey, affluence? Why indeed? The question can only be answered, by stating the fact, that from time to time these beneficent and talented enthusiasts will rise amongst us, to prove that all disinterestedness has not yet taken leave of this selfish and mercantilely-constructed world.

Mr. Harrison Curtis, after having received an elaborate medical and chirurgical education, observing how much was the suffering, and

how little the relief, in the diseases of the ear, rendered these his particular study. From the generally received and fallacious opinion that these maladies were beyond the reach of art, Mr. Curtis would have had but little opportunity to increase the skill that is usually acquired in a general education, in that branch, had he not made, in the first place, strenuous efforts to draw the attention of the public to their own advantage, and procured for himself occasions for observation and practice, by founding a dispensary, to which the poor, and all those in straitened circumstances might have recourse, under judicious regulations. To effect all this thoroughly national object, he had nothing to rely upon but the precarious aids of philanthropy, and his own private resources. The plan has succeeded beyond the hopes of the most sanguine—the labyrinth that guarded the entrance into this difficult subject has been explored, and the ear now is no longer looked upon as inaccessible to the efforts of medical skill.*

But this institution for the diseases of the ear, flourishing as it now is, extensive as its reputation is on the continent, as well as in our own country, is not fixed upon the proper base. True, it is called royal, their majesties are its patrons, and many of the first of the nobility its supporters, but still it is, though so public is its fame, a private, instead of being a national, establishment, with fluctuating funds, and liable, at any particular crisis, to die of inanition. Besides, it may not, it will not, always have a Mr. Curtis for its active and presiding genius. As he erected it, so might his secession or his death destroy it. It ought to be taken under the protection of the nation—it ought to be made a regular college, with two or three eminent professors, aurists exclusively, independent of the public caprice, and in which the study of the ear should be exclusive of all others. I also think that the gentlemen who held these stations should be possessed of a certain honorary rank; I am sure that they would deserve it, and, that to concede and respect it, their countrymen would be most eager. There should be another similar college for the oculists, and one most surely for pulmonary diseases. I never can believe that if a college had been established with a view entirely to the remedy of that disorder, that phthisis would be still considered as utterly incurable.

To revert again to the case of Mr. Curtis, for his is completely in point, let me ask my countrymen whether it be right for a gentleman of his description to be compelled to undergo the irksome office, (to say no worse of it,) of seeking patronage, of conciliating the great, of fostering public meetings, and of joining the arts of the courtier to the skill of the surgeon? In this matter, as far as he is concerned, the end most scrupulously sanctifies the deed; but this is not a state of things that ought to exist. Had it not been for Mr. Curtis's public spirited exertions, what a mass of misery would have remained unrelieved—how much valuable labour would have been lost to the

* On the 15th of April I visited the institution, where I met Lord Harewood, who, like me, wished to satisfy himself as to its utility, when eighty-four patients had been visited that day, two-thirds of which were better, including several cases of deaf and dumb.

country, and how deep a disgrace would have been still hanging upon the profession, in the taunt that the ear was beyond their penetration.

The most rigid economist never yet objected to the disposal of the public funds, in erecting a national monument—a pile of masonry that a storm might overthrow, and that time will destroy, yet is the most niggard economy practised, nay, utter denial enforced, when it is asked to dedicate rewards to persons who shall have made discoveries that are assailable by no storms, and which are destructible by no lapse of time. An improved treatment of a disorder, a discovery of a certain remedy, or of a relief only, must have more effect upon the happiness of mankind, than covering the face of the country with gorgeous monuments, sinking vast sums in the erection of a palace, or even in expending wealth in the cultivation of the fine arts.

I conclude by stating it as my opinion, that encouragement should be given to a few men of celebrity, to devote all the powers of their minds to some distinct branch of medicine—that they should be amply rewarded, and that colleges should be established for that distinct purpose. Of the details I say nothing; the principle only is what just now I wish to establish; and, when we see, as in the instance of Mr. Curtis, what a single individual may do, and has done, for the relief of what was before reckoned as a calamity not succourable, for what might we not hope if the government took the matter under their protection. Public charity should be fostered, but not, as it is now, in a question of so great a moment, be wholly depended upon.

I have the honour to be,

Yours very respectfully,

C. H.

THE OXONIAN.—No. I.

Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.

It is a common practice with writers of the present day, either to slur over, or to leave out altogether, that unpleasant part of a work, which ought to be the legitimate beginning. For my own part, I am very conscious of the difficulties which attend such a task, but instead of neglecting it, shall endeavour to execute it the better on that very account. And this I do not see how I can otherwise perform, than by stating in full the grand object of my writing at all.

Accordingly, I would have the reader know, that I have long thought it a great pity, for this little world of Oxford to be so much concealed from the generality of mankind, as it is. It was but the other day, that an old lady in the country asked me, whether it was not the custom in Oxford to get tipsy on a Sunday? Another lady, who is very near her grand climacteric, but still retains her maiden name, was very urgent in asking me, whether it was proper for a young lady to walk down High Street without a veil? And an old gentleman, who happened to be in the room at the same time, very stoutly affirmed, that it is a fixed rule with Oxonians to stare every one they meet out of countenance. This being the case, I determined, after mature deliberation, that there were no means by which, for the present, I could better serve my fellow-creatures, than by putting them right in this particular, and showing Oxford as it really is. At the same time I must confess, I thought that a work of this kind might not be without its use to my fellow gowmsmen; by the facility it would afford of showing up their vices, and ridiculing their follies.

These are the two grand objects which I propose to myself in my present speculations; besides which, there are some of a minor character, which I leave to my work to develope in its progress. I shall now proceed to give some account of myself, that the reader may be able to judge how far I am adapted for the important office which I have taken upon me.

I was born in Dorsetshire, in the year of our Lord 1810, and boast of being an eldest son. Whether, like the Spectator, I threw away my rattle at the age of two months, I have never been able to learn; but, what I consider to be equally for my honour, I am credibly informed, that at the age of twelve months, two weeks, and five days, I showed a strong bent towards an analytical disposition, by dropping my old nurse's watch on the pavement, for the sake of seeing what was inside of it. As I grew up, I began to exhibit more and more this laudable spirit of inquiry, insomuch that the maids used frequently to complain of my tearing their caps to pieces, for the mere sake of examining what they were made of; and more than once, my mother has caught me diving into her jars of preserves, that I might

satisfy the same habit of inquiry. When I first got the use of my tongue, I am told, that I did nothing all day long but ask questions. This I carried on so continually, that at last my usual name in the family became Little Query. Such a desire of information was considered very promising by my father and mother, who accordingly sent me to school, so soon as I had got through words of one syllable. Here I continued for several years, coming home only at the proper vacations, on each of which occasions I exhibited new proficiency in my particular talent. By the time that I was eight years old, I was able to read a book turned upside down with the greatest ease; and could perform several other similar pieces of sagacity. As for my amusements, it was generally observed, that I was particularly fond of hide and seek; and that when I was at home at Christmas, I would play for hours at cross questions and crooked answers. Blind-man's-buff also was a particular favourite with me, from the spirit of inquiry which the blind man must necessarily exert. At the same time, a due love of learning was springing up within me, which was particularly shown on one occasion at school, when I suffered another boy to give me a thorough flogging, on condition that I might have his Ainsworth's Dictionary after his departure from school.

It was no wonder, that, with this disposition, when I came to Oxford, I was considered a promising subject for honours. And indeed, for the first year, I worked with considerable perseverance, my analytical talents at the same time doing me much service. This was particularly observable in my college exercises, wherein I always beat my competitors by reason of this quality. With all this, I was sometimes censured for arguing too much *à priori*; and more than once received a hint that I was too fond of using the first person. At last, when I had satiated my curiosity by reading a number of Latin and Greek authors, I found my ardour sensibly begin to diminish; and in the end determined to lay by for a second class, indulging my inquisitiveness, in the meanwhile, by studying modern literature, and the characters of those around me. With this view I entered my name in all the circulating libraries; took a French and Italian master; attended all the public lectures to which I could gain admittance; became enrolled as a member of the Union; and entered, in fine, into all the innocent diversions which the university affords. With all this, I was never idle: every thing that I touched upon I analysed, and acquired the art of extracting something useful from the most common-place conversation. My friends, indeed, often regretted my waste of time, as they called it; but since I was under no necessity of reading for a first, I always pleaded my being an eldest son in defence of my conduct; and at last, surprised them all by coming in for a very handsome second.

As for the year in which I gained this honour, I think it proper, for the present, to keep it concealed, as well as my college, lest by any means my name should be traced. Since that period I have been spending my time partly abroad, partly at home, and partly at Oxford, as it suited my pleasure. Perhaps it may seem odd, that when I have my will, I should prefer to spend a single day of my life in this place; but there is something in Oxford which has, I know

not how, a particular charm for me. Its solemn walks and antiquated buildings suit my temper, which is rather of a sober cast. Although fond of society, I am by no means averse to solitude, and here I can have both at my discretion. At the same time, opportunities of improving myself are ready for my hand here, which I should elsewhere seek for in vain. Perhaps, too, I may be guided in some measure by the feeling, that a term at Oxford, now and then, gives me a greater relish for the bosom of my family, where I have now three sisters and two brothers; but of my home I will speak hereafter at greater length, when the vacation shall give me an opportunity. For the present, I shall content myself with giving my readers some further insight into my character, so that, to use a common phrase, they may know of what kind of stuff I am made.

To say that I am not choleric, would be to say very little for myself. Indeed, I am generally considered to be of a particularly yielding temper. When I was residing in college, it was said of me that my scout could do anything he wished; and but yesterday I forebore to scold my landlady for having the impudence to let her children dance in the room above my head.

Since I have taken upon me to praise myself, I must not omit to add here, that I am neither a Whig nor a Tory; or rather, if you please, am a mixture of both, which I consider to be the happy medium. For this I am sometimes very much laughed at by my friends, who are wont to tell me, that suppose a civil war should break out, I shall be like the ass between two haystacks, and shall not know which side to choose; but for all this, I am of opinion, that a true patriot, although he be neither a Whig nor a Tory, may still possess principles of his own upon these subjects. One great benefit that I derive from this temperate habit of looking upon politics, is, that when I go to the Union, I can enjoy equally the speeches on both sides of the question. Having mentioned the Union, I think it but fair to add, that I was not one of those gentlemen who seceded from that body to the Rambler, although I am not for that reason incapable of appreciating the motive which induced the latter body to dissolve itself so soon after its formation.

But the character in which I am looked upon chiefly by my friends, and indeed by all who know me, is that of a Querist. It is my habitual defect, that, in whatever company I am placed, I am always asking questions of the person who may have the misfortune to be sitting next to me. This I generally continue till my neighbour is compelled to quit his chair, upon which I succeed to his empty place, and commence my attack upon the person who sat next to him, till he too is compelled to forsake his seat, which is a prelude to my dealing the same with his next neighbour also. By this means I have sometimes worked my way all down one side of a long table, like a victorious general. With this disposition I should scarce be bearable in society, were it not for my exceeding mild temper, and for a certain knack, which I have got by long use, of avoiding unpleasant topics with the person whom I am drawing out. Am I talking to an old maid, I take care never to hint at the pleasures of a ball-room; in a mixed company of gownsmen, the word "pluck" never passes

my mouth ; nor have I ever been known to commit the error of asking a tutor to explain to me a passage, which, in lecture, he may have passed by as too easy.

I must not omit that the same disposition to inquire has led me into every street and alley of Oxford, so that I am better acquainted with every little hole to be found in it, than the head bull-dog himself. I know the regular order in which the same old pictures are exposed one after another in the print shops, and can tell you which billiard-room first began to burn gas. In short, nothing escapes me ; and however ridiculous this spirit may render me sometimes in society, I think my reader will confess that it goes a great way to make me a proper person for the office which I have undertaken. In my next paper, I shall give some particular account of those friends who are so good as to let me make them the more immediate instruments of my researches into the society of this place.

S.

LAY OF AN EXQUISITE.

BY JOHN FRANÇOIS, ESQ.

It's really getting quite a bore
To be so much admired !
Thus Adelaide keeps very fond,
Though I am getting tired ;
And Laura, with her smiling face,
And pretty Grecian nose,
Thinks herself very sure of me,
But—I shall not propose !

Though I'm the most admired of all
In fashion's golden bevy ;
And though all praise my air and grace
At drawing-room and levee ;
Though laughing Lady Catherine,
And lovely Mary Rose,
Look very sweet, when at their feet,
Still—I shall not propose !

Thus pale Louisa Harrington
Woos me with many a smile,
While Ann, when at St. George's church,
Looks at me down the aisle ;
And Harriet loves to see me placed
Among her host of beaux ;
The sweetest tone away is thrown,
For—I shall not propose !

Old Lady Wallace talks to me
About her niece's duty ;
And Mrs. Mowbray prates to me
About her daughter's beauty ;

Lay of an Exquisite.

While little, fairy, laughing Jane,
 Her taper ancle shows,
 When riding on her Arab steed,
 But—I shall not propose !

Some of them try to win my heart
 With talk aristocratic,
 Some of them breathe a tender tone,
 And grow quite aromatic ;
 There's Violet's rather azure legs,
 And very azure hose,
 Lure like a syren—to talk of Byron—
 But—I shall not propose !

Lady Geranium Lavender
 Writes very touching sonnets,
 And pretty Tierney Delacour
 Wears prettier cottage bonnets ;
 And Cora, with her pearly hands,
 Sweet loves of purses sews,
 She can't net me so easily,
 For—I shall not propose !

I visit all their milliners,
 To give my taste in dresses,
 They ask new fashions for the hair,
 (I've got a thousand tresses :)
 I go with them to operas,
 And though sometimes I doze,
 Still it is all the same to them,
 As—I shall not propose !

I am asked out to ball or rout,
 Papas ask me to dinner,
 And when we play at whist or loo,
 I am sure to rise the winner ;
 My poetry is beautiful,
 And excellent my prose,
 But O ! it's quite ridiculous,
 To think I should propose !

I chat with fathers at their homes,
 I flatter mothers out ;
 I dine with brothers at their clubs,
 And—leave them all in doubt :
 They wonder with their eager eyes
 If I shall ever close,
 Now they may know, much to their woe,
 That—I shall not propose !

Is it not getting then a bore
 To be so much admired ?
 O ! why is Adelaide so fond
 When I am getting tired ?
 In vain is every smiling face,
 Grecian or Roman nose,
 I've made my mind up, come what may,
 That—I WILL NOT PROPOSE !

Holloway.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colours of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a more polished address, into the drawing-room.

Yet was there a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them at least concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference; and stood, as it were, between two flowers of very opposite colours and perfumes, and yet each of equal beauty.

Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful in his features as, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the more agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favoured lover; but, as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honour, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to them, were at his service. He excepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a jocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rites of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered, and suffered acutely, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recess of his heart, like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. *Her* affections had not been engaged; and the slight preference that she began to feel stealing into her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up for him in her bosom a regard as sisterly, and as ardent, as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was, as to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free, at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement: we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of a lurking affection having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war, from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; and all the warlike and the valorous arose and walled her in with their veteran breasts. The returned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the united force of France rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of our rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for her miniature to an eminent artist; but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously, in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies say, that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with respect to Matilda, should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly, as the rivalry was suspected. The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels,

and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonour and infamy scowl in the rear. The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the volleying thunder of artillery, mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he tremulously, "bear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the almost inaudible word—"read."

Horace is mentioned as having been seen early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father the more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said the father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at her father's table. Immediately she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature that Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was, that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer, by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by in-

forming them that he was lying desperately, but not dangerously, wounded at a farm-house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

"Then, in the name of all that is honourable, how came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

"O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it, really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity of meeting with him."

"What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver.

"What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when the officer had finished his relation.

I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thoughts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, "a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace's, as fine a fellow as ever bestrode a charger."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is the second in command; a high fellow that same Albert."

"Pray, sir, do me the favour to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast-plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these raileries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover, was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of the madness of intoxication, confessed that he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so; in a word, his letter was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here, we must do Horace the justice to say,

that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would not have failed him in the charge, and, in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy had been broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of it to be buried in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received by the father, and diffidently by Matilda. She remembered "the broken miniature," and supposed him to have been long, and ardently, attached to another.

It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was setting in glorious splendour. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun, but her soul was still in the dining-room.

At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver.

"What? fully, truly, and unreservedly," said Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course."

"Offence, or no offence," said Albert, with a look of arch meaning.

"Whom could the tale possibly offend?" said Sir Oliver.

"That I am yet to learn. Listen."

As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost every faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet hurried tone, commenced thus.

"I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival that was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not—I would not attempt to conquer: but my actions, honour bade me controul; and I obeyed. The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and, impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the artist a facsimile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and, when at last, duty called me away from the original, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discovered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

"I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under

its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I felt as heroes feel, it was then—it was then.

“On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man’s sword in my hand—and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed around me. What cared I? I looked round—to my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my soul I entrusted to God, and—shall I own it? for a few tears to my memory I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion.”

“She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them,” said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus continued,—“Whilst I was thus borne forward into the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and it was protected: the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty, for whose protection it would have joyed to flow. The shattered case, the broken, the blood-stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain until life itself shall desert me.”

“May I look upon those happy features that have inspired and preserved a heart so noble?” said Matilda, in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatural to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she recognized her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears—she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud—“Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well—my long beloved!”

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy soldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that best boon upon a daughter’s love—“A father’s heart-felt blessing!”

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

I WAS rather curious, after the secret confided to me by Mary Stapleton, to see how her father would behave; but when we had sat and talked some time, as he appeared to have no difficulty in answering to any observation in a common pitch of the voice, I observed to him that he was not so deaf as I thought he was. "No, no," replied he, "in the house I hear very well, but in the open air I can't hear at all, if a person speaks to me two yards off. Always speak to me close to my ear in the open air, but not loud, and then I shall hear you very well." I caught a bright glance from Mary's blue eye, and made no answer. "This frost will hold, I'm afraid," continued Stapleton, "and we shall have nothing to do for some days but to blow our fingers and spend our earnings; but there's never much doing at this time of the year. The winter cuts us watermen up terribly. As for me, I smoke my pipe and think on human nature; but what you are to do, Jacob, I can't tell."

"Oh! he will teach me to read and write," replied Mary.

"I don't know that he shall," replied Stapleton. "What's the use of reading and writing to you? We've too many senses already in my opinion, and if so be we have learning to boot, why then all the worse for us."

"How many senses are there, father?"

"How many! I'm sure I can't tell, but more than enough to puzzle us."

"There are only five, I believe," said I: "first, there's *hearing*."

"Well," replied Stapleton, "hearing may be useful at times, but not hearing at times is much more convenient. I make twice as much money since I lost the better part of my hearing."

"Well, then, there's *seeing*," continued I.

"Seeing is useful at times, I acknowledge; but I know this, that if a man could pull a young couple about the river, and not be able to see now and then, it would be many a half-crown in his pocket."

"Well, then, now we come to *tasting*."

"No use at all—only a vexation. If there was no tasting, we should not care whether we ate brown bread or roast beef, drank water or XX ale; and, in these hard times, that would be no small saving."

"Well, then, let me see, there's *smelling*."

"Smelling's no use whatever. For one good smell by the river's

¹ Continued from vol. ix. p. 392.

side, there be ten nasty ones; and so there is every where, to my conviction."

"Which is the next, Jacob?" said Mary, smiling archly.

"*Feeling.*"

"Feeling! that's the worst of the whole. Always feel too cold in winter, too hot in summer—feel a blow too; feeling only gives pain;—that's a very bad sense."

"Well, then, I suppose you think we should get on better without our senses."

"No, not without all of them. A little hearing and a little seeing be all very well; but there are other senses which you have forgot, Jacob. Now one I takes to be the very best of the bunch, is *smoking.*"

"I never heard that was a sense," replied I laughing.

"Then you hav'n't half finished your education, Jacob."

"Are reading and writing *senses*, father?" inquired Mary.

"To be sure they be, girl; for without sense you can't read and write; and *rowing* be a sense just as well; and there be many other senses; but, in my opinion, most of the senses be nonsense, and only lead to mischief."

"Jacob," said Mary, whispering to my ear, "isn't *loving* a sense?"

"No, that's nonsense," replied I.

"Well, then," replied she, "I agree with my father, that nonsense is better than sense; but still I don't see why I should not learn to read and write, father?"

"I've lived all my life without it, and never felt the want of it—why can't you?"

"Because I do feel the want of it."

"So you may, but they leads to no good. Look at these fellows at the Feathers, all were happy enough before Jim Holder, who's a scholar, came among them, and now since he reads to them, they do nothing but grumble, and growl, and talk about I don't know what—corn laws, and taxes, and liberty, and all other nonsense. Now what could you do more than you do now, if you larnt to read and write?"

"I could amuse myself when I've nothing to do, father, when you and Jacob are away. I often sit down, after I've done all my work, and think what I shall do next, and at last I look out of the window and make faces at people, because I've nothing better to do. Now, father, you must let him learn me to read and write."

"Well, Mary, if you will, you will; but, recollect, don't blame me for it—it must be all on your own head, and not on my conscience. I've lived some forty or fifty years in this world, and all my bad luck has been owing to having too much senses, and all my good luck to getting rid of them."

"I wish you would tell me how that came to pass," said I; "I should like to hear it very much, and it will be a lesson to Mary."

"Well, I don't care if I do, Jacob, only I must light my pipe first; and, Mary, do you go for a pot o' beer."

"Let Jacob go, father. I mean him to run all my errands now."

"You mustn't order Jacob, Mary."

"No, no—I wouldn't think of ordering him, but I know he will do it—won't you, Jacob?"

"Yes, with pleasure," replied I.

"Well, with all my heart, provided it be all for love," said Stapleton.

"Of course all for love," replied Mary, looking at me, "or Latin—which, Jacob?"

"What's Latin?" said her father.

"Oh! that's a new sense Jacob has been showing me something of, which, like many others, proved to be nonsense."

I went for the beer, and when I returned, found the fire burning brightly, and a strong *sense* of smoking from old Stapleton's pipe. He puffed once or twice more, and then commenced his history as follows:—

"I can't exactly say when I were born, nor where," said old Stapleton, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "because I never axed either father or mother, and they never told me, because why, I never did ax, and that be all agreeable to human natur." Here Stapleton paused, and took three whiffs of his pipe. "I recollects when I was a little brat about two foot nothing, mother used to whack me all day long, and I used to cry in proportion. Father used to cry shame, and then mother would fly at him: he would whack she; she would up with her apron in one corner and cry, while I did the same with my pinbefore in another: all that was nothing but human natur." [A pause, and six or seven whiffs of the pipe.]

"I was sent to a school at a penny a week, to keep me out of the way, and out of mischief. I larnt nothing but to sit still on the form and hold my tongue, and so I used to amuse myself twiddling my thumbs, and looking at the flies as they buzzed about the room in the summer time, and in the winter, cause there was no flies of no sort, I used to watch the old missus a knitting of stockings, and think how soon the time would come when I should go home and have my supper, which, in a child, was nothing but human natur. [Puff, puff, puff.] Father and mother lived in a cellar; mother sold coals and 'tatoes, and father used to go out to work in the barges on the river. As soon as I was old enough, the schoolmissus sent word that I ought to larn to read and write, and that she must be paid threepence a week, so father took me away from school, because he thought I had had education enough; and mother perched me on a basket upside down, and made me watch that nobody took the goods while she was busy down below; and then I used to sit all day long watching the coals and 'tatoes, and never hardly speaking to nobody; so having nothing better to do, I used to think about this, and that, and every thing, and when dinner would be ready, and when I might get off the basket; for you see *thinking* be another of the senses, and when one has nothing to do, and nothing to say, to think be nothing more than human natur. [Puff, puff, and a pause for a drink out of the pot.] At last, I grew a big stout boy, and mother said that I ate too much, and must earn my livelihood somehow or another, and father for once agreed with her; but there was a little difficulty how that was to be done; so until that was got over, I did nothing at all but watch the coals and 'tatoes as before. One day mother wouldn't give me wictuals enough, so I helped myself; so she whacked me; so I being strong whacked she; so father coming home whacked me, so I takes

to my heels and runs away a good mile before I thought at all about how I was to live ; and there I was, very sore, very unhappy, and very hungry. [Puff, puff, puff, and a spit.] I walks on, and on, and then I gets behind a coach, and then the fellow whips me, and I gets down again in a great hurry and tumbles into the road, and before I could get up again, a gemman in a gig drives right over me and breaks my leg. I screams with the pain, which if I hadn't had the sense of *feeling*, of course I shouldn't have minded. He pulls up and gets out, and tells me he's very sorry. I tells him so am I. His servant calls some people, and they takes me into a public-house, and lays me on the table all among the pots of beer, sends for a doctor who puts me into bed, and puts my leg right again ; and then I was provided for, for at least six weeks, during which the gemman calls and axes how I feel myself, and I says, 'Pretty well, I thanky.' [Puff, puff—knock the ashes out, pipe-refilled, relighted, a drink of beer, and go on.] So when I was well, and on my pins again, the gentleman says, 'What can I do for you?' and the landlord cuts him short, by saying, that he wanted a pot-boy, if I liked the profession. Now if I didn't like the pots I did the porter, which I had no share of at home, so I agrees. The gemman pays the score, gives me half a guinea, and tells me not to be lying in the middle of the road another time. I tells him I won't, so he jumps into his gig, and I've never cast eyes upon him since. I stayed three years with my master, taking out beer to his customers, and always taking a little out of each pot for myself, for that's nothing but human natur, when you likes a thing ; but I never got into no trouble until one day I sees my missus a kissing in the back parlour with a fellow who travels for orders. I never said nothing at first ; but at last I sees too much, and then I tells master, who gets into a rage, and goes in to his wife, stays with her half an hour, and then comes out and kicks me out of the door, calling me a liar, and telling me never to show my face again. I shies a pot at his head, and showed him any thing but my face, for I took to my heels, and ran for it as fast as I could. So much for *seeing* ; if I hadn't seen, that wouldn't have happened. So there I was adrift, and good-by to porter. [Puff, puff, "Mary, where's my 'baccy stopper?" poke down, puff, puff, spit, and proceed.] Well, I walks towards Lunnun, thinking on husbands and wives, porter and human natur, until I finds myself there, and then I looks at all the lighted lamps, and recollects that I havn't no lodging for the night, and then all of a sudden I thinks of my father and mother, and wonders how they be going on. So I thought I'd go and see, and away I went ; comes to the cellar and goes down. There sits my mother with a quartern of gin before her, walking to and fro, and whimpering to herself ; so says I, 'Mother, what's the matter now?' at which she jumps up and hugs me, and tells me I'm her only comfort left. I looks at the quartern and thinks otherwise, so down I sits by her side, and then she pours me out a glass, and pours out all her grief, telling me how my father had left her for another woman, who kept another cellar in another street, and how she was very unhappy, and how she had taken to gin—which was nothing but human natur, you see, and how she meant to make away with herself ; and then she sent for more

quarterns, and we finished them. What with the joy of finding me, and the grief at losing my father, and the quarterns of gin, she went to bed crying drunk, and fell fast asleep. So did I, and thought home was home after all. Next morning I takes up the business, and finds trade not so bad after all, so I takes the command of all, keeps all the money, and keeps mother in order, and don't allow drinking nor disorderly conduct in the house; but goes to the public-house every night for a pipe and a pot.

"Well, every thing goes on very well for a month, when who should come home but father, which I didn't approve of, because I liked being master. So I being a strong chap then says, 'If you be come to ill treat my mother, I'll put you in the kennel, father. Be off to your new woman. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?' says I. So father looks me in the face, and tells me to stand out of his way, or he'll make cat's-meat of me; and then he goes to my mother, and after a quarter of an hour of sobbing on her part, and coaxing on his, they kiss and make friends; and then they both turns to me and orders me to leave the cellar, and never to show my face again. I refuses; father flies at me, and mother helps him, and between the two I was hustled out to find my bread how and where I could. I've never taken a woman's part since. [Puff, puff, puff, and a deep sigh.] I walks down to the water side, and having one or two shillings in my pocket, goes into a public-house to get a drop of drink and a bed. And when I comes in, I sees a man hand a note for change to the landlady, and she gives him change. 'That won't do,' says he, and he was half tipsy. 'I give you a ten-pound note, and this here lad be witness.' 'It was only a *one*,' says the woman: 'You are d——d old cheat,' says he, 'and if you don't give me the change, I'll set your house on fire, and burn you alive.' With that there was a great row, and he goes out for the constable, and gives her in charge, and gives me in charge as a witness, and she gives him in charge, so we all went to the watchhouse together, and slept on the benches. The next morning we all appeared before the magistrate, and the man tells his story, and calls me as a witness; but recollecting how much I had suffered from *seeing*, I wouldn't see any thing this time. It might have been a ten-pound note, for it certainly didn't look like a one, but my evidence went rather for than against the woman, for I only proved the man to be drunk; and she was let off, and I walked home with her. 'So,' says she, 'you're a fine boy, and I'll do you a good turn for what you have done for me. My husband is a waterman, and I'll make you free of the river; for he hasn't no 'prentice, and you can come on shore and stay at the public-house, when you ar'n't wanted.' I jumped at the offer, and so, by *not seeing*, I gets into a regular livelihood. Well, Jacob, how do you like it?"

"Very much," replied I.

"And you, Mary?"

"O! I like it very much; but I want father to go on, and to know how he fell in love, and married my mother."

"Well, you shall have it all by-and-by; but now I must take a spell"

Old Stapleton finished his pipe, took another swig at the porter, filled, relighted, puffed to try it, cleared his mouth, and then proceeded:—

“ Now you see, Bartley, her husband, was the greatest rogue on the river; he was up to every thing, and stood at nothing. He fleeced as much on the water as she did on the land, for I often seed her give wrong change afterwards when people were tipsy, but I made a rule always to walk away. As for Bartley, his was always night work, and many's the coil of rope I have brought on shore, what, although he might have paid for, he didn't buy of the lawful owner, but I never *seed* or *heard*, that was my maxim; and I fared well till I served my time, and then they give me their old wherry, and built a new one for themselves. So I set up on my own account, and then I seed, and heard, and had all my senses, just as well as before—more's the pity, for no good came of it. [Puff, puff, puff, puff.] The Bartleys wanted me to join them, but that wouldn't do; for though I never meddled with other people's concerns, yet I didn't choose to go wrong myself. I've seed all the world cheating each other for fifty years or more, but that's no concern of mine; I can't make the whole world better, so all I thinks about is, to keep honest myself; and if every one was to look after his own soul, and not trouble themselves about their neighbours, why then it would be all the better for human natur. I plied at the Swan Stairs, gained my livelihood, and spent it as I got it, for I was too young then to look out a'ter a rainy day.

“ One night a young woman in a cloak comes down to the stairs, with a bundle in her arms, and seems in a very great taking, and asks me for a boat. I hauls out of the row alongside of the hard, and hands her in. She trips as she steps in, and I catches to save her from falling, and in catching her I puts my hand upon the bundle in her arms, and feels the warm face of a baby. ‘ Where am I to go, ma'am?’ says I. ‘ O! pull across and land me on the other side,’ says she; and then I hears her sobbing to herself, as if her heart would break. When we were in the middle o' the stream, she lifts up her head, and then first she looks at the bundle and kisses it, and then she looks up at the stars which were glittering above in the sky. She kisses the child once more, jumps up, and afore I could be aware of what she were about, she tosses me her purse, throws the child into the water, gives a loud scream, and leaps in herself. I pulls sharp round immediately, and seeing her again, I made one or two good strokes, comes alongside of her, and gets hold of her clothes. A'ter much ado, I gets her into the wherry, and as soon as I seed she was come to again, I pulls her back to the stairs where she had taken me from. As soon as I lands I hears a noise and talking, and several people standing about; it seems it were her relatives, who had missed her, and were axing whether she had taken a boat; and while they were describing her, and the other watermen were telling them how I had taken a fare of that description, I brings her back. Well, they takes charge of her, and leads her home, and then for the first time I thinks of the purse at the bottom of the boat, which I picks up, and sure enough there were four golden guineas in it, be-

sides some silver. Well, the men who plied at the stairs axed me all about it, but I keeps my counsel, and only tells them how the poor girl threw herself into the water, and how I pulled her out again; and in a week I had almost forgot all about it, when up comes an officer, and says to me, 'You be Stapleton the waterman?' and I says, 'Yes, I be.' 'Then you must come along with me;' and he takes me to the police-office, where I finds the poor young woman in custody for being accused of having murdered her infant. So they begins to tax me upon my Bible oath, and I was forced to tell the whole story; for though you may lose all your senses when convenient, yet somehow or another, an oath on the Bible brings them all back again. 'Did you see the child?' said the magistrate. 'I seed a bundle,' said I. 'Did you hear the child cry?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I didn't;' and then I thought I had got the young woman off; but the magistrate was an old fox, and had all the senses at his fingers' ends. So says he, 'When the young woman stepped into the boat, did she give you the bundle?' 'No,' says I again. 'Then you never touched it?' 'Yes, I did, when her foot slipped.' 'And what did it feel like?' 'It felt like a piece of human natur,' says I, 'and quite warm like.' 'How do you mean?' says he. 'Why, I took it by the feel for a baby.' 'And it was quite warm, was it?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'it was.' 'Well, then, what else took place?' 'Why, when we were in the middle of the stream, she and her child went overboard; I pulled her in again, but couldn't see the child.' Fortunately for the poor girl, they didn't ask me which went overboard first, and that saved her from hanging. She was confined six months in prison, and then let out again; but you see, if it hadn't been for my unfortunately *feeling* the child, and feeling it was warm, what proved its being alive, the poor young woman would have got off altogether, perhaps. So much for the sense of feeling, which I says is of no use to nobody, but only a vexation." [Puff, the pipe out, relighted—puff, puff.]

"But, father," said Mary, "did you ever hear the history of the poor girl?"

"Yes, I heard as how it was a hard case, how she had been seduced by some fellow who had left her and her baby, upon which she determined to drown herself, poor thing! and her baby too. Had she only tried to drown her baby, I should have said it was quite unnatural; but as she wished to drown herself at the same time, I considers that drowning the baby, to take it to heaven with her, was quite natural, and all agreeable to human natur. Love's a sense which young women should keep down as much as possible, Mary; no good comes of *that* sense."

"And yet, father, it appears to me to be human nature," replied Mary.

"So it is, but there's mischief in it, girl, so do you never have any thing to do with it."

"Was there mischief when you fell in love with my mother and married her?"

"You shall hear, Mary," replied old Stapleton, who recommenced.

"It was 'bout two months after the poor girl threw herself into

the river, that I first seed your mother. She was then mayhap two years older than you may be, and much such a same sort of person in her looks. There was a young man who plied from our stairs, named Ben Jones; he and I were great friends, and used for to help each other, and when a fare called for oars, used to ply together. 'One night he says to me, 'Will, come up and I'll show you a devilish fine piece of stuff.' So I walks with him, and he takes me to a shop where they dealed in marine stores, and we goes and finds your mother in the back parlour. Ben sends out for pipes and beer, and we set down and made ourselves comfortable. Now, Mary, your mother was a very jilting kind of girl, who would put one fellow off to take another, just as her whim and fancy took her. [I looked at Mary, who cast down her eyes.] Now these women do a mint of mischief among men, and it seldom ends well; and I'd sooner see you in your coffin to-morrow, Mary, than think you should be one of this flaunting sort. Ben Jones was quite in for it, and wanted for to marry her, and she had turned off a fine young chap for him, and he used to come there every night, and it was supposed that they would be spliced in the course of a month; but when I goes there, she cuts him almost altogether, and takes to me, making such eyes at me, and drinking beer out of my pot and refusing his'n, till poor Jones was quite mad and beside himself. Well, it wasn't in human natur to stand those large blue eyes, (just like yours, Mary,) darting fire at a poor fellow; and when Jones got up in a surly humour, and said it was time to go away, instead of walking home arm in arm, we went side by side, like two big dogs with their tails as stiff up as a crow bar, and all ready for a fight; neither he nor I saying a word, and we parted without saying good night. Well, I dreamed of your mother all that night, and the next day went to see her, and felt worser and worser each time, and she snubbed Jones, and at last told him to go about his business. This was 'bout a month after I had first seen her; and then one day Jones, who was a prime fighter, says to me, 'Be you a man?' and slaps me on the ear. So I knowing what he'd be a'ter, pulls off my duds, and we sets to. We fights for ten minutes or so, and then I hits him a round blow on the ear, and he falls down on the *hard*, and 'couldn't come to time.' No wonder, poor fellow! for he had gone to eternity. [Here old Stapleton paused for half a minute, and passed his hand across his eyes.] I was tried for manslaughter; but it being proved that he came up and struck me first, I was acquitted, after lying two months in gaol, for I couldn't get no bail; but it was because I had been two months in goal that I was let off. At first, when I came out, I determined never to see your mother again; but she came to me, and wound round me, and I loved her so much, that I couldn't shake her off. As soon as she found that I was fairly hooked, she began to play with others; but I wouldn't stand that, and every fellow that came near her was certain to have a turn out with me, and so I became a great fighter; and she, seeing that I was the best man, and that no one else would come to her, one fine morning agreed to marry me. Well, we were spliced, and the very first night I thought I saw poor Ben Jones standing by my bedside, and for a week or so, I was not com-

fortable ; but, howsomever, it wore off, and I plied at the stairs, and gained my money. But my pipe's out, and I'm dry with talking. Suppose I take a spell for a few minutes."

Stapleton relighted his pipe, and for nearly half an hour smoked in silence. What Mary's thoughts were I cannot positively assert ; but I imagined that, like myself, she was thinking about her mother's conduct and her own. I certainly was making the comparison, and we neither of us spoke a word.

"Well," continued Stapleton, at last, "I married your mother, Mary, and I only hope that any man who may take a fancy to you, will not have so much trouble with his wife as I had. I thought that a'ter she were settled that she would give up all her nonsense, and behave herself—but I suppose it was in her natur and she couldn't help it. She made eyes and gave encouragement to the men, until they became saucy, and I became jealous, and I had to fight one and then the other, until I became a noted pugilist. I will say that your mother seemed always very happy when I beat my man, which latterly I always did ; but still she liked to be *fit* for, and I had hardly time to earn my bread. At last, some one backed me against another man in the ring, for fifty pound a-side, and I was to have half, if I won. I was very short of blunt at the time, and I agreed ; so, a'ter a little training, the battle was fought and I won easy, and the knowing ones liked my way of hitting so much, that they made up another match with a better man, for two hundred pounds ; and a lord and other great people came to me, and I was introduced to them at the public house, and all was settled. So I became a regular prize fighter, all through your mother, Mary. Nay, don't cry, child, I don't mean to say that your mother, with all her love of being stared at and talked to, would have gone wrong, but still it was almost as bad in my opinion. Well, I was put into training, and after five weeks we met at Moulsey Hurst, and a hard fight it was—but I've got the whole of it somewhere, Mary, look in the drawer there, and you'll see a newspaper."

Mary brought out the newspaper, which was rolled up and tied with a bit of string, and Stapleton handed it over to me, telling me to read it aloud. I did so, but I shall not enter into the details.

"Yes, that's all right enough," said Stapleton, who had taken advantage of my reading to smoke furiously, as if to make up for lost time, "but no good came of it, for one of the gemmen took a fancy to your mother, Mary, and tried to win her away from me. I found him attempting to kiss her, and she refusing him—but laughing, and, as I thought, more than half willing ; so I floored him, and put him out of the house, and after that I never would have any thing more to say with lords and gemmen, nor with fighting either. I built a new wherry and stuck to the river, and I shifted my lodgings, that I mightn't mix any more with those who knew me as a boxer. Your mother was then brought to bed with you, and I hoped for a good deal of happiness, as I thought she would only think of her husband and child ; and so she did until you were weaned, and then she went

on just as afore. There was a captain of a vessel lying in the river, who used now and then to stop and talk with her, but I thought little about that, seeing how every one talked with her and she with every body; and besides she knew the captain's wife, who was a very pretty woman, and used very often to ask Mary to go and see her, which I permitted. But one morning when I was going off to the boat—for he had come down to me to take him to his vessel—just as I was walking away with the sculls over my shoulder, I recollects my 'baccy box, which I had left, and I goes back and hears him say before I came into the door—'Recollect, I shall be here again by two o'clock, and then you promised to come on board my ship, and see ——' I didn't hear the rest, but she laughed and said yes, she would. I didn't show myself, but walked away again and went to the boat. He followed me, and I rowed him up the river and took my fare—and then I determined to watch them, for I felt mighty jealous. So I lays off on my oars in the middle of the stream, and sure enough I sees the captain and your mother get into a small skiff belonging to his ship, and pull away; the captain had one oar and one of his men another. I pulled a'ter them as fast as I could, and at last they seed me, and not wishing me to find her out, she begged them to pull away as fast as they could, for she knew how savage I would be. Still I gained upon them, every now and then looking round and vowing vengeance in my heart, when all of a sudden I heard a scream, and perceived their boat to capsize, and all hands in the water. They had not seen a warp of a vessel getting into the row, and had run over it, and as it tautened they capsized. Your mother went down like a stone, Mary, and was not found for three days a'terward; and when I seed her sink I fell down in a fit." Here old Stapleton stopped, laid down his pipe, and rested his face in his hands. Mary burst into tears. After a few minutes he resumed. "When I came to, I found myself on board of the ship in the captain's cabin, with the captain and his wife watching over me—and then I came to understand that it was she who had sent for your mother, and that she was living on board, and that your mother had at first refused, because she knew I did not like her to be on the river, but wishing very much to see a ship, had consented. So it was not so bad a'ter all, only that a woman shouldn't act without her husband—but you see, Mary, all this would not have happened if it hadn't been that I overheard part of what was said; and you might now have had a mother and I a wife to comfort us, if it hadn't been for my unfortunate *hearing*—so, as I said before, there's more harm than good that comes from these senses—at least so it has proved to me. And now you've heard my story, and how your mother died, Mary, so take care you don't fall into the same fault, and be too fond of being looked at, which it does somehow or another appear to me you have a bit of a hankling a'ter—but like mother like child, they say, and that's *human natur*."

When Stapleton had concluded his narrative, he smoked his pipe in silence. Mary sat at the table with her hands pressed to her temples, apparently in deep thought; and I felt any thing but com-

municative. In half an hour the pot of beer was finished, and Stapleton rose.

"Come, Mary, don't be thinking so much; let's all go to-bed. Show Jacob his room, and then come up."

"Jacob can find his own room, father," replied Mary, "without my showing him; he knows the kitchen, and there is but one other below."

I took my candle, wished them good night, and went to my bed, which, although very homely, was at all events comfortable.

For many days the frost continued, until at last the river was frozen over, and all communication by it was stopped. Stapleton's money ran short, our fare became very indifferent, and Mary declared that we must all go begging with the market gardeners if it lasted much longer.

"I must go and call upon Mr. Turnbull, and ax him to help us," said Stapleton, one day, pulling his last shilling out and laying it on the table. "I'm cleaned out; but he's a good gentleman, and will lend me a trifle." In the afternoon Stapleton returned, and I saw by his looks that he had been successful. "Jacob," said he, "Mr. Turnbull desires you will breakfast with him to-morrow morning, as he wishes to see you."

I set off accordingly at day-light the next morning, and was in good time for breakfast. Mr. Turnbull was as kind as ever, and began telling me long stories about the ice in the northern regions.

"By-the-by, I hear there is an ox to be roasted whole, Jacob, a little above London Bridge; suppose we go and see the fun."

I consented, and we took the Brentford coach, and were put down at the corner of Queen-street, from whence we walked to the river. The scene was very amusing and exciting. Booths were erected on the ice, in every direction, with flags flying, people walking, and some skating, although the ice was too rough for that pastime. The whole river was crowded with people, who now walked in security over where they would a month before have met with death. Here and there smoke ascended from various fires, on which sausages, and other eatables, were cooking; but the great attraction was the ox roasting whole, close to the centre pier of the bridge. Although the ice appeared to have fallen at the spot where so many hundreds were assembled, yet, as it was now four or five feet thick, there was no danger. Here and there, indeed, were what were called rotten places, where the ice was not sound, but these were intimated by placards, warning people not to approach too near; and close to them were ropes and poles for succour, if required. We amused ourselves for some time with the gaiety of the scene, for the sun shone out bright, and the sky was clear. The wind was fresh from the northward, and piercing cold in the shade, the thermometer being then, it was said, twenty-eight degrees below the freezing point. We had been on the ice about three hours, amusing ourselves, when Mr. Turnbull proposed our going home, and we walked up the river towards Blackfriars Bridge, where we proposed to land and take the coach at Charing Cross.

"I wonder how the tide is now," observed Mr. Turnbull to me, "it would be rather puzzling to find out."

"Not if I can find a hole," replied I, looking for one. "Stop, here is one." I threw in a piece of ice, and found that it was strong ebb. We continued our walk over the ice, which was now very rough, when Mr. Turnbull's hat fell off, and the wind catching it, it blew away, skimming across the ice at a rapid rate. Mr. Turnbull and I gave chase, but could scarcely keep up with it, and at all events could not overtake it. Many people on the river laughed as we passed, and watched us in our chase. Mr. Turnbull was the foremost, and, heedless in the pursuit, did not observe a large surface of rotten ice before him; neither did I, until all at once I heard it break and saw Mr. Turnbull fall in and disappear. Many people were close to us, and a rope was laid across the spot to designate the danger. I did not hesitate—I loved Mr. Turnbull, and my love and my feelings of resentment were equally potent. I seized the bight of the rope, twisted it round my arm, and plunged in after, recollecting it was ebb tide; fortunate for Mr. Turnbull it was that he had accidentally put the question. I sank under the ice, and pushed down the stream, and in a few seconds felt myself grappled by him I sought, and, at almost the same time, the rope hauling in from above, as soon as they found there was resistance, they knew that I, at least, was attached to it, and they hauled in quicker, not, however, until I had lost my recollection. Still I clung to the rope with the force of a drowning man, and Mr. Turnbull did the same to me, and we shortly made our appearance at the hole in which we had been plunged. A ladder was thrown across, and two of the men of the Humane Society, came to our assistance, hauled us out, and laid us upon it. They then retreated and hauled us on the ladder to a more secure situation. We were both still senseless—but having been taken to a public-house on the river side, were put to bed, and medical advice having been procured, were soon restored. The next morning we were able to return in a chaise to Brentford, where our absence had created the greatest alarm. Mr. Turnbull spoke but little the whole time, but he often pressed my hand, and when I requested him to drop me at Fulham, that I might let Stapleton and his daughter know that I was safe, he consented, saying, "God bless you, my fine boy; I will see you soon."

When I went up the stairs of Stapleton's lodgings, I found Mary by herself; she started up as soon as she saw me.

"Where *have* you been, you naughty boy?" said she, half crying, half smiling.

"Under the ice," I replied, "and only thawed again this morning."

"Are you in earnest, Jacob?" said she; "now don't plague and frighten me, I've been too frightened already. I never slept a wink last night." I then told her the circumstances which had occurred. "I was sure something had happened," she replied. "I told my father so, but he wouldn't believe it. You promised to be at home to give me my lesson, and I know you never break your word; but my father smoked away, and said, that when boys are amused, they for-

get their promises, and that it was nothing but human natur. O, Jacob, I'm so glad you're back again; and after what has happened, I don't mind your kissing me for once." And Mary held her face towards me, and returned my kiss. "There, that must last you a long while, recollect," said she, laughing, "you must not think of another until you're under the ice again."

"Then I trust it will be the last," replied I, laughing.

"You are not in love with me, Jacob, that's clear, or you would not have made that answer," replied Mary.

I had seen a great deal of Mary, and though she certainly was a great flirt, yet she had many excellent and amiable qualities. For the first week after her father had given us the history of his life, his remarks upon her mother appeared to have made a decided impression upon her, and her conduct was much more staid and demure; but as the remembrance wore off, so did her conduct become coquettish and flirting as before; still it was impossible not to be fond of her, and even with all her caprice, there was such a fund of real good feeling and amiableness, which, when called forth, was certain to appear, that I often thought how dangerous and captivating a girl she would be when she grew up. I had again produced the books which I had thrown aside with disgust, to teach her to read and write. Her improvement was rapid, and would have been still more so, if she had not been just as busy in trying to make me fond of her, as she was in surmounting the difficulties of her lessons. But she was very young, and although, as her father declared, it was her *natur* to run after the men, there was every reason to hope that a year or two would render her less volatile, and add to those sterling good qualities which she really possessed. In heart and feeling she was a modest girl, although the buoyancy of her spirits often carried her beyond the bounds prescribed by decorum, and often called forth a blush upon her own animated countenance, when her good sense or the remarks of others, reminded her of her having committed herself. It was impossible to know Mary and not like her, although at a casual meeting, a rigid person might go away with an impression by no means favourable. As for myself, I must say, that the more I was in her company, the more I was attached to her, and the more I respected her.

Old Stapleton came home in the evening. He had, as usual, been smoking, and thinking of human natur, at the Feathers public-house. I told him what had happened, and upon the strength of it he sent for an extra pot of beer for Mary and me, which he insisted upon our drinking between us—a greater proof of good will on his part could not have been given. Although Captain Turnbull appeared to have recovered from the effects of the accident, yet it appeared that such was not the case, as the morning after his arrival he was taken ill with shivering and pains in his loins, which ended in ague and fever, and he did not quit his bed for three or four weeks. I, on the contrary, felt no ill effects; but the constitution of a youth is better able to meet such violent shocks, than that of a man of sixty years old, already sapped by exposure and fatigue. As the frost still continued, I complied with Captain Turnbull's request to come up and stay with him,

and for many days, until he was able to leave his bed, I was his constant nurse. The general theme of his conversation was on my future prospects, and a wish that I would embark in some pursuit or profession more likely to raise me in the world; but on this head I was positive, and also on another point, which was, that I would in future put myself under an obligation to no one. I could not erase from my memory the injuries I had received, and my vindictive spirit continually brooded over them. I was resolved to be independent and free. I felt that in the company I was in, that I was with my equals, or, if there were any superiority, it was on my part, arising from education, and I never would submit to be again in the society of those above me, in which I was admitted as a favour, and by the major part looked down upon, and at the same time liable, as I had once been, to be turned out with contumely on the first moment of caprice. Still I was very fond of Captain Turnbull. He had always been kind to me, spoke to me on terms of equality, and had behaved with consistency, and my feelings towards him since the accident, had consequently strengthened; but we always feel an increased regard towards those to whom we have been of service, and my pride was softened by the reflection that whatever might be Mr. Turnbull's good-will towards me, he never could, even if I would permit it, repay me for the life which I had preserved. Towards him I felt unbounded regard—towards those who had ill-treated me, unlimited hatred; towards the world in general a mixture of feeling which I could hardly analyze; and, as far as regarded myself, a love of liberty and independence, which nothing would ever have induced me to compromise. As I did not wish to hurt Captain Turnbull's feelings by a direct refusal to all his proffers of service, and remarks upon the advantages which might arise, I generally made an evasive answer; but when on the day proposed for my departure, he at once came to the point, offering me every thing, and observing that he was childless, and therefore my acceptance of his offer would be injurious to nobody, when he took me by the hand, and drawing me near to him, passed his arm round me, and spoke to me in the kind accents of a father, almost entreating me to consent—the tears of gratitude coursed each other rapidly down my cheeks, but my resolution was no less firm—although it was with a faltering voice that I replied, “You have been very kind to me, sir—very kind—and I shall never forget it; and I hope I shall deserve it—but—Mr. Drummond, and Mrs. Drummond, and Sarah, were also kind to me—very kind to me—you know the rest. I will remain as I am, if you please; and if you wish to do me a kindness—if you wish me to love you, as I really do, let me be as I am—free and independent. I beg it of you as the greatest favour that you can possibly confer on me—the only favour which I can accept, or shall be truly thankful for.”

Captain Turnbull was some minutes before he could reply. He then said—“I see it is useless, and I will not tease you any more; but, Jacob, do not let the first injustice which you have received from your fellow creatures prey so much upon your mind, or induce you to form the mistaken idea that the world is bad. As you live on, you will find much good; and recollect, that those who have in-

jured you, from the misrepresentation of others, have been willing, and have offered, to repair their fault. They can do no more, and I wish you could get over this vindictive feeling. Recollect, we must forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

"I do forgive—at least, I do sometimes," replied I, "for Sarah's sake—but I can't always."

"But you ought to forgive, for other reasons, Jacob."

"I know I ought—but if I cannot, I cannot."

"Nay, my boy, I never heard you talk so—I was going to say—wickedly. Do you not perceive that you are now in error? You will not abandon a feeling which your own good sense and religion tell you to be wrong—you cling to it—and yet you will admit of no excuse for the errors of others."

"I feel what you say—and the truth of it, sir," replied I; "but I cannot combat the feeling. I will therefore admit every excuse you please, for the faults of others, but at the same time, I am surely not to be blamed if I refuse to put myself in a situation where I am again liable to meet with mortification. Surely I am not to be censured, if I prefer to work for my bread after my own fashion, and prefer the river to dry land?"

"No, that I acknowledge; but what I dislike in the choice is, that it is dictated by feelings of resentment."

"*What's done can't be helped,*" replied I, quickly, wishing to break off the conversation.

"Very true, Jacob; but I follow that up with another of your remarks, which is, 'Better luck next time.' God bless you, my boy, take care of yourself, and don't get under the ice again!"

"For you I would to morrow," replied I, taking the proffered hand; "but if I could only see that Hodgson near a hole——"

"You'd not push him in?"

"Indeed I would," replied I, bitterly.

"Jacob, you would not, I tell you—you think so now, but if you saw him in distress, you would assist him, as you did me. I know you, my boy, better than you know yourself."

Whether Captain Turnbull or I were right, remains to be proved in the sequel. We then shook hands, and I hastened away to see Mary, whom I had often thought of during my absence.

"Who do you think has been here?" said Mary, after our first greeting.

"I cannot guess," replied I. "Not old Tom and his son?"

"No; I don't think it was old Tom, but it was such an old quiz—with such a nose—O heavens! I thought I should have died with laughing as soon as he went down stairs. Do you know, Jacob, that I made love to him, just to see how he'd take it. You know who it is now?"

"O yes! you mean the Domine, my schoolmaster."

"Yes, he told me so; and I talked so much about you, and about your teaching me to read and write, and how fond I was of learning, and how I should like to be married to an elderly man who was a great scholar, who would teach me Latin and Greek, that the old gentleman became quite chatty, and sat for two hours talking to me.

He desired me to say that he should call here to-morrow afternoon, and I begged him to stay the evening, as you are to have two more of your friends here. Now, who do you think are those?"

"I have no others, except old Tom Beazely and his son."

"Well, it is your old Tom after all, and a nice old fellow he is, although I would not like him for a husband; but as for his son—he's a lad after my own heart—I'm quite in love with him."

"Your love will do you no harm, Mary, but recollect, what may be a joke to you may not be so to other people. As for the Domine meeting old Beazely and his son, I don't exactly know how that will suit, for I doubt if he will like to see them."

"Why not?" inquired Mary.

Upon a promise never to hint at them, I briefly stated the circumstances attending the worthy man's voyage on board of the lighter. Mary paused, and then said, "Jacob, did we not read the last time, that the most dangerous rocks to men were *wine* and *women*."

"Yes, we did, if I recollect right."

"Humph," said she, "the old gentleman has given plenty of lessons in his time, and it appears that he has received *one*."

"We may do so, to the last day of our existence, Mary."

"Well, he is a very clever, learned man, I've no doubt, and looks down upon all us (not you, Jacob) as silly people. I'll try if I can't give him a lesson."

"You, Mary! what can you teach him?"

"Never mind, we shall see;" and Mary turned the discourse to about her father. "You know, I suppose, that father is gone up to Mr. Turnbull's?"

"No, I did not."

"Yes, he has; he was desired to go there this morning, and hasn't been back since. Jacob, I hope you won't be so foolish again, for I don't want to lose my master."

"O never fear, I shall teach you all you want to know before I die," replied I.

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Mary, fixing her large blue eyes upon me; "how do you know how much I may wish to have of your company?"

"Well, if I walk off in a hurry, I'll make you over to young Tom Beazely. You're half in love with him already, you know," replied I, laughing.

"Well, he is a nice fellow," replied she; "he laughs more than you do, Jacob."

"He has suffered less," replied I, gloomily, calling to mind what had occurred; "but, Mary, he is a fine young man, and a good hearted, clever fellow to boot; and when you do know him, you will like him very much." As I said this, I heard her father coming up stairs; he came in high good humour with his interview with Captain Turnbull, called for his pipe and pot, and was excessively fluent upon "*human natur*."

The afternoon of the next day I heard a well-known voice, which carolled forth, as Mary huddled up her books, and put them out of the way; for at that time I was, as usual, giving her a lesson.

"And many strange sights I've seen,
And long I've been a rover,
And every where I've been,
But now the wars are over.
I've been across the line,
Where the sun will burn your nose off,
And I've been in northern climes,
Where the frost would bite your toes off.
Fal de ral, fal de ral, fal de ral de liddy."

"Heave a-head, Tom, and let me stump up at my leisure. It's like warping 'gainst wind and tide with me—and I get's up about as fast as lawyers go to heaven."

I thought, when Tom came up first, that he had been at unusual trouble in setting off his person, and certainly, a better looking, frank, open, merry countenance, was seldom to be seen. In person, he was about an inch taller than I, athletic, and well formed. He made up to Mary, who, perceiving his impatience, and either to check him before me, or else from her usual feeling of coquetry, received him rather distantly, and went up to old Tom, with whom she shook hands warmly.

"Whew! what's in the wind now, Jacob? Why, we parted the best friends in the world," said Tom, looking at Mary.

"Sheer off yourself, Tom," replied I, laughing, "and you'll see that she'll come to again."

"Oh, oh! so the wind's in that quarter, is it," replied Tom; "with all my heart—I can show false colours as well as she can. But I say, Jacob, before I begin my manœuvres, tell me if you wish me to hoist the neutral flag—for I won't interfere with you."

"Here's my hand upon it, Tom, that the coast is clear, as far as I'm concerned; but take care—she's a clipper, and not unlikely to slip through your fingers, even when you have her under your lee, within hail."

"Let me alone, Jacob, for that."

"And more, Tom, when you've possession of her, she will require a good man at the helm."

"Then she's just the craft after my fancy. I hate your steady, slow-sailing craft, that will steer themselves, almost; give me one that requires to be managed by a man and a seaman."

"If well manned, she will do any thing, depend upon it, Tom, for she's as sound below as possible; and although she's down to her bearings on the puff of the moment, yet she'd not careen further."

"Well, then, Jacob, all's right; and now you've told me what tack she's on, see if I don't shape a course to cut her off."

"Well, Jacob, my good boy, so you've been under the water again; I thought you had enough of it when Fleming gave you such a twist; but, however, this time you went to sarve a friend, which was all right. My sarvice to you, Mr. Stapleton," continued old Tom, as Stapleton made his appearance. "I was talking to Jacob about his last dive."

"Nothing but human natur," replied Stapleton.

"Well, now," replied old Tom, "I consider that going plump into

the river, when covered with ice, to be quite contrary to human natur."

"But not to save a friend, father?"

"No—because that be Jacob's nature, so you see, one nature conquered the other, and that's the whole long and short of it."

"Well, now, suppose we sit down and make ourselves comfortable," observed Stapleton; "but here be somebody else coming up—who can it be?"

"I say, old codger, considering you be as deaf as a post, you hears pretty well," said old Tom.

"Yes, I hear very well in the house, provided people don't speak loud."

"Well, that's a queer sort of deafness; I think we all are troubled with the same complaint," cried Tom, laughing.

During this remark the Domine made his appearance. "*Salve Dominus*," said I, upon his entering, taking my worthy pedagogue by the hand.

"*Et tu quoque filius meus, Jacobus!* but who have we here? the deaf man, the maiden, and—eheu!—the old man called old Tom, and likewise the young Tom;"—and the Domine looked very grave.

"Nay, sir," said young Tom, going up to the Domine, "I know you are angry with us, because we both drank too much when we were last in your company; but we promise—don't we, father?—not to do so again."

This judicious reply of young Tom's put the Domine more at his ease; what he most feared was raillery and exposure on their parts.

"Very true, old gentleman; Tom and I did bouse our jibs up a little too taut when last we met—but what then?—there was the grog, and there was nothing to do."

"All human natur," observed Stapleton.

"Come, sir, you have not said one word to me," said Mary, going up to the Domine. "Now you must sit down by me, and take care of me, and see that they all behave themselves, and keep sober."

The Domine cast a look at Mary, which was intended for her alone, but which was not unperceived by young Tom or me. "We shall have some fun, Jacob," said he, aside, as we all sat down to the table, which just admitted six, with close stowage. The Domine on one side of Mary, Tom on the other, Stapleton next to Tom, then I and old Tom, who closed in on the other side of the Domine, putting one of his timber toes on the old gentleman's corns, which induced him to lift up his leg in a hurry, and draw his chair still closer to Mary, to avoid a repetition of the accident; while old Tom was axing pardon, and Stapleton demonstrating that on the part of old Tom, not to *feel* with a wooden leg, and on the part of the Domine, to *feel* with a bad corn, was all nothing but "*human natur*." At last we were all seated, and Mary, who had provided for the evening, produced two or three pots of beer, a bottle of spirits, pipes, and tobacco.

"Liberty Hall—I smokes," said Stapleton, lighting his pipe, and falling back on his chair.

"I'll put a bit of clay in my mouth too," followed up old Tom; "it makes one thirsty, and one enjoys one's liquor."

"Well, I malts," said Tom, reaching a pot of porter, and taking a long pull, till he was out of breath. "What do you do, Jacob?"

"I shall wait a little, Tom."

"And what do you do, sir?" said Mary to the Domine. The Domine shook his head. "Nay, but you must—or I shall think you do not like my company. Come, let me fill a pipe for you." Mary filled a pipe and handed it to the Domine, who hesitated, looked at her, and was overcome. He lighted it, and smoked furiously.

"The ice is breaking up—we shall have a change of weather—the moon quarters to-morrow," observed old Tom, puffing between every observation, "and then honest men may earn their bread again. Bad times for you, old codger, heh!" continued he, addressing Stapleton. Stapleton nodded an assent through the smoke, which was first perceived by old Tom. "Well, he is deaf, a'ter all; I thought he was only shamming a bit. I say, Jacob, this is the weather to blow your fingers, and make your eyes bright."

"Rather to blow a cloud, and make your eyes water," replied Tom, taking up the pot; "I'm just as thirsty with swallowing smoke, as if I had a pipe myself—at all events, I pipe my eye. Jacob," continued Tom to me apart, "do look how the old gentleman is *funking* Mary, and casting sheep's eyes at her through the smoke."

"He appears as if he were inclined to board her in the smoke," replied I,

"Yes, and she to make no fight of it, but surrender immediately," said Tom.

"Don't you believe it, Tom, I know her better; she wants to laugh at him, nothing more; she winked her eye at me just now; but I would not laugh, as I do not choose that the old gentleman should be trifled with. I will tax her severely to-morrow."

During all this time old Tom and Stapleton smoked in silence; the Domine made use of his eyes in dumb parlance to Mary, who answered him with her own bright glances, and Tom and I began to find it rather dull; when at last old Tom's pipe was exhausted, and he had laid it down. "There, I'll smoke no more—the worst of a pipe is, that one can't smoke and talk at the same time. Mary, my girl, take your eyes off the Domine's nose, and hand me that bottle of stuff. What, glass to mix it in—that's more genteel than we are on board, Tom." Tom filled a rummer of grog, took half off at a huge sip, and put it down on the table. "Will you do as we do, sir?" said he, addressing the Domine.

"Nay, friend Dux, nay—pr'ythee persuade me not—avaunt!" and the Domine, with an appearance of horror, turned away from the bottle handed towards him by old Tom.

"Not drink any thing," said Mary to the Domine, looking at him with surprise; "but indeed you must, or I shall think you despise us, and do not think us fit to be in your company."

"Nay, maiden, intreat me not. Ask any thing of me but this," replied the Domine.

"Ask any thing but this—that's just the way people have of refusing," replied Mary; "were I to ask any thing else, it would be the same answer—ask any thing but this. Now if you will not drink

to please me, I shall quarrel with you. You shall drink a glass, and I'll mix it for you." The Domine shook his head. Mary made a glass of grog, and then put it to her lips. "Now if you refuse to drink it, after I have tasted it, I'll never speak to you again." So saying, she handed the glass to the Domine.

"Verily, maiden, I must needs refuse, for I did make a mental vow."

"What vow was that? was it sworn on the Bible?"

"Nay, not on the sacred book, but in my thoughts, most solemnly."

"O! I make those vows every day, and never keep one of them; so that won't do. Now observe, I give you one more chance. I shall drink a little more, and if you do not immediately put your lips to the same part of the tumbler, I'll never drink to you again." Mary put the tumbler again to her lips, drank a little, with her eyes fixed upon the Domine, who watched her with distended nostrils and muscular agitation of countenance. With her sweetest smile, she handed him the tumbler; the Domine half held out his hand, withdrew it, put it down again, and by degrees took the tumbler. Mary conquered, and I watched the malice of her look as the liquor trickled down the Domine's throat. Tom and I exchanged glances. The Domine put down the tumbler, and then, looking round as a guilty person, coloured up to the eyes; but Mary, who perceived that her victory was but half achieved, put her hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to let her taste the grog again. I also, to make him feel more at ease, helped myself to a glass. Tom did the same, and old Tom, with more regard to the feelings of the Domine than in his bluntness of character I would have given him credit for, said in a quiet tone, "The old gentleman is afraid of grog, because he seed me take a drop too much, but that's no reason why grog ar'n't a good thing, and wholesome, in moderation. A glass or two is very well, and better still when sweetened by the lips of a pretty girl; and even if the Domine does not like it, he's too much of a gentleman not to give up his dislikes to please a lady. More's the merit; for if he did like it, it would be no sacrifice, that's sartain. Don't you think so, my old boozier?" continued he, addressing Stapleton, who smoked in silence.

"Human natur," replied Stapleton, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and spitting under the table.

"Very true, master; and so here's to your health, Mr. Domine, and may you never want a pretty girl to talk to, or a glass of grog to drink her health with."

"O, but the Domine don't care about pretty girls, father," replied Tom; "he's too learned and clever; he thinks about nothing but the moon, and Latin, and Greek, and philosophy, and all that."

"Who can say what's under the skin, Tom? there's no knowing what is, and what isn't—Sall's shoe for that."

"Never heard of Sall's shoe, father; that's new to me."

"Didn't I ever tell you that, Tom?—well, then, you shall have it now—that is, if all the company be agreeable."

"O yes," cried Mary; "pray tell us."

"Would you like to hear it, sir?"

"I never heard of Sall Sue in my life, and would fain hear her history," replied the Domine; "proceed, friend Dux."

"Well, then, you must know when I was a-board of the *Terp-sy-chore*, there was a fore-topman, of the name of Bill Harness, a good sort of chap enough, but rather soft in the upper-works. Now we'd been on the Jamaica station for some years, and had come home, and merry enough, and happy enough we were, (those that were left of us,) and we were spending our money like the devil. Bill Harness had a wife, who was very fond of he, and he were very fond of she, but she was a slattenly sort of a body, never tidy in her rigging, all adrift at all times. She never wore no stays of no kind, and she all fell down afore, and never hauled up the slack behind, and what's more, she never had a shoe up at heel, so she went by the name of Slattenly Sall, and the first lieutenant, who was a 'ticular sort of a chap, never liked to see her on deck, for you see she put her hair in paper on New Year's day, and never changed it or took it out till the year came round again. However, be it as it may be, she loved Bill, and Bill loved she, and they were very happy together. A'ter all, it a'rn't whether a woman's tidy without, that makes a man's happiness, it depends upon whether she be right within; that is, if she be good tempered, and obliging, and civil, and 'commodating, and so forth. A'ter the first day or two—person's nothing—eyes get palled, like the capstern when the anchor's up to the bows; but what a man likes is to nestle in a woman's bosom, and not be disturbed by vagaries, or gusts of temper. Well, Bill was happy—but one day he was devilish unhappy, because Sall had lost one of her shoes, which wasn't to be wondered at, considering as how she was always slipshod. 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' says he. 'Hang your wife's shoe,' said one, 'it warn't worth casting an eye upon.' Still he cried out, 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' 'I seed it,' says another. 'Where?' says Bill. 'I seed it down at heel,' says the fellow. But Bill still hollowed out about his wife's shoe, which it appeared she had dropped off her foot as she was going up the forecastle ladder to take the air a bit, just as it was dark. At last, Bill made so much fuss about it that the ship's company laughed, and all called out to each other, 'Who has seen Sall's shoe?'—'Have you got Sall's shoe?' and they passed the word fore and aft the whole evening, till they went to their hammocks. Notwithstanding, as Sall's shoe was not forthcoming, the next morning Bill goes on the quarter deck, and complains to the first lieutenant, as how he had lost Sall's shoe. 'D—n Sall's shoe,' said he, 'haven't I enough to look after without your wife's confounded shoes, which can't be worth twopence.' Well, Bill argues that his wife has only one shoe left, and that won't keep two feet dry, and begs the first lieutenant to order a search for it; but the first lieutenant turns away, and tells him to go to the devil, and all the men grin at Bill's making such a fuss about nothing. So Bill at last goes up to the first lieutenant, and whispers something, and the first lieutenant booms him off with his speaking trumpet, as if he was making too free, in whispering to his commanding officer, and then sends for the master-at-arms. 'Collier,' says he, 'this man has lost his wife's shoe: let a search be made made for it immedi-

ately—take all the ship's boys, and look every where for it; if you find it bring it up to me.' So away goes the master-at-arms with his cane, and collects all the boys to look for Sall's shoe—and they go peeping about the maindeck, under the guns, and under the hen-coops, and in the sheep-pen, and every where; now and then getting a smart slap with the cane behind, upon the taut parts of their trowsers, to make them look sharp, until they all wished Sall's shoe at Old Nick and her to, and Bill in the bargain. At last one of the boys picks it out of the manger, where it had lain all the night, poked up and down by the noses of the pigs, who didn't think it eatable, although it might have smelt human-like; the fact was, it was the boy who had picked up Sall's shoe when she dropped it, and had shied it forward. It sartainly did not seem to be worth all the trouble, but howsomever it was taken aft by the master-at-arms, and laid on the capstern head. Then Bill steps out, and takes the shoe before the first lieutenant, and cuts it open, and from between the lining pulls out four ten-pound notes, which Sall had sewn up there by way of security; and the first lieutenant tells Bill he was a great fool to trust his money in the shoe of a woman who always went slipshod, and tells him to go about his business, and stow his money away in a safer place next time. A'ter, if any thing was better than it looked to be, the ship's company used always to say it was like *Sall's shoe*. There you have it all."

"Well," says Stapleton, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "I know a fact, much of a muchness with that, which happened to me when I was below the river tending a ship at Sheerness—for at one time, d'ye see, I used to ply there. She was an old fifty-gun ship, called the *Adamant*, if I recollect right. One day, the first lieutenant, who, like your'n, was a mighty particular sort of chap, was going round the maindeck, and he sees an old pair of canvass trowsers stowed in under the trunnion of one of the guns. So, says he, 'whose be these?' Now no man would answer, because they knowed very well that it would be as good as a fortnight in the black list. With that the first lieutenant bundles them out of the port, and away they floats astern with the tide. It was about half an hour after that, that I comes off with the milk for the wardroom mess, and a man, named Will Heaviside, says to me, 'Stapleton,' says he, 'the first lieutenant has thrown my canvass trowsers overboard, and be d——d to him; now I must have them back.' 'But where be they?' says I, 'I suppose down at the bottom, by this time, and the flat fish dubbing their noses into them.' 'No, no,' says he, they won't never sink, but float till eternity; they be gone down with the tide, and they will come back again, only you keep a sharp look out for them, and I'll give you five shillings if you bring them.' Well, I seed little chance of ever seeing them again, or of my seeing five shillings, but as it so happened next tide, the very 'denticle trowsers comes up staring me in the face. I pulls them in, and takes them to Will Heaviside, who appears to be mightily pleased, and gives me the money. 'I wouldn't have lost them for ten, no, not for twenty pounds,' says he. 'At all events you've paid me more than they are worth,' says I. 'Have I?' says he, 'stop a bit;' and he outs with his knife, and rips

open the waistband, and pulls out a piece of linen, and out of the piece of linen he pulls out a *child's caul*. 'There,' says he, 'now you knows why the trowsers wouldn't sink, and I'll leave you to judge whether they ar'n't worth five shillings.' That's my story."

"Well, I can't understand how it is, that a caul should keep people up," observed old Tom.

"At all events, a *call* makes people come up fast enough on board a man-of-war, father."

"That's true enough, but I'm talking of a child's caul, not of a boatswain's, Tom."

"I'll just tell you how it is," replied Stapleton, who had recommenced smoking; "it's *human natur*."

"What is your opinion, sir?" said Mary, to the Domine.

"Maiden," replied the Domine, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "I opine that it's a vulgar error. Sir Thomas Brown, I think it is, hath the same idea; many and strange were the superstitions which have been handed down by our less enlightened ancestors—all of which mists have been cleared away by the powerful rays of truth."

"Well, but, master, if a vulgar error saves a man from Davy Jones's locker, ar'n't it just as well to sew it up in the waistband of your trowsers?"

"Granted, good Dux, if it would save a man; but how is it possible? it is contrary to the first elements of science."

"What matter does that make, provided it holds a man up?"

"Friend Dux, thou art obtuse."

"Well, perhaps I am, as I don't know what that is."

"But, father, don't you recollect," interrupted Tom, "what the parson said last Sunday, that faith saved men? Now, Master Domine, may it not be the faith that a man has in the *caul*, which may save him."

"Young Tom, thou art astute."

"Well, perhaps I am, as father said, for I don't know what that is. You knock us all down with your dictionary."

"Well, I do love to hear people make use of such hard words," said Mary, looking at the Domine. "How very clever you must be, sir! I wonder whether I shall ever understand them?"

"Nay, if thou wilt, I will initiate—sweet maiden, wilt steal an hour or so to impregnate thy mind with the seeds of learning, which in so fair a soil must needs bring forth good fruit?"

"That's a fine word that *impregnate*; will you give us the English of it, sir," said young Tom to the Domine.

"It is English, Tom, only the old gentleman *razeed* it a little. The third ship in the lee line of the Channel fleet, was a eighty, called the *Impregnable*, but the old gentleman knows more about books than sea matters."

"A marvellous misconception," quoth the Domine.

"There's another," cried Tom, laughing; "that must be a three-decker. Come, father, here's the bottle, you must take another glass to wash that down."

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"Pray what was the meaning of that last long word, sir," said Mary, taking the Domine by the arm, "mis—something."

"The word," replied the Domine, "is a compound, from conception, borrowed from the Latin tongue, implying conceiving; and the *mis* prefixed, which negatives, or reverses the meaning; misconception, therefore, implies not to conceive. I can make you acquainted with many others of a similar tendency, as *misconception*; videlicet, *mis-apprehension*, *mis-understanding*, *mis-contriving*, *mis-applying*, *mis—*"

"Dear me, what a many *misses*," cried Mary, "and do you know them all?"

"Indeed do I," replied the Domine, "and many, many more are treasured in my memory, *quod nunc describere longum est*."

"Well, I'd no idea that the old gentleman was given to running after the girls in that way," said old Tom to Stapleton.

"Human natur," replied the other.

"No more did I," continued Mary, "I shall have nothing to say to him;" and she drew off her chair a few inches from that of the Domine.

"Maiden," quoth the Domine, "thou art under a *mistake*."

"Another miss, I declare," cried Tom, laughing.

"What an old Turk," continued Mary, getting farther off.

"Nay, then, I will not reply," said the Domine, indignantly putting down his pipe, leaning back on his chair, and pulling out his great red handkerchief, which he applied to his nose, and produced a sound that made the windows of the little parlour vibrate for some seconds.

"I say, master Tom, don't you make too free with your betters," said old Tom, when he perceived the Domine affronted.

"Nay," replied the Domine, "there is an old adage, which saith, 'as the old cock crows, so doth the young.' Wherefore didst thou set him the example?"

"Very true, old gentleman, and I axes your pardon, and here's my hand upon it."

"And so do I, sir, and here's my hand upon it," said young Tom, extending his on the Domine's other side.

"Friend Dux, and thou, young Tom, I do willingly accept thy proffered reconciliation; knowing, as I well do, that there may be much mischief in thy composition, but naught of malice." The Domine extended his hands and shook both those offered to him warmly.

"There," said old Tom, "now my mind's at ease, as old Pigtown said."

"I know not the author whom thou quotest from, good Dux."

"Author—I never said he was an author; he was only captain of a schooner, trading between the Islands, that I sailed with a few weeks in the West Indies."

"Perhaps, then, you will relate to the company present, the circumstances which took place to put old Pegtops—(I may not be correct in the name,) but whoever it may be——"

"Pigtown, master."

“ Well then—that put old Pigtown’s mind at ease—for I am marvellously amused with thy narrations, which do pass away the time most agreeably, good Dux.”

“ With all my heart, old gentleman; but first let us fill up our tumblers. I don’t know how it is, but it does appear to me that grog drinks better out of glass than out of metal; and if it wasn’t that Tom is so careless—and the dog has no respect for crockery any more than persons—I would have one or two on board for particular service; but I’ll think about that, and hear what the old woman has to say on the subject. Now to my yarn. D’ye see, old Pigtown commanded a little schooner, which plied between the isles, and he had been in her for a matter of forty years, and was as well known as Port Royal Tom.”

“ Who might Port Royal Tom be?” inquired the Domine; “ a relation of yours?”

“ I hope not, master, for I wanted none of his acquaintance; he was a shark about twenty feet long, who rowed guard in the harbour to prevent the men-of-wars men from deserting, and was pensioned by government.”

“ Pensioned by government! nay, but that soundeth strangely. I have heard that pensions have been most lavishly bestowed, but not that it extended so far. Truly it must have been a *sinecure*.”

“ I don’t know what that last may be,” replied Old Tom, “ but I heard our boatswain, in the Minerve, who talked politics a bit, say, ‘ as how half the pensions were held by a pack of d——d sharks;’ but in this here shark’s case, it wasn’t in money, master; but he’d regular rations of bullock’s liver to persuade him to remain in the harbour, and no one dare swim on shore when he was cruising round and round the ships. Well, old Pigtown, with his white trowsers and straw hat, red nose and big belly, was as well known as could be; and was a capital old fellow for remembering and executing commissions, provided you gave him the money first; if not, he always took care to forget them. Old Pigtown had a son, a little dark or so, which proved that his mother wasn’t quite as fair as a lily, and this son was employed in a drogher, that is, a small craft which goes round to the bays of the island, and takes off the sugars to the West India traders. One fine day the drogher was driven out to sea and never heard of a’terwards. Now old Pigtown was very anxious about what had come of his son, and day after day expected he would come back again; but he never did, for very good reasons, as you shall hear by-and-by; and every one knowing old Pigtown, and he knowing every body, it was at least fifty times a day that the question was put to him. ‘ Well, Pigtown, have you heard any thing of your son?’ And fifty times a day he would reply, ‘ No; and *my mind’s but ill at ease*.’ Well, it was two or three months afterwards, that when I was in the schooner with him, as we lay becalmed between the islands, with the sun frizzling our wigs, and the planks so hot that you couldn’t walk without your shoes, that we hooked a large shark which came bowling under our counter. We got him on board and cut him up. When we opened his inside, what should I see but something shining. I took it out, and sure enough it was a silver watch. So I hands it to old Pigtown.

He looks at it very 'tentively, opens the outside case, reads the maker's name, and then shuts it up again. 'This here watch,' says he, 'belonged to my son Jack. I bought it of a chap in a South Whaler for three dollars and a roll of pigtail, and a very good watch it was, though I perceive it be stopped now. Now, d'ye see, it's all clear—the drogher must have gone down in a squall—the shark must have picked up my son Jack, and must have *disgested* his body, but has not been able to *disgest* his watch. Now I knows what's become of him, and so—*my mind's at ease*."

"Well," observed Stapleton, "I agrees with old Poptown, or what his name might be, that it were better to know the worst at once, than to be kept on the worry all your days. I consider it's nothing but human natur. Why, if one has a bad tooth, which is the best plan, to have it out with one good wrench at once, or to be tormented night and day, the whole year round?"

"Thou speakest wisely, friend Stapleton, and like a man of resolve,—the anticipation is often, if not always, more painful than the reality. Thou knowest, Jacob, how often I have allowed a boy to remain unbuttoned in the centre of the room for an hour previous to the application of the birch—and it was with the consideration that the impression would be greater upon his mind than even upon his nether parts. But of all the feelings in the human breast, that of suspense is——"

"Worse than *hanging*," interrupted young Tom.

"Even so, boy, (*cluck, cluck,*) an apt comparison, seeing that in suspense you are hanging, as it were, in the region of doubt, without being able to obtain a footing even upon conjecture. Nay, we may further add another simile, although not so well borne out, which is, that the agony of suspense doth stop the breath of man for the time, as hanging doth stop it altogether, so that it may be truly said, that suspense is put an end to by suspending." (*Cluck, cluck.*)

"And now that you've got rid of all that, master, suppose you fill up your pipe," observed old Tom.

"And I will fill up your tumbler, sir," said Mary; "for you must be dry with talking such hard words."

The Domine this time made no objection, and again enveloped Mary and himself in a cloud of smoke, through which his nose loomed like an Indiaman in a channel fog.

I THOUGHT OF THEE.

“ L'alma, quel che nom ha, sogna e figura.”—METASTASIO.

I THOUGHT of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Florence,—where the fiery hearts
 Of Italy are breathed away
 In wonders of the deathless arts;
 Where strays the Contadina down
 Val d'Arno with a song of old;
 Where clime and woman seldom frown,
 And life runs over sands of gold;
 I stray'd to lone Fiesolé
 On many an eve, and thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Rome,—when on the Palatine
 Night left the Cæsar's palace free
 To Time's forgetful foot and mine;
 Or, on the Coliseum's wall,
 When moonlight touch'd the ivied stone,
 Reclining, with a thought of all
 That o'er this scene has come and gone,
 The shades of Rome would start and flee
 Unconsciously—I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Vallambrosa's holy shade,
 Where nobles born the friars be,
 By life's rude changes humbler made.
 Here Milton fram'd his Paradise;
 I slept within his very cell;
 And as I clos'd my weary eyes,
 I thought the cowl would fit me well;
 The cloisters breath'd, it seem'd to me,
 Of heart's-ease—but I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Venice,—on a night in June;
 When, through the city of the sea,
 Like dust of silver slept the moon.
 Slow turn'd his oar the gondolier,
 And, as the black barks glided by,
 The water to my leaning ear
 Bore e'en the lover's passing sigh.
 It was no place alone to be—
 I thought of thee—I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In the Ionian Isles—when straying
 With wise Ulysses by the sea—
 Old Homer's songs around me playing;

I thought of Thee.

Or, watching the bewitched caique,
 That o'er the star-lit waters flew,
 I listen'd to the helmsman Greek,
 Who sung the song that Sappho knew—
 The poet's spell, the bark, the sea,
 All vanished—as I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Greece—when rose the Parthenon
 Majestic o'er the Egean sea,
 And heroes with it, one by one ;
 When, in the Grove of Academe,
 Where Lais and Leontium stray'd,
 Discussing Plato's mystic theme,
 I lay at noontide in the shade ;
 The Egean wind, the whispering tree,
 Had voices,—and I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 In Asia,—on the Dardanelles ;
 Where, swiftly as the waters flee,
 Each wave some sweet old story tells ;
 And seated by the marble tank,
 Which melts by Ilium's ruins old,
 (The fount where peerless Helen drank,
 And Venus lav'd her locks of gold,*)
 I thrill'd such classic haunts to see,
 Yet even here—I thought of thee.

I thought of thee—I thought of thee,
 Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,
 All palace-lined, from sea to sea ;
 And even on its shores the daughters
 Of the delicious East are seen,
 Printing the brink with slipper'd feet,
 And oh, those snowy veils between,
 What eyes of heaven your glances meet !
 Peris of light no fairer be,
 Yet—in Stamboul—I thought of thee.

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
 Through change that teaches to forget ;
 Thy face looks up from every sea,
 In every star thine eyes are set ;
 Though roving beneath orient skies,
 Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
 I envy every bird that flies
 Into the far and clouded west :
 I think of thee—I think of thee !
Miss Hopkins !—hast thou thought of me ?

“ POOR SLINGSBY.”

* In the Scamander,—before contending for the prize of beauty on Mount Ida.
 Its head waters fill a beautiful tank near the walls of Troy.

ASTROLOGY THE ORIGIN OF MYTHOLOGY.

THE mythology of the most ancient nations, especially the Egyptians, had, as it would appear, an intimate connexion with their belief in the influence of the heavenly bodies on mundane affairs. And, as that subsequently in existence among the Greeks, and afterwards in Rome, borrowed much of its framework from the Egyptian, it is easy to account for the ignorance in which we still remain of the origin and meaning of several of the mythological fables, which, when viewed independently of astrology, possess one general and striking characteristic—*mystery*. In Greece and Rome to question the origin of the gods, to insinuate even that they had any other origin than that which the religion of the state assigned them, was to bring down the fate of Socrates on the head of the daring infidel; hence they remained unquestioned. And in modern days no man unversed in astrology could be capable of unveiling those mysteries. That this has not hitherto been done, may perhaps be owing to the circumstance that astrologers have in general refrained from avowing their belief in the science, owing to the prejudice which has long reigned against the practice of foretelling future events. This practice, by-the-by, begins to grow into acceptation again; nor is it right, perhaps, that even astrology should escape the examination of the present penetrating generation.

We shall perceive that by recourse to even a slender acquaintance with the science of the stars, many of those ancient fables which have been ridiculed as puerile and insensate, become replete with meaning; and that they generally convey some of the principal doctrines of astrology in allegorical language. These being closely interwoven with the ideas of a mystical religion, in a short time became thoroughly spread abroad and established, in a manner which nothing but the entire destruction of astrology and the introduction of a new religion could ever overthrow. At a period when it is a question whether even the art of hieroglyphic writing was known, the idea of spreading knowledge in a more durable manner than by fables did not exist; and, indeed, it may be doubted whether, all things considered, this was not the very best possible device to effect that object. By the invention of mythologic fables, the superstitious part of a very superstitious and ignorant people were sure to be caught; and as the bards, (for there is no reason to doubt that the Egyptians had their bards long before the days of Hesiod and Homer,) who were all more or less versed in astrology, would repeat these fables in their verses, and the story-tellers, a profession of high antiquity, which still exists in oriental nations, would frame them into romances, it became certain that they would go down by tradition to posterity. The learned, or initiated, of course understood their true meaning, but the vulgar merely believed them in a literal manner.

The most ancient science among mankind is indubitably astronomy. And we may believe that it was studied at least sixteen centuries before the birth of our Saviour. As this was long previous to the existence of the art of navigation, the chief object of the study of astronomy was to enable its followers to practise the art of foretelling future events. This becomes more probable if we reflect that the Egyptians, but more especially the Chaldeans, an inland nation, had no means of applying astronomy to the use of navigation. The antiquity of astronomy must necessarily be greater than that of astrology; but even this is extremely ancient: for we find the idea of some *influence* in the heavenly bodies

mentioned by Job,* who was undoubtedly more ancient than Moses, since he never alludes to the writings of the Jewish lawgiver; which if he had lived subsequently he would doubtless have noticed. Moses himself recognized that influence;† and this in accordance with those astrological doctrines to which the Hebrews had been accustomed while sojourning in Egypt.

Moses died about 1,500 years before the Christian era, and we may at least suppose that astrology was practised among the Egyptians one century earlier.

The era of the birth of Christ was A.M.	.	.	.	3,948
The birth of Moses	.	.	.	2,373
				<hr/>
		Difference	.	1,575
Add to this the year of grace	.	.	.	1,834
				<hr/>
And we have the period of	.	.	.	3,409 years,

during which astrology has, without doubt, been in existence.

It is true that Sir I. Newton was of opinion that astronomy itself was far less ancient than the days of Moses. For he says, that "the Egyptians by the heliacal risings and settings of the stars, had determined the length of the solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days, and by other observations had fixed the solstices, and formed the fixed stars into asterisms; all which was done in the reigns of Ammon, Sesac, Orus, and Memnon, *about 1000 years before Christ.*" Yet unless we reject the idea of the antiquity of the Book of Job, unless we suppose that the astronomical knowledge of Homer had some other source than the Egyptian science, unless we suppose the *magic* of the Egyptian soothsayers was anterior to any knowledge of astrology on which it was founded, according to the best evidence, we must conclude that the chronology of Newton is, on this point, erroneous.

But if that great man was in error as regards the subject of astronomy which we have already demonstrated, he was still more so as regards the high antiquity of astrology. Speaking of this science he says, that "Nicepsos, king of Sais, and Petosiris, a priest of Egypt, invented it about the year 772 before Christ." It may be readily believed that those individuals were eminently skilled in the science, and it is probable that they made some discoveries or improvements therein; and this probably led to the mistake of supposing that they were its inventors. But if the Egyptians who fled to Babylon, when Sabacon invaded Egypt, (751 B. C.) were the first who carried any knowledge of astrology thither, how shall we account for the prophet Isaiah mentioning it as a long established custom in Babylon? The prophet speaks of the regular "monthly prognosticators," which bespeaks a practice long founded. But if this were written in the reign of Uzziah, there must have been astrologers in Babylon at an earlier period, because that king died in the previous year. (752 B. C.) If, however, the prophet's writing was in the reign of Hezekiah, the latest period of Isaiah's life, there were but two reigns intervened, those of Jotham and Ahaz, each sixteen years long, or thirty-two years in all. This would have been an extraordinarily brief space for astrology to have made such an amazing progress from the time of its Egyptian birth, according to Newton; and this at a period when there were no means of spreading its knowledge by the press.

* "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" — Job xxxviii. 32.

† "The precious things put forth by the moon." — Deuteronomy xxxiii. 14.

Lastly, Homer is generally believed to have lived about the year of the world 3000, which was 948 years before Christ, or 176 years earlier than the period assigned by Newton for the invention of astrology; and it is clear from Homer's writings, that astrology was then an old-established science: hence Newton's date is decidedly erroneous.

Having made these observations on the antiquity of astronomy and astrology, which were for many ages considered as one and the same science, the predictive part, astrology, being the most useful part of the science among the Babylonians and other inland nations, let us see what connexion exists between astrology and mythology.

It is easy to believe that, if the priests of Egypt, or of other countries, taught that the planets and other heavenly bodies had an influence on the destiny of nations and individuals, or even on the state of the atmosphere, a barbarous people would not be long before they began to worship as deities those beings who appeared so powerful. The first of the heavenly bodies which was deified was, as might be expected, the Sun. We read in the earliest Scripture history of the worship of *Baal*, which is the Scripture term for *Bel* or *Belus*, the Assyrian or Chaldean idol; who is said to have been a king of Assyria, *anno mundi* 1722, which was 2226 years before Christ, or 4060 years before this present year 1834. It is a common opinion that Bel was the son of Nimrod, and father of Ninus, and that he was the first mortal who, after his decease, was declared a god. But there is reason to believe that no individual whatever gave birth to this name, but that it was merely a mythological device to convey the astrological doctrine of the nature of the sun. *Baal Semen*, that is "the Lord of Heaven," was his general denomination; and we may perceive that he was almost universally worshipped under this, or some similar title. This would hardly have been the case with any prince, unless he had been conqueror of those nations wherein his worship became established. No such circumstance, however, attaches to the name of Belus; though it was the case with the wife of his son Ninus, the victorious Semiramis, who conquered Ethiopia, and carried her arms into India. Yet there are no evidences of her having been worshipped. Indeed it appears probable that Bel, or Belus, was merely a title taken by the monarch, whose son she married, in the same manner that the ruler of China still terms himself the brother of the sun and moon. There is nothing improbable in the founder of the celebrated city of Babylon having either taken while living, or having received after death, such an extravagant title as "the Lord of Heaven." He appears to have been the Nimrod of the Hebrews, though some think that he was the son of Nimrod. It is worthy of remark, that the *Bel'oculus*, or *eye of Bel*, was a *white* gem, dedicated to Bel, the Assyrian idol, according to Pliny; and as the diamond answers to this description, and is, according to Lilly and other astrologers, under the immediate influence of the *sun*, there seems to be some allusion to this doctrine in the circumstance of that gem (which was also called *Belus*) being so appropriated.

One of the most remarkable titles of the sun was *Bacchus*; by which name he was worshipped throughout India; whence the fable of Bacchus having been educated in India. According to Claudius Ptolemy, in his great work on astrology, the *Tetrabibla*, "the inhabitants of India paid devotion to Saturn, invoking him under the name of Mithranhelios." Now it is remarkable that the sign of the zodiac, in which Saturn is said to have most influence, viz. Capricorn, is that which astrology teaches us is the governing sign of India. Xenophon says that the Persians call the sun by the name of *Mithras*. And as Helios was the Greek term for that luminary, it may have been added, as an English writer might say *le sol*, the sun; which words, in the course of time, might become united. In this fable the doctrine that India was influenced by Capri-

corn, which is the *house* of Saturn, was, perhaps, originally taught. It should be remembered that each planet had one or more signs of the zodiac appropriated to it as its house, exaltation, &c. and that it was thought to have more power when found in those signs. The image of Mithras had the face of a lion, and was attired in a Persian garb, having a tiara on his head, and was holding the horn of an ox with both hands. In this emblem were several pieces of important astrological information. The face of the Lion was to denote that when in *Leo* the sun is most powerful—that sign being the house of the sun. The tiara, which word is derived from a Hebrew term signifying a crown, was the old Persian or Phrygian head-dress, from whence the modern turban is derived. It was a type, or attribute, of sovereign power; and was meant, we may conceive, to express the rule, or sway which the sun has in the sign *Leo*; also to express that that sign is a regal or kingly sign, as the astrologers still teach. The holding the horn of an ox with both hands, was meant to imply that the sign *Taurus*, the Bull, was intimately connected with Persia. In fact, the sign *Taurus* is declared by astrologers to have complete rule and government over that country. And it is a remarkable fact, which confirms the above ideas, that the present royal arms of Persia are a lion couchant, facing the rising sun.

Ptolemy states that the south-east triplicity (the twelve signs being divided by astrologers into four triplicities) has “due familiarity with *India*, *America*, *Gedrosia*, *Parthia*, *Media*, *Persia*, *Babylonia*, *Mesopotamia*, and *Assyria*.” Now this triplicity is composed of *Taurus*, *Virgo*, and *Capricorn*. He adds, also, that “*Parthia*, *Media*, and *Persia*, have a more particular familiarity with *Taurus* and *Venus*; whence it follows that the dwellers in those countries wear splendid garments and clothe the whole person entirely, except the breast.” To comprehend this extract, we must understand that *Taurus* is the *house* of *Venus*; and that this planet produces a love of dress and ornament, and also a taste for elegance and refinement in persons under her influence. There seems, therefore, every reason to believe that the Persian garb of the image had reference to this doctrine; and it would thus tell in a moment to the initiated in astrology in all future ages, what were the characteristics of the inhabitants of those lands; and also that the Sun and Venus were their chief rulers, &c.

The mountain of *Meros*, in *India*, was said to be the place where Bacchus was educated. The Greeks feigned that he was stitched into Jupiter’s thigh; and it is remarkable that the Greek word *meros* signified a thigh. This fable appears to have arisen from the astrological doctrine, that the sign *Sagittarius*, which rules the thighs, rules also all hills, mountains, and “high places.” And it is observable, that that sign is one of the *fiery* triplicity, and under the rule of the Sun and Jupiter; hence all high places are especially influenced by that luminary. And hence originated the ancient custom of offering up sacrifices on hills and mountains; which we find continually referred to in Scripture. Among other places under the rule of *Sagittarius*, was *Cottica*, also called *Gallia Lugdunensis*, the chief city of which was built on a hill. It was called *Lugdunum Cettarum*, or the *Mons Cotticè*, the mountain of the Celts. It is the modern Lyons, and it was called *Lucii donum*, probably from *Lucius Munatius Plaucus*, its founder, but still more probably from the custom of offering sacrifice at the break of day on the hill on which it stands. And then the name would be equivalent to the gift of light, or the day-light offering. Worship was offered on hills to the Sun at his first rising in the east, hence the oriental custom of turning to the east when praying; a remnant of which is still retained in the Church of England, by the congregation turning in that direction when repeating the Creed. Hence the same word *lucus* signified the morning light, and also a sacred

wood ; because temples were built in "groves," and on "high places," as mentioned in Scripture.

The mountain of *Meros* being called the *birth*-place of Bacchus, or the Sun, merely denoted that the sun was first seen from that eminence, and, therefore, it became a noted place of worship. And, in process of time, it became a figure of speech, or fable, to denote that all high places were under the influence of the *fiery triplicity*, (the three signs Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius,) which is ruled by the Sun and Jupiter. As the Druids were a remnant of the ancient worshippers of *Baal*, we find that they carried on their worship on high hills and in groves. To this day there is a tradition in Wales, that the Druids worshipped on the celebrated mountain, called *Caer Idra*; which means literally *the eye of the sun*. The monks of the Great St. Bernard still show antiques from the ruins of a temple of *Jupiter*, which formerly stood on that mountain. They consist of votive tablets and figures in bronze and other metals, arms, and coins.

The custom of building temples to the gods upon mountains and other rising grounds, became, at length, quite universal. In proof of this we might cite a thousand instances. The city of Delphos, where the celebrated oracle of Apollo existed, was seated on a hill—the hill of Parnassus, sacred to both Apollo and Bacchus. The ancient capitol of Rome was on a hill originally termed *Mons Saturnius*, the mountain of Saturn, who had a temple erected thereon.

The temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus* was built on that hill of the capital, by Tarquinius Priscus, as early as 613 years before Christ. The dignity of Olympus itself, and the respect paid to the temple of Jupiter in its vicinity, may be traced to the same cause. The famous city of Bath, which is surrounded by high hills, was anciently called the *City of the Sun*, and its medicinal water, *Aquæ Solis*. Was the first discoverer a Druid? and, if so, was he an astrologer? At all events it is remarkable that the astrologers have always mentioned the city of Bath among those places which are governed by the sign *Leo*, the house of the Sun, and one of the fiery triplicity, already mentioned as ruled by the Sun and Jupiter. These waters were anciently consecrated to Phœbus, Hercules, and Pallas.

There was also the *Areopagus*, or the Court of Mars Hill, at Athens. It will be observed that one of the signs of the fiery triplicity is *Aries*, which is the house of *Mars*. Another instance of a temple on a hill was the temple of Diana, which stood on the present site of St. Paul's in London, which, as a stone in a wall near tells,

"When you have sought the city round,
Here will be found the *highest ground*."

If the priests of these various temples pursued the practice of astronomy, such situations were well calculated for observing the stars ; and it would seem that the first origin of that science must have arisen from the custom of worshipping on hills and mountains. In fact, the very names by which hills and mountains were called among the ancients, viz. *mons*, a mountain, and *collis*, a hill, seem to owe their derivation to the custom of worshipping in such situations. *Mons* may have been derived from *moneo*, to teach, or instruct, or give warning ; which were the chief duties of the priesthood ; and *collis*, a hill, from *colo*, to worship, and *lino*, to anoint, which were among the principal acts of those personages, the priests.

Among the Assyrians the sun was worshipped under the title of *Adonis*, in whose honour the Adonean feasts were kept. He was said to be the son of a king of Cyprus ; "the inhabitants of which," says Ptolemy, "are more particularly under the influence of Taurus and Venus, and

are, therefore, voluptuous," &c. The story of Adonis and Venus, as well as the incest of Myrrha, were apparently all ornaments to the tale which was intended to convey those astrological doctrines. The Chaldeans were said, by the same writer, to pay "greater reverence than all other nations to the sun." And he gives as a reason that their nation has "familiarity with *Leo* and the Sun." It has already been explained how *Leo* is connected with the sun. The reader must bear in mind that Chaldea, Babylon, &c. are all stated to have connexion also with the same parts of the heavens as Cyprus; but it may be supposed that those being large countries and much inhabited by astrologers, it was not so necessary to connect them with the fable, as it was the less important island of Cyprus. It may appear that the voluptuous character of the Cyprians should have extended equally to the people of Assyria, Babylon, &c. But we must consider that these countries were not *solely* under the influence of Taurus, (the house of Venus,) whereas the inhabitants of Cyprus were.

There is another fable connected with Adonis, whom Macrobius takes to mean the sun. It is feigned that he used to lie six months of the year in the lap of Proserpine, and the other six months in that of Venus. Proserpine, who is said to have been carried by Pluto to his subterranean dominions, here signified the *Winter*, when in fact the sun is the greater part of the time *below* the earth; leaving the world in darkness—a just type of gloom and grief, the character of Proserpine. And on the other hand, Venus is put for the *Summer*, when the sun is the greatest part of the time *above* the earth, bringing brightness and pleasure, which abound in that season, and which are associated with the idea of the mother of love. Thus was taught one of the most important and earliest discovered problems of astronomy; that which shows that the year is divided into two equal parts by the sun's motion. This was one of the most ancient fables, as it must have been one of the earliest astronomical facts observed.

The fable of the Golden Fleece is apparently one of the highest antiquity of any among the heathen mythology. It served to convey several important pieces of astrological lore, and also some of the most remarkable facts in astronomy. It is briefly this,—Æolus, (which word signified a tempest,) who was king of the Æolian Islands, and said to be the God of the Winds, had a son, Athamas, who became king of Thessaly. Athamas married Nephele, by whom he had a son, Phryxus, and daughter, Helle. After the death of Nephele, he married Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, who, step-mother like, so ill-treated the children, that to escape from her cruelty, they bestrid the Ram with the *Golden Fleece*, in order to swim over the Hellespont. In so doing Helle was drowned, and the strait was so called after her; but Phryxus got safe to Colchos, and after sacrificing the *Ram* to the god *Mars*, he presented the Golden Fleece to the king Ætes. Jason, who was a great grandson of Æolus, was afterwards sent in the ship Argo, with fifty-four Thessalonian heroes, to recover this Golden Fleece. When he arrived at Colchos, the king's daughter, Medea, (who is represented as very skilful in magic,) fell in love with him, and taught him to tame the brazen-footed *bulls*, and to cast the watchful dragon, which kept the fleece, asleep. This done, he carried off both it and the lady; but she, having afterwards quarrelled with Jason, fled to Athens and married the old king Ægeus, by whom she had a son, called *Medus*; with whom she *flew* away into that part of Asia, subsequently named from them *Media*.

By the fabled sacrifice of the *Ram* to *Mars* was perpetuated the doctrine that Mars rules the sign Aries, the Ram; which, as before said, is the house of Mars, according to all astrologers. It cannot be objected that this merely proves that the Ram was dedicated to the *god Mars*;

for Ovid makes it appear that Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, was this identical ram so sacrificed. And as Phryxus was not engaged in a *war-like* expedition, why should he sacrifice to the god of war? He had *stolen* the golden fleece, and it was therefore more likely he should sacrifice to Mercury, the god of thieves. If he offered the sacrifice in gratitude for his safe journey, Mercury, the god of travellers, also was, for that reason, more deserving his worship. The sun has always been taught by astrologers to rule among metals *gold*,* and among animals the *ram*; and as the sun has his exaltation in the sign Aries, this may be the origin of the term *golden fleece*. The story that this had been carried off by Phryxus, who was descended from Æolus, the god of the winds and tempests, was an allegorical method of denoting that when the sun enters Aries, (at the vernal equinox,) the weather is boisterous and tempestuous. The doctrine of Aries being the *house* of Mars and *exaltation* of the *sun*, appears to have been concealed in this very ancient fable, the period of which was about 1300 years before Christ, as the Argonautic expedition is fixed about the year 2714 A.M. Now as to the brazen-footed bulls and the dragon which Jason found to be guarding the golden fleece: it must be remembered that Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, had occasioned the original theft of the golden fleece. Cadmus himself is fabled to have killed a *great serpent*, which had slain many of his companions; its teeth he sowed in the ground; they sprung up in the shape of armed men, fell to fighting, and destroyed each other all but *five*, who escaped alive. This Cadmus being sent by his father Agenor, a king of Phœnicia, to look for his sister Europa, whom Jupiter, in the shape of a bull, had carried off to Crete, remained in Greece and taught the art of making *brass*, and the use of letters. He and his wife were at length transformed into serpents. His father Agenor (whose name implied force or power) is said to have been the son of Belus, whom we have already seen was the sun. The name of Cadmus implied in the Hebrew tongue *Oriens*, which may mean either the east, or the rising of the sun, the morning. The great serpent, which he overcame, was clearly the *moon's path in the heavens*, which is, in reality, exactly in form of a serpent by means of her continual change of latitude, and was originally known as "the Great Dragon." Hence, we continually meet in Scripture, and in profane writers, the association of "Bel and the Dragon." This signified merely the sun and moon. The moon's northern node, where she crosses the ecliptic into north latitude, was the dragon's head; and her southern node, where she passes into southern latitude, was the dragon's tail: terms to this day used by astrologers to signify those nodes. The serpent was killed by Cadmus because he had slain many of his companions. Now the fixed stars may be considered as companions of the sun, and as the moon in her course, (the Great Serpent,) frequently transits or eclipses the fixed stars, this was allegorically shown by the death of the companions of Cadmus. At length the Moon herself, when in the dragon's head, is eclipsed, and is apparently destroyed by her conjunction with the sun; whose power Cadmus appears to have represented.

The boundaries of the Dragon (those of the moon's latitude) are nearly those of the zodiac, and within those are found to move all the *five* planets then known, and also many of the fixed stars. These the sun buries, or conceals, when he approaches them; but the *five* teeth of the serpent who escaped, which signified the *planets*, appear to have been described as more powerful than the others, which also is a doctrine of astrology.

* "The Peruvian temples of the sun had the walls covered with plates of gold."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

The brazen-footed bulls, which, together with the great dragon, that never slept, guarded the golden fleece, appear to have been allegorically an allusion to the influence of the sign *Taurus*, the Bull, over the country in which Jason then was, viz. Asia Minor. And also it may have implied, that when the sun was eclipsed (or found with the moon in the dragon's head,) in that sign, which is the house of Venus, and the *exaltation* of the moon, he (the sun) suffered more than in any other sign, except Cancer, which had especial influence over Colchis, and which is the house of the moon. For these also are among the oldest doctrines of astrology.

The flight of Jupiter, in the form of a bull, when he ravished Europa and fled to *Crete*, and the eventual escape of Medea herself, with her son Medus to that part of Asia, which was subsequently named *Media*, from her, may very well have pointed out the doctrine that Crete and Media were under the government of *Taurus*, the Bull, and *Virgo*, the Virgin. The sign *Taurus* was also remarkable from the ascending node of Jupiter being therein; which may have been alluded to in the fable of his rape of Europa. That of Mars also was in the sign *Aries*, at the period of the golden fleece.

Thus also the events of the life of Medea, and her supposed magical powers, may have meant merely that she was a famous astronomer and astrologer, by whom all or most of these circumstances were originally discovered. In this case, the famous country of the Medes was merely named after her, as the Herschel planet has since been called after its first discoverer.

It was in this manner that Boreas, the *north wind*, was called the son of Astreas, who, according to Hesiod, was the daughter of Jupiter; but by others was said to be descended from Hyperion, (the sun,) merely to teach that the *north wind* is occasioned by the joint action of Jupiter and the Sun, when in mutual aspect; which doctrine the author of the Grammar of Astrology and other modern astrologers, still uphold. It was in the same manner that the pretended god *Priapus* originated. He was said to be the son of Bacchus and Venus; but Bacchus was frequently confounded with Saturn, and, in reality, Priapus was merely the personification of a man born under the joint influence of Saturn and Venus; being, in the words of Ptolemy, "licentious and libidinous, disgusting and obscene," &c.

A thousand similar proofs might be alledged in aid of our original proposition, that astrology was the origin of mythology; which was, in the first instance, merely a method devised to hand down a knowledge of that science. Among others, the fable of the Greeks, that the constellation of *Piscis Australis*, the Southern Fish, was the fish into which Venus transformed herself to escape from the terrible giant Typhon. This evidently arose from the astrological doctrine, that the sign *Pisces* is the exaltation of Venus. That this original intent of mythology was afterwards corrupted both by poets and by priests, there needs no argument to prove, as it is abundantly evident in history; but that fact only serves to confirm its real and reasonable origin. Let it no longer be supposed that the sages of the East occupied themselves in inventing childish and unmeaning fables. When unlocked by the key of astrology, the secrets of ancient mythology are replete with science, harmony, and intelligence.

ZADKIEL.

SICILIAN FACTS.—No. VI.¹

THE TWO BROTHERHOODS; OR, THE ROBBERS.

ON the eastern side of Etna, near the extremity of the fertile plains which form the base of that sublime and beautiful mountain, bordering on the magnificent forests which constitute the woody region, and encircle its middle in the guise of a vast belt, at the distance of about twelve Italian miles from Catania, and one from the village of Nicolosi, elevated nearly two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, stands the old Convent of San Nicolao dell' Arena, long the residence of the Benedictine fraternity. Founded in 1156, it was occupied by them until 1558. Often overthrown by earthquakes, often overwhelmed by showers of ashes, and constantly menaced by the tremendous streams of lava which environ it in all directions, it continued to be rebuilt or restored, until the last-mentioned period; when finally, fatigued by the repetition of similar disasters, and incessantly alarmed at the manifest insecurity of its site, the brotherhood were driven into the immediate neighbourhood of Catania, where they built the magnificent edifice which they inhabit, at present called also San Nicolao dell' Arena, or the Benedictine convent.

San Nicolao il Vecchio, or the ancient, is placed in the most romantic situation imaginable; beautiful, sublime, and solitary, evidently chosen by the monks of a more pious and devotional age, in order to indulge in the religious meditations which the surrounding scenery is so well calculated to inspire. The injuries which the building has at various times received, are duly set forth in inscriptions on the walls, which must have served the good friars as a continual memento of the insecurity of their situation, and of the perils with which they were constantly surrounded. They enumerate in frightful array, and in characters still legible, the destructive earthquakes, the precipitous lavas, and the fiery showers which have successively afflicted the holy fabric from the epoch of its foundation to the date of its abandonment.

San Nicolao il Vecchio, after its desertion, went rapidly into decay; although occasionally frequented by some of the brothers in the hot season, or when indisposed, for the sake of enjoying the benefit of the air, infinitely purer and cooler in these elevated regions, than in the less healthy, though more secure, plains which surrounded the lower convent: still the beauties and advantages of its site have never been able to entice any of the cautious fraternity to re-inhabit, for a prolonged period, its shattered and mouldering walls; though they still continue to afford an asylum to the wayworn traveller, and at times, indeed, as will be collected from the following fact, to a brotherhood very different from that of their former pious occupants.

¹ Continued from vol. ix. p. 409.

In the beginning of the present century, Sicily, always a congenial country for freebooters and banditti, was infested by these depredators, owing to the inattention of the government, and of remissness in the police, beyond all example. Often undisputed masters of the country on which they levied contributions *ad libitum*, they carried their insolence to such a pitch as to enter by night into the towns and villages, committing the most frightful excesses on the wretched inhabitants. Mascaluccia, Floridia, Melilli, large and populous places, were often sacked by them, and may be said, without exaggeration, to have been tributary to these outlaws. Even Catania, a city containing at least sixty thousand souls, was subject to these audacious attempts, as I shall elsewhere take occasion to relate.

The deserted convent of San Nicolao, from its remoteness and its commanding situation, capable of being defended by a small party against very superior numbers, offered them a secure and commodious asylum, where not only they could brave and set at defiance parties of the timorous police occasionally sent against them, but even the military resources of the district were often baffled by their courage and better knowledge of the country; whilst the subterranean vaults of the convent, framed originally with a view to concealment, and the numerous caverns in the vicinity, some of them almost inaccessible, supplied them with convenient and ready means of securing their ill-acquired booty.

In 1806, and for several preceding years, a band of about forty of these desperadoes tenanted, or rather garrisoned, the convent, from whence, as their head-quarters, they extended their depredations over the surrounding country in all directions, plundering and despoiling the rich and powerful, but generally respecting, and even protecting, their poorer countrymen; who, in return, were glad to supply them with such provisions as their means afforded, for which, indeed, they were often liberally paid. The police of Catania, unable to protect the city itself from these hardy adventurers, of course rarely ventured to beard them on their own ground, or rather that of the Benedictines. The military, as I have said before, were scarcely more successful, so that they continued to keep possession of their stronghold by the sword against all comers. If indeed, at intervals, a force so considerable as to render resistance hopeless, was sent against them, as was the case in 1806, when four British companies were dispatched on this errand, they were sure to be apprized in time by their spies of the approaching danger; and in such cases they effected a temporary evacuation of their fortalice, retiring, until the danger subsided, into glens and fastnesses, scarcely accessible to the natives themselves, into which a regular force could never hope to penetrate; and where, sheltered in the enormous caverns of the mountain, and in the gloomy and trackless forests which overhang its sides, or covered by precipitous ravines, impetuous torrents, and rugged lavas, a few resolute men might elude or resist an army.

This formidable band was at length surprised by a party of the King's German Legion, whilst employed in pillaging the town of Mascaluccia, previous notice having been given by an accomplice of this their last enterprize. They threw themselves into a house,

which they gallantly defended, killing and wounding many of their assailants, until obliged to yield to superior numbers, the survivors were overpowered and conducted into Catania in triumph; their legs tied under their horses' bellies, and their faces fronting the tails; their captain heading the procession. After having been paraded through the principal streets of the city, plentifully hooted and pelted by the populace, whose terror they had so long been, they were thrown into prison, from which they were in due time liberated, in order to make their exit in the various places in the neighbourhood which had been the chief sources of their lawless outrages.

In the latter end of 1805, a German count arrived in Catania from Trieste, furnished with letters of recommendation to the Prior of San Nicolao: as he designed a long stay in the island, and intended to make purchases, he brought with him a considerable sum of money, which, to avoid the risk of carrying about with him, he proposed, as is the custom in Sicily, where convents are esteemed the safest banks, to deposit in the hands of the prior, until he might require it for his occasions. He was at the same time an enthusiastic admirer of a well-furnished table, and having heard the hospitality and good cheer of these worthy Benedictines lauded to the skies, as they deserve, by many of his travelled countrymen, he purposed taking up his quarters there during his sojourn in Catania. When he disembarked, therefore, instead of proceeding, as other travellers are wont, to mine host's of the Elephant, or other house of reception, he hired a lettiga, and directed the muleteer to convey him without loss of time to the Convent of San Nicolao. The traveller, it must be kept in mind, knew but little Italian, and still less of the peculiar dialect of Sicily, which would puzzle a Della Cruscan himself: they consequently understood each other just well enough to mistake their respective meanings nine times out of ten. The German had heard but of one Convent of San Nicolao: the driver, for his part, never dreamt that a lettiga could be ordered for the lower one, which was close at hand, and is besides usually designated and better known by the name of its fraternity, the Benedictines: perhaps he was not inclined to be very particular as to a locality which might cost him his fare: perhaps, too, he fancied the traveller was desirous of visiting the sublime scenery in the neighbourhood. Knowing, however, the danger of the road, and taking it for granted that the other was also aware of it, he naturally enough, previous to starting, inquired where the stranger wished his baggage to be taken?

"My baggage!" said the count, surprised at the question, "to San Nicolao, with myself, to be sure."

"O! I thought," replied the guide, "your excellency might prefer its remaining in Catania until your return, as you have perhaps money with you."

"Money!" returned the German, growing suspicious; "if I have, do you think I am likely to leave it behind?"

"Nothing more likely," said the mule driver, mistaking, and supposing that he alluded to his chance of being robbed on the road; "the less baggage, the better travelling."

"What! you rascal, are you for sparing your animals? Load them well, I say, we shall return light."

"Light enough, I'll be sworn," muttered the lettighiere, as humming a tune, he proceeded to do as he was ordered; but so leisurely, and with so much *sang froid*, that the German, who had heard that the convent was in the neighbourhood of Catania, though he did not know the exact distance, imagining that the man was now raising difficulties for the purpose of afterwards raising his demands, stoutly resolved to resist the imposition, swearing at the poor fellow in High Dutch, and, being a little choleric, pulled out a pair of pistols portentously long, threatening to measure the specific density of the other's skull with them. The lettighiere, no doubt much encouraged at the sight, and conceiving it impossible that any one could be so daring as to shake hands with the devil without previous introduction, took it for granted, naturally enough in Sicily, that the count either belonged to the dreaded fraternity himself, or was one of their agents, and consequently knew very well what he was about when he proposed taking up his lodgings at the sign of the Knife and Throat; and aware that whatever may become of their employers, the guides and conductors are always perfectly safe, provided they offer no resistance, mounting the leading mule without more question or ado, finally set forward.

The traveller, in the mean time, not having dined, was complacently ruminating on the good cheer which the holy brothers, who are famed for their table and hospitality, were likely to place before him to recruit his stomach after its eight hours' vacation. As half dozing he contemplated the comfortable prospect, the dust kicked up by the animals seemed to his enraptured imagination the fuming of dishes hot from the kitchen, whilst in the clattering of their hoofs, he anticipated the report of the well-corked bottles cool from the ample cellar of the worthy brotherhood. The lettighiere soon left the high road, and struck into the by-ways and paths which ascend the mountain. Lost in his agreeable reverie, the count, who, as I have observed, did not know the distance of the convent from Catania, suffered the muleteer to conduct him for several miles unquestioned. At last, wondering at the length of the journey, for which he had not made due allowance at breakfast, he put his head out of the window, and seeing the mules slowly and cautiously proceeding along the skirts of a wild forest, somewhat alarmed, called on the driver to know where they were.

"On the road to San Nicolao," was the reply.

"To the convent, eh?" said the count, suspecting all was not right.

"To the convent," returned the guide.

"Is the road quite safe?"

"Not quite—didn't I tell you so?"

"The devil!" exclaimed the German, visibly discomposed; "at what hour are we likely to arrive?"

"Before night, I hope."

"Before night!" roared the other in consternation; his appetite at this intelligence getting the better of his apprehensions. "How

unlucky ! quick, quick, or the monks will have supped before we get there."

Hearing him talk seriously of the monks, the muleteer began to suspect that there must be some mistake after all ; and by way of ascertaining how matters really stood, threw out a hint that his excellency seemed to be in a mighty hurry to run his head into the trap. The count, mistaking as usual, conceived that the guide, in answer to his remarks on his appetite, charitably wished to cut his ill founded hopes short at once, by acquainting him that the fraternity of San Nicolao were of the rigid and self-mortifying order of La Trappe, gasped out in utter despair and disappointment, " The Trappe ! awkward mistake ! what, are the brethren Trappists ? Sinner that I am, I shall be starved."

" Starved !" cried the other with a malicious grin ; " these fellows make shorter work with their neighbour's stomachs."

" Short work with the stomach ! is that a matter to joke upon, you rascal ? Why, it would take four mouths to fill such a stomach as mine, after so long a fast, in less than an hour, eat as fast as one could with them all. Ah ! I had better have remained in Catania till to-morrow."

" Aye, and next day too," grumbled the guide to himself, " if you are any other than what I took you for." Such was a part of their conversation

As up the steep of Etna's shaggy side,
They wound their toilsome march in slow array.

On they went, now plunging down a path of scarce a foot's breadth into a dark and dangerous ravine, now rounding some abrupt hill to escape its almost perpendicular ascent, or cautiously creeping over some ancient bed of rugged sciara, till at length, right in front, veiling from their view the setting sun, the vast convent of the Benedictines reared its gloomy, and in part dismantled, walls, on a neighbouring eminence. Its melancholy and sombre aspect struck a chill to the heart of the traveller, yet he could not help congratulating himself on finally arriving safe with his property, through so wild a country, at a place of perfect security ; notwithstanding the fears engendered by the lettighiere as to the cheer he was likely to meet with on the frugal board of these self-denying brethren.

The muleteer dismounting, applied a tremulous hand to the heavy iron chain which hung beside the gate or door of the outer wall of the convent : the rusty links for a long time refused their office, and it was not until he applied his whole weight, that the ponderous clapper began to move ; sounding rather like a tocsin, or the great bell of St. Paul's, or Tom of Lincoln, than a modest convent tintinabulum. Every stroke awoke a thousand echoes, which died gradually away among the black forests, the precipitous valleys, and the rocky defiles, rolling like distant thunder.

" A loud bell !" said the traveller ; " but the porter must be either asleep or drunk, for the door does not open. Give him another chime, friend," he added to the hesitating mule driver, who obeyed his command somewhat unwillingly. " Rather strange ; sure the whole bro-

therhood are not out." Just then, as he happened to look upwards at the wall which hid the interior fabric from view, at a loophole over the door, an uncouth looking visage caught his eye, the owner of which seemed to be carefully reconnoitering the party at the gate. In his hand, projecting about eighteen inches from the aperture, he held a long instrument, which perhaps was only the butt of a crucifix, though the German thought it marvellously more like the barrel of a blunderbuss: nothing alarmed, however, conceiving that these were only prudent and necessary precautions in so wild a country, he began with, "Good evening, friend—the convent porter, I presume: pray open the gate."

"Not so fast, I must know who you are first."

"Very particular," thought the other. "Count R——, at your service; I have letters for your respectable head."

"The devil you have! How many of you are there?"

"Don't you see? myself and the muleteer. We'll get the luggage off whilst you open the gate."

"Don't be in such a hurry. Have you much baggage? and of what sort?"

"How curious he is," thought the count. "Little enough; it won't much incommode you."

"O as to that, the more the better. We sha'n't quarrel, I dare say, on the score of there being too much."

"A rough hand, but civil enough in his way," observed the stranger to his guide, as the other left the loophole; and having mounted on the wall, duly observed the approaches to the convent on all sides, then leisurely descended to the gate, which soon creaked on its huge hinges, and at length admitted the traveller and his baggage into the holy inclosure. The count found the porter, though a ferocious looking personage, willing enough to oblige by taking the trunks on his brawny shoulders. He requested to be conducted immediately to their worthy prior.

"Our what?" asked the porter.

"Your respectable superior; I have letters for him," said the German, pulling out his pocket-book.

"Ha! I understand, our cap——, that is, our superior, as you call him."

"Here they are, directed, you see, to the very reverend the prior of the Benedictines Convent of San Nicolao."

"All right," rejoined the other, stifling a laugh; "but the prior and the rest of the fraternity sallied out some time since on their cruising expedition—excursion I would say; but the bell will have already given notice of your arrival, and some of them will, I dare say, be back in time for vespers and supper. But this fellow," pointing to the muleteer, "you will have no further occasion for; it will be midnight before he gets back to Catania. As for your own return, our prior will, I promise you, take care of that."

Our traveller accordingly paid and dismissed the lettighiere, who singing as loud as he could, and kicking his mules in time with the tune, soon brought them into a round trot, and was out of sight in a minute, without looking once behind at his late employer and his

companion. The count now followed his guide into the convent. The dreary, unfurnished look of the interior, corresponding so ill with what he had heard of the wealth and comfort of the famous Benedictine convent, made him imagine that his ill stars had really brought him to a domicile of Trappists, and he could not avoid commenting on the self-mortifying style of their residence. The other told him, "that the surrounding country was infested by bands of audacious robbers, who were so lost to all sense of religion, that they did not scruple to attack the convent itself when they suspected that there was any booty to be obtained: in fact, only six months before, the holy precinct had been violated and plundered by these unconscientious rogues, who carried off every thing of value they could lay their hands on, scarcely leaving them a crucifix to say their prayers before, which would account (he said) for the naked state of the apartments, as the goods lost on the occasion had not been replaced, nor indeed did he believe they ever would; but the brethren," he added, "were now always on their guard, taking care to keep themselves well armed: for the same reason, he would find that the brothers did not usually dress themselves in the religious habit, which they reserved for days of ceremony, but commonly at other times went equipped as he himself then was, who was only a humble lay brother. The gentleman," he continued, "perhaps knew that the ordinary residence of the fraternity was near Catania, that they who inhabited this convent did so principally for the convenience it afforded them in collecting their rents, which were very considerable." The count, who was a Protestant, and ignorant of the rules and customs of the monastic orders, readily believed all the other pleased to tell him.

The porter, guiding the count through an exposed and ruinous corridor, conducted him to a small cell, in which there was a bed, a table, a couple of chairs, a washing stand and basin. "Here," said the friar, "you may repose yourself until our good father's return, when more suitable lodgings will be provided you; in the mean time, look over your baggage, and see that not an article be missing; as our prior, who is very particular on these occasions, will, for better security, require an account of all you have, for which he will himself be answerable, and would be highly indignant if, on inspection, the smallest item should not be forthcoming."

"Honest people!" said the traveller to himself, as the other retired, with the cheering information that he only waited the prior's return to put their evening repast on their frugal board. "Honest people! how fortunate I am to have got my property safe at last into such conscientious hands. Yet my friend, the baron, must have been playing on my credulity when he talked so much of your luxury and comfort; if your board does not turn out something better than your lodging, I am not likely to trespass long on your hospitality." Having finished his toilette, he sat expecting the holy father's return with impatience, not a little heightened by the cravings of appetite.

In a few minutes the lay brother returned, conducting an individual of a rather prepossessing aspect and genteel manners, about forty-five years of age, whom he with much respect introduced as his reverence

the prior. With many apologies for receiving the stranger, *en dishabille*, the good father took the letter, read it with much satisfaction and pleasure to the end, and then bade the count heartily welcome to the convent and brethren of San Nicolao, testifying his concern that he had not found him at their other residence, where he could have received him in a style more befitting his rank and merit: he was, however, delighted at the condescension and kindness of the count in having come so far for the purpose of finding him. He would endeavour to treat him as well as circumstances permitted in these rude wilds, where he at present resided for the sake of his health, the air of Catania being by no means considered safe for him. The mountain district afforded but few delicacies, and their chief cook always remained below; but he would take care of his guest's return to Catania, and would furnish him with a letter to the sub-prior, who, he was sure, would pay every attention to his person and baggage. He perceived, by-the-by, from his valued friend the baron's letter, that the count was desirous of depositing his ready cash in his hands; he would take charge of it, he assured him, with infinite pleasure, and the count might rely on its being perfectly safe in the strong-box of the brotherhood, notwithstanding the solitary situation of the convent.

The count hoped, in return, that he was not occasioning the worthy prior too much trouble for a sum so inconsiderable. The other, with extreme politeness, entreated him to make himself easy on that head, declaring that he would willingly take it, were it ten times as much.

"How complaisant!" said the count internally, highly gratified at this friendly assurance.

The usual compliments being over, the prior requested his new acquaintance to accompany him to the refectory, where he found an ample repast smoking on the hospitable board. A huge wooden crucifix, fixed to the wall at the upper extremity of the apartment, from its wormeaten condition, and the venerable tapestry of ancient cobwebs which hung around it in fanciful festoons, seeming, since its last dusting, to have seen more than one generation of friars take in their daily quantum of roast and boiled, would, if he had haply entertained any suspicion, have alone been sufficient to have completed our honest German's conviction. At the table were seated eight decent, well-behaved individuals. An oath or two, it must be owned, certainly slipped out every now and then, as if by accident; but the still unsuspecting traveller observed that the offending lips were, no doubt, for the purpose of purification, immediately applied with much devotion to the huge flaggons of excellent wine which were rapidly passed from mouth to mouth. The dinner, if not boasting all the delicacies to be found in the lower convent, was to the unspeakable consolation and satisfaction of the hungry German, by no means of the Trappist order, consisting of fowls, game, and roasted kid in abundance, with due proportion of dried fruit, good cheese, olives, sausages, and other helps. The count, half famished by his long fast, and naturally of very respectable despatch, both with knife and glass, ate long and drank often. He was in raptures with his hosts, they were good fellows after his own heart; with joy he saw their often replenished

plates, and appetites so like his own. There was no waste of precious moments in insipid conversation, no ill-timed compliments; the brethren seemed as silent as the dreaded Trappists themselves; for it was near an hour before they managed to get out a few words, and those "slow, and far between" their mouthfuls; but when at length, and long, long it was first, as the poet should have expressed it—

"The noble rage of hunger was repress,"

reserve was thrown aside; the brothers became as noisy as they before had been silent; droll stories were told. The wonderful exploits of the neighbouring banditti were listened to with much applause. One of the fraternity, rather forgetful of his sacred character, roundly swore that they were not half so bad as they were represented, as the count himself would own before he returned to Catania; for he offered to lay an even bet that he would be robbed before he got there. Full of the generous juice, the German laughed at their tales, and in fancied security said, out of bravado, "that the robbers were welcome to all they could get from him."

"Have a care!" cried another, "there are often spies in the convent, and you are likely to be taken at your word."

"What!" asked the German in an altered tone, "are there many near at present?"

"So many and so near," exclaimed a third, "that it is a miracle how you got here with a whole throat."

The wine, it seems, had screwed the traveller's courage to the sticking place, for there it stuck, sure enough; not the jolly god himself could raise it a peg higher after this suspicious intelligence. The good prior then expressed a hope that the count had not suffered the rascal of a muleteer to suspect that he had money with him; he was acquainted with the man, and believed him an accomplice with these gentry. A fourth, winking at his neighbour, added, "that the last guest who had come to the convent under circumstances strangely similar, had been robbed and murdered by some miscreants, who introduced themselves through his chamber window during the night." The German, whose cheeks had a few minutes before been red as the wine which sparkled on the table, became instantly white as the pellucid stream, which, however, it might sparkle in their cistern, was never permitted to do so on the board of these hospitable fathers. How long the good monks might have continued their jests on their guest's equanimity, is uncertain, had not the prior here interposed with an air of authority, saying, "that the last-mentioned accident had taken place in the winter, when the convent was in charge of a single lay brother, left there for the purpose of receiving travellers; but the count need not now be under any apprehension, as not only were the brothers now always on their guard, but he was under his own particular charge; and when that was the case, such was the respect entertained for his sacred character, even by these disorderly people, that he should be as likely to rob him himself, as any one else." This the traveller readily admitted was an impossibility, and somewhat re-assured, endeavoured by long and deep potations to

rescrew his courage, which had latterly fallen considerably below its former sticking place. Whether he succeeded or not, was what he himself was unable to tell, for what became of his kind hosts, soon after, he never knew, nor of himself, till morning.

He slept, he supposed, long and soundly; for when he at length awoke, it was the glorious luminary of day which roused him, by darting its penetrating rays under his heavy lids. When, after much blinking and winking, he contrived to catch a glimpse of the objects around him, he could almost have sworn that he was still asleep, for convent, prior, monks, had all vanished, as if by enchantment; and he found himself, not in a refectory, nor in a cell, nor in a bed, nor on a chair, nor, as haply might have befallen, under a table; but stretched at full length on mother earth, with the sun-brown turf for a mattress, his valued portmanteau for a pillow, and, for curtains, the wide empyrean canopy illumined by the morning sun, which, for nearly two hours, had been staring him in the face. As soon as he suspected that he was unfortunately really awake, the fatal truth flashed like lightning on his bewildered brain: the unwillingness of the muleteer, the two convents, the equipment of the monks, their hints after supper, were now, alas! all too clear. With a heavy heart he turned to examine his baggage, overlooking the articles, and placing them one by one on the ground beside him; there they were, his shirts, his stockings, his waistcoats, his neckcloths, his handkerchiefs, his combs, his bran new inexpressibles, his shaving apparatus, his pipe, his tobacco, his snuff, his lavender water, his eau de Cologne, his papers, his pocketbook, his memoranda, his notes, his notices, his sketches, his letters of introduction, with the exception of that consigned on the preceding evening into the hands of his reverend host, the prior, in lieu of which there was the promised note for the sub-prior. There lay all his property in *statu quo*. Nothing had been touched or taken, nothing was wanting—nothing, good reader; for as to his money, he had himself brought it up for the sole purpose of depositing it with the prior, and that obliging person had, as he had engaged, punctually taken charge of it, as appeared from the following receipt neatly folded and scrupulously left in the very corner before occupied by the cash.

“ *San Nicolao, October 16, 1805.*

“ Received this night from his Excellency Count R——, of Presburg, in deposit, the sum of three thousand six hundred and forty-four ducats; engaging hereby to give due account of same to all concerned.

“ THE PRIOR OF SAN NICOLAO.”

Whether the count was considered by his kind host as one of the parties concerned is not exactly known: it does not, however, appear that he ever withdrew the deposit from the hands of the good father, as that pious person, when afterwards questioned on the subject, never hinted his having done so; though so careful had he been to provide for the present occasions of his guest, that he had with much consideration left him a rouleau of sixty ducats in gold, for that purpose, in his portmanteau.

Having vented the quantum of curses and imprecations usual in similar cases, repacked his baggage, and provided himself with mules from the first countrymen who happened to pass, the count, who might now well be styled the knight of the doleful countenance, took his way back to Catania. Presenting himself next day at the right convent, and to the right prior, it is needless to say that he was hospitably received. Though sufficiently chagrined at the loss he had sustained, yet, as it had not been so considerable as to ruin him entirely, his indignation against the pseudo-brotherhood was somewhat abated, when he recollected that, although they had made him pay handsomely, they had treated him well, and let him off with a whole skin to boot. He related his own story, and joined, as sincerely as he could, in the laugh to which his strange adventure gave rise in the circles of Catania. Had he remained in Sicily a little longer, he might have had a second interview with his worthy hosts, though not quite in such pleasant circumstances for them; for only a few weeks after his departure, their discomfiture and capture took place at Mascaluccia, as before related.

HOMeward BOUND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

LAND! is proclaim'd—'tis a joyous sound,
Yon gallant vessel is Homeward Bound;
See on the deck, gay numbers pour,
Seeking a glimpse of their native shore,
They think on the friends of changeless truth,
And the peaceful homes of their early youth,
Smiles of enjoyment are beaming round,
O! light are the hearts of the Homeward Bound.

Look at yon group of gentle girls;
The sea-breeze plays with their golden curls,
Their blue eyes glance o'er the billowy foam,
As they gaily carol the songs of home;
How the mother who nurs'd them on her knee,
Will triumph their finish'd forms to see!
Though distant lands have their graces crown'd,
Their hearts have ever been Homeward Bound.

Yon thoughtful youth left his native clime,
Stain'd with the withering touch of crime,
But contrition has worked his soul within,
And loosen'd the glittering bonds of sin;
He has mourn'd for his first and last offence,
In fasting, in tears, in penitence,
And the friends who once on his wanderings frown'd,
Have pardon in store for the Homeward Bound.

That blooming maiden her land forsook,
Pale as a drooping lily in look,
She left not her home for dazzling wealth,
She sought for the smiling stranger—Health :
Now her cheek is glowing with rose-bud dyes,
And sunshine laughs in her hazel eyes,
Her lover dwells upon British ground,
How will he welcome the Homeward Bound !

Near her, two prattling children stand,
Telling gay tales of their own fair land,
Of the winter fire, and the fall of snow,
And the hedge where the scarlet berries grow,
And the banks where the purple violets fling
Their lavish stores in the lap of Spring ;
O ! dear is each early sight and sound
To the thoughts of the youthful Homeward Bound.

Blest are they all in the vessel's speed,
And to outward changes they give not heed ;
Bright sunbeams flash on the emerald deep,
The sea-birds skim, and the fishes leap ;
Now the dancing clouds begin to lower,
And break in a sudden and plashing shower,
But little they reck of the scene around,
Their minds and their feelings are Homeward Bound.

O ! should not the thought before us come,
That like them we sail to a distant home ?
May not that bright and beauteous shore,
The loved and lost to our arms restore ?
And though perchance we may feel inclin'd
To weep for the friends we leave behind,
Soon shall their steps in our track be found,
For their course, like ours, is Homeward Bound.

And should we have stray'd like the wandering youth,
From the ways of safety, the paths of truth,
O ! in repentance, in faith, and prayer,
Let us flee from the specious shoal and snare ;
In the Book of Life let us humbly trace
The blessed tidings of saving grace,
Our hopes on that Rock of Ages found,
Nor tremble to think we are Homeward Bound.

Still may our minds the theme pursue,
Through the glass of faith may we ever view .
The glorious strand of life's troubled sea,
The boundless shore of Eternity :
May we calmly gaze upon sunny skies,
And should loud tempests around us rise,
May the soothing thought in our hearts be found,
That our vessel is ever Homeward Bound.

FREYA THE FEARLESS.

THE BLACK BUCCANEER OF BARBADOES.

DURING the years 1810 and 1811, I possessed a tolerably good berth on board the "Fire Fly," a new schooner, mounting twelve guns, eight nines, and four six-pounders. She was a remarkably fine vessel, sharp in the bows, a splendid sailer, and of the most exquisite mould that I think I have ever seen. Her run from stem to stern was in such perfect good taste, and there was such a proportionate, yet almost imperceptible rise in her quarter-deck and forecastle, which added to the elegant and symmetrical form of her hull, the delicate tapering of her upper spars, the tautness and exactitude of her standing and running rigging, and the neatness of her general trim, excited an astonishing degree of pleasure and admiration in the eyes of every real sailor that looked upon her. Our station during these two years was the West Indies.

We sailed from Kingston on the 17th of October 1810, and stood away to the south-eastward, with a bright azure sky and a smooth sea. Our cruise was to be one of six months, between eight and thirty-four degrees of N. latitude, and forty and seventy of W. longitude, and we were amply provided with every thing that might be necessary. Our craft had been newly coppered, and, with fresh paint and bunting flying, we made a most gallant appearance in going out of the harbour.

About this time, a pirate, unusually fortunate and audacious, had chosen to make the West Indian seas the scene of his depredations. A great many heavily laden ships of all nations, and from all parts of the world, fell into his hands. The crews were generally treated in the most barbarous manner; often their lives were sacrificed, or they were subjected to the most cruel tortures.

This rascal was known throughout the islands by the name of the "Black Buccaneer of Barbadoes;" that fanciful piece of alliteration having been assigned to him, first, because he was born in that island, and next, because his distinguishing colours were sable. His mode of proceeding was this: under the flag of some friendly nation, he used to decoy every vessel that he thought he could master into his power, then, when they were alongside of him, down went his assumed ensign, and up went his own black bunting. The conflict was seldom of long duration: of boarding he was very fond, and at it, very expert. A thousand varying statements were made of his vessel and force. By some, the former was described as a large schooner, carrying eighteen guns; by others, as a powerful brig of twenty; and again, as a small frigate of four-and-twenty. His crew was computed at between two and three hundred, and some even went so far as to make it amount to a much larger number. However, all agreed in maintaining that he was a most bloody and truculent fellow, and that his vessel was one of the fastest sailers known. Many insisted that no man would be suffered to infest the ocean with such daring impunity, and to defy the power of the law with such barefaced effrontery, unless protected by some evil spell. Some even rumoured that he had disposed of his soul to the Evil One, in consideration of his protection, or hinted that he was the very devil himself, in *propria persona*. His *nom de guerre*, of "*Freya the Fearless*," added to the general terror; and the fact strongly asserted to, by-the-way, that

one day he was seen twenty leagues to the eastward of the Bermudas, in a heavy squall, with his main-topmast down, and in a most perilous condition, and the same evening running between Guadaloupe and Dominica, corroborated the reports of that mystical character which had so readily been assigned to him.

I was told, when in Jamaica, by a person who knew him well, that he was a Spanish Creole, of gigantic stature and fierce aspect; that his crew was composed of refugees, and vile characters, of all nations; men, whose crimes or violent dispositions had exiled them from their several countries, to the amount of one hundred and ninety, or two hundred, and that knowing, were they caught, gibbets and ropes would be their only greeting on reaching the shore, they were fierce and desperate to the last degree. The accounts of the pirate's force, as I observed before, were so vague and contradictory, that no reliance could be placed on them. We went off, notwithstanding, with no small expectation of coming up with, taking, and bringing him into port.

After two days' sail, with a smart breeze at N.N.W., before which we made good way, the wind chopped round to the east, and after much fluctuation settled in the N.E. by E. Towards the evening of the 20th a dense bank of rainy, blue clouds, rose majestically to the windward, picturing that quarter of the ocean of an inky hue, and marking out the horizon with its white spray with great distinctness. The breeze began to flag and grow capricious, and seemed inclined to blow up into a gale, so our top-gallant clew-lines were manned, and the royal yards sent down on deck.

The night was as dark as pitch. The wind had gone down, and left us with heaps of heavy vapour right over head. The moon was struggling hard among groups of ragged clouds and cold grey mists, but every now and then a long and solitary pale beam would burst out, and light up a strip of sea in the distance, showing us the tumbling waves, gleaming and flashing like liquid silver, and then it would fade gradually away, and appear quite unexpectedly in another place. The dull glimmering of the sky, and the heavy, monotonous sound of the sea, dashing up against the bows and cutwater, had a lulling effect upon the senses of all on deck.

About ten o'clock, the look-out on our starboard-bow thought he saw something like a speck in the south-westward, and communicated his discovery to Peter Luff, the officer of the watch. While he was speaking, a man stationed in the fore-top sung out, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Right on our lee bow, sir," returned the man.

"What kind of craft is she?"

"I can't distinguish, sir. While you were speaking, a heap of mists drove smack before her."

Of course, we were all bustle immediately. Just as I jumped hastily on deck, a misty moonbeam glanced out from a silvery break, in one of the clouds to leeward, about two cables' length ahead of the "Fire Fly," and glided along the heaving expanse of water right in the stranger's direction. We looked out with impatience as it sailed along, till at last it settled upon him, and lighting up the sea in its immediate neighbourhood, a white sail was distinctly to be seen, in the quarter where it had been first discovered.

The officers began to collect in a close group on the quarter deck, scanning the object of our curiosity, some with glasses, and the remainder with their unaided eyes.

"Tack," said our skipper, in an under tone, and we tacked accordingly; and as we brought the ship's head up to meet the wind, the water rushing up to, and flashing beneath our bows, flung at intervals, with

a sudden splash upwards, a shower of fairy moonlit gems. The stranger was not long before he caught a glimpse of us, and tacked likewise, standing partly in our direction, for his course, when first seen, was S.W. inclining S. As he came bowling along, we could discern, by a little help from the partial moonlight, and a great deal from our glasses, that the vessel was a large brig, under courses, jib and top-sails, the latter single reefed.

"Starboard!" said our captain, as soon as he was enabled to make out these particulars.

"Starboard, 'tis sir," returned our man at the wheel.

"Now keep her steady for a little while. Boatswain's-mate, pipe to quarters."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

We soon came up within hailing distance. The brig had got across our bows, and he was now pulling away at his lee-braces, and shortening sail. I was trying through the night-glass to make out her bunting. I counted nine ports in her broadside, and after a great deal of difficulty perceived the scarlet stripes and white stars of the United States. Meanwhile, he had backed his main-topsail, and we hailed her.

"Ho! the brig, ahoy—a!"

"Hillo!" came faintly through the gloom.

"What vessel is that?"

"The American gun-brig, 'Snarler,' from Boston."

"Very well! Where are you bound to?"

"Rio Janeiro!"

"All very good," said our skipper, in an under tone, taking the trumpet from his mouth, after he had desired them to send a boat on board us. "You put a good face on it—but for all that, I'm thinking you're little better than you should be. What do you think, my lad, (to me,) of the account that he has given of himself?"

"I'm much of your opinion," said I; "those are not the colours the fellow intends to fight under, depend upon it!"

"Ten to one you're right. You at the helm there, luff! luff up! luff, sir! Mr. Brace, (our lieutenant,) cast loose the guns."

We waited a long time, but nothing seemed to stir on board the brig. We hailed her a second time, but got no answer; all was as still as the grave. "This is our man, depend on it," said Captain Taffril; "prepare yourselves, for we shall have a tough bout of it. Take my word for it, she's not so quiet for nothing. There's a squall brewing, or I'm a Dutchman; and at all events, it is better that we should be prepared for the worst."

The brig came slowly and majestically onwards, as if it had contained not a single living soul. All was quiet as death; she looked like a huge grim giant, marching sullenly over the seas to battle; not a voice or an order to be heard, not even the creaking of a block; even the billows seemed to have given up, for a time, their nature, and in place of their usual wild dash, only gave forth something like a low, sullen growl, as they washed heavily up against her bows and sides. Up she came, nearer and nearer, until the lazy folds of the ensign at her gaff could be seen to slowly expand their gorgeous assembly of stars and stripes, with a fierce and dignified undulating movement.

"The rogue thinks to wear across our bows, I suppose," said Taffril, "but he shall find himself deucedly mistaken. Starboard your helm—starboard! Mr. Brace, attend forward; and you, larboard guns, keep yourselves brisk and ready."

"Before we had shortened sail the brig opened her fire, and sent her larboard broadside, rattling and cutting along, right for our head and bows. Crash came the shot, and I could hear the grinding of the splin-

ters, as they were shaved up from the decks, and off from the bulwarks, with a fearful distinctness. Groans, smoke, fire, stamping, and uproar followed, and in the middle of the bustle, I jumped to our men at the guns, and strove hard by a vigorous exertion of voice and action, to excite them to pay the rascals well, in return for what they had given us.

We had both bore up with the wind nearly on our quarter; we now ported the helm, and rounded to, pouring in our larboard broadside upon his quarter. I could see that we had done a good deal of mischief, as noise and execrations rose from all parts of her decks. Smothering clouds of smoke began to ascend into the murky air, and curl about our rigging, while the flashing light of the artillery, momentarily illuminating both ships with a fierce red light, pictured the open port holes and the bristling guns with a beautiful exactitude; marking out the masts, yards, and every simple cord, as vividly as if a body of phosphoric air had traced them out in fire, and shadowing the upraised ports, channels, and cabin-windows. Down came the ensign of America to the deck in a trice, and a large sable flag was hoisted up in its stead. Up it rose to the extremity of the gaff, and like a funeral pall expanded lazily in the breeze. The pirate vessel had brought to the wind again; we ranged up under her lee, all our guns primed, loaded, and pointed, and the men eager, as so many hungry wolves, to let fly at their antagonist.

"Now, steady my boys," said our captain, "this is no ordinary rascal that we are dealing with. Mr. Brace, call away the boarders, send them up on the forecastle, and bid them creep low down behind the starboard bulwark. That's right, my fine fellows, take your weapons, and be off with ye forward. No noise now! no rushing! keep yourselves cool and steady. When the word is given, start up all together, and then board them in the smoke. Mind, through the larboard fore-chains. Helm a-port! port, my man! That's it! steady! you at the starboard side there, look to your guns!—Attention!—Fire! Pepper the d—d thieves well! Old England and the British navy for ever! Hurrah, lads! hurrah!"

Our broadside was poured in upon the brig with hearty cheers, and was almost instantly answered. The shot came thumping through our weather side, and went crashing along the decks. Showers of musket-balls flew whistling about me, and the bullets from the heavy guns jumped bouncing away, in all directions, now striking the gun carriages, bulwarks, and bits, and covering us with shoals of white splinters, and then mowing down, with fearful rapidity, the poor fellows who were firing away with unabated ardour. Good God! I feel sick at the mere recollection.

While I was intently engaged in seeing what was going on on deck, I heard something split with a sudden sharp noise, as if a piece of wood had been snapped short in two. I looked instinctively aloft, and had the mortification of seeing our foretop-mast shot right through, and come whirring down with the velocity of lightning; the shrouds and stays cracked and parted like lighted tow, and our men on the forecastle were sent capering about to escape the falling of the wreck, and the lashing of the flying cordage. All was smoke, fire, and confusion. Drifts of hot sulphurous vapour gathered in thick wreaths, and made my eyes smart and ache, in a most painful way. The pirate, during all this time, looked like nothing but a huge, grey, undefinable mass, all her rigging and spars waving and darkening, as the grey drifts of dense smoke faded and shifted about, and her gloomy hull, like some unwieldy monster of the deep, at short intervals vomiting forth sheets of red flame, which gleamed with such a lurid light, as a lamp might be supposed to throw forth, if placed in the midst of a cloud of fog. Just at this unfortunate

moment, our steersman, who, I suppose, was as much blinded and confounded as I was, happened to let go the helm, and in consequence of having good way we broached to and came alongside of the pirate. During the confusion that reigned on board us from the wreck of the fore-top-mast, the rogue poured in about fifty men upon our fore-castle, and they began cutting and hacking about at our rigging, like so many devils. In the light emitted by our artillery, they looked like a company of fiends, let loose, red-hot from hell, for mischief. We turned upon them directly, and the hoarse cry, "We're boarded on the bow," soon brought all our boarders on the fore-castle. It was a desperate combat; I even shudder now when I think of it, although it is nearly three-and-twenty years ago that these events occurred. Steel clinking and glancing in all directions, like so many lightning flashes, blood streaming, pistols and muskets popping, and bayonets and boarding pikes clashing with an unremitting rapidity—groans, shrieks, and horrid imprecations, were mingled on every side. At last we contrived to get them overboard, after killing and wounding about one half, and losing a great many men on our own side. Poor Peter Duff was among the hurt; he received a deep sabre cut over his right shoulder, and a horrid gash along his cheek. It was fortunate that the vessels separated.

The litter and wreck about our forward guns were partially cleared away, and we set to work with them with renewed energy and perseverance. As yet, the brig was untouched in every particular, as if she had been protected by some mighty spell of saving power. She filled her topsail, and began leisurely to fetch away, in order to put herself across our bows. I thought the game was up, and that the proud old British union would be shortly obliged to sweep the deck, as the carnage of our men was excessive; four out of the six guns, on our larboard side, were rendered quite useless, on account of the falling of the masts, and we had no means of extricating ourselves from our disagreeable position. Luckily, however, a good shot flew smack through his fore-mast, a little below the fishes. A shout burst out from our lips as the tall pine, like a lanky giant, came tumbling down, and went flashing over into the sea, splashing up the water in silver jets, and feathering it into a cascade.

We worked away meantime with all our might. The shot, I could see, was telling fearfully, and drilling great holes in his sides. His fire slackened a little, a cloud of smoke began to rise ominously from his main hatchway, it grew denser and denser. By-and-by we had the pleasure of seeing long streaks of yellow flame leap up, and hearing the splash, splash, splash of buckets of water. We worked hard still, and peppered her without intermission. Confusion and dismay seemed to prevail on board, gruff voices were issuing rapid orders, and the crew were plainly to be seen flying about from deck to deck, as if they were bewitched. A long pillar of scarlet fire now flew brilliantly upwards, it spread joyously to the right and left, and waved and flickered about, licking like a fiery serpent, and crawling up the rigging and sails, which were soon in a blaze. The roaring and humming of the fire in her hold began to redouble, and red strips to look out at the ports. The guns one after the other became heated, and went banging off, and clouds of lurid smoke, pile above pile, rose majestically far, far up into the illuminated firmament. The sea, the skies, the tumbling billows, the clouded moon, our shattered vessel, and its tattered rigging, our bloody decks, and even our very faces, were wrapt in one uniform and brilliant scarlet light. The brig meanwhile glowed like a red-hot coal in a fiery furnace. Her bristling guns, her chains, her raised ports, her stays, her wales, her anchors, and all her furniture were etched out so vividly, that to an excited imagination they seemed as if all had been bathed deeply in a flood

of ruby light, while her sable ensign fluttered high in the smothering air, like the angel of death rejoicing over his sinking victims.

Her last hour rapidly approached. Our shot had sent in some of their planks, and the hissing waters were gaining hard upon her. Down!—down!—down she went, stern foremost, the scarlet waves, gurgling, and tumbling about her, and the cries of her ill-fated crew ringing through the still midnight air. The flames gave a loud hiss, as they touched the water, and were suddenly extinguished, her masts still kept burning, flaring, and fizzing, like a couple of blazing sticks, but sunk gradually, lower and lower. At last she gave a sickening lurch, the flashing water boiled and curled about like a whirlpool, and a deep expiring groan, emitted from the very bosom of the ocean, told that chief, crew, and vessel had gone to eternity.

BILL ROGERS,
Late of His Majesty's Ship "Fire-Fly."

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE," &c.

THE eastern breezes waft no more
The hum of thousands from the shore ;
Now tower and town, and woody steep,
Have vanished in the swallowing deep,
Like hopes and joys that once could bless,
Sink in thy gulf, Forgetfulness !
Around us rolls th' eternal main,
One heaving, living, boundless plain ;
Heaven's azure joins the azure sea,
Each side 'tis dread infinity :
The soul in gazing seems to shrink,
As poiz'd on danger's desperate brink ;
Yet, 'tis not dread, but wonder fraught
With awe that prompts sublimest thought ;
How vain man's works, his pride and power,
Seem to the soul this humbling hour !
Here, his grand navies' vast array,
Let winds but sweep, dissolve like spray ;
Here crowns by kings are vainly worn,
The billows laugh their might to scorn ;
Absorb'd and lost, we sigh o'er man,
Frailty his dower, his sphere a span ;
Mind only, godlike Mind, outweighs
All that the grosser sense surveys,
Sounds ocean's depths, and chainless flies
Far as the circling waves and skies.

THE BALLOT.

REFORM was wrestled for, and the struggle, without a figure of speech, was one of years. It was extorted, and though gained, not granted. In this single fact lies a multiplicity of mischief. The few placed themselves in opposition to the many, and, though they were forced to succumb, yet after the victory was decided, all the heat and the rancour of the battle remain, and even the victorious party are dissatisfied, because the agitation of the protracted conflict has opened fresh views, offered stronger temptations, and perhaps taught us greater reliance upon federated strength, and upon banded energies. A gift is received with gratitude, and, in general, implies authority in the bestowing, and secures submission from the receiving party. Whatever were the previous relative situations of those concerned, a contention at once levels to an equality, and the result but too often reverses the position of those who have been so rash or so ill-advised as to provoke it. This reasoning, which every one must acknowledge to be just, and which was so palpably demonstrated on the question of the Reform Bill, applies with an increased force to that of the Ballot. The people now solicit it—let us not wait the gathering of their strength when they will demand it, or the development of those signs which show that they are ready to contend for it; let them not receive it as a conquest of physical force, but as a right yielded to them through a sense of moral justice. It shall be our attempt in this paper to show that,

1stly. The Ballot should be granted because it is just.

2ndly. Because it is expedient.

And, lastly, because it is highly impolitic to refuse what is just to the present demand, when it is morally certain that the right will be taken, perhaps in an unconstitutional manner, at some not very future period.

The first division of our subject will, we think, be the most easy to prove. The lapsed ages of depravity that have entailed upon us so many social evils and moral anomalies, make it too often clear, that, for the good of all, what is abstractedly just is not always practically expedient. But it belongs to the science of morality to instruct legislators, so that, in the end, they may bring about the perfection of society, in making, in every regulation for its government, the expedient to be strictly the just. Let us not, therefore, in order to prevent confusion, mix the two subjects. At present we will confine ourselves to say, that to grant the Ballot, or the *option* of the Ballot, is no more than an act of justice.

When the Reform Bill was passed, at the almost unanimous call of a mighty, of an intelligent, and of a suffering empire, it was fully understood by all parties, that the measure was one that would infuse into the government a greater share of the democratical principle. The active, the informed, and the producers of wealth felt in a thousand instances that came home to their hearths, and to their bosoms, that they had too little controul over the wealth that they created,

and saw too little responsibility in the powers by which they were ruled. They demanded a more efficient voice in the management of their own affairs. Call the alteration what you will,—reform, revolution, change, or renovation, the name signifies but little,—they wished a greater influence, a more commanding position, a more unquestionable security—and, if even universal suffrage were yielded, and it did not give them these, they did not receive what they demanded, on the one hand, nor what was promised them on the other. A beneficial privilege is tendered to the people; but as the law now stands, they dare not, in so many cases, use it beneficially, that they find that they have only removed the glories and the advantages of power from one party above them to another, and none of those burdens that pressed most onerously upon their own shoulders. They find that the promise has been kept to the ear only, and that injustice has been indirectly done. It has been often and truly said, that mental tortures exceed in durability and intensity any physical pains that can be applied. In the latter case, the very excess produces relief, but the powers of the endurance of the mind are equal only to its susceptibility. To this moral torture, the extending of the power of voting to a poor man without guaranteeing him from injury for the conscientious execution of a duty—hundreds, nay, thousands have been subjected. Local oppressions, the petty malice, and the triumphant vindictiveness of a remote and ignorant squirearchy now and then shock the public feelings, but the searching eye of the periodical press but seldom penetrates into those isolated parts where the oppressed dare not make themselves heard, and redress becomes as impossible as the injury is easily to be perpetrated. It ought to be a proud, a generous feeling—a feeling cultivated with a religious care, that any British subject, who, by his industry, his talents, or his connexions, has been enabled to raise a decent roof over his family, shall be no longer a mere cipher in the body politic, but have a virtual, and even a perceptible influence upon those who are to make, to amend, and to alter those laws that he will be proud to obey, and those institutions that, were the necessity to arise, he would defend, either against a foreign foe, or the more dangerous domestic rabble. But this advantage he can never enjoy, this proud feeling can never swell his bosom with triumph, so long as the very boon that he is supposed to enjoy, can be made a traitor to his own sense of self-respect, to his integrity, and to his worldly prosperity. A vote without the protection of the ballot, to a poor man, is making him worth oppressing, is just lifting him up into the unenviable distinction of deserving to be run down, and constituting what ought to elevate him, too often the source of his degradation. That all this, and more than this, has already taken place, is notorious; that it will happen again at every fresh election no one can doubt; and, that the honest man ought to be protected in the exercise of his integrity, even the bitterest Tory, or the most rancorous upholder of feudal prejudices, will not dare to deny. The base will always be venal, but were secret voting indispensable, that baseness would not bear so high a price in the market, for the very act would make the purchaser diffident of the seller, and the honest man would be wholly and completely protected.

The act of voting ought to be one purely reflective—neither prejudice, nor passion, and still less personal interest, ought to be mixed up with it; and, we are fully convinced, that even the vicious would often act justly: were they secured by the ballot they would do good by stealth, and make a sort of mental reservation—a balancing of accounts with conscience, by varnishing the vileness of the bribe with the uprightness of the vote, and thus endeavour in their minds to think themselves not altogether dishonest, by cheating a dishonest corruptor.

It is true that the ballot, where the depravity of the electors was inveterate, would only check, and not eradicate the evil of bribery; but still the check would be of service. We well know, that in a borough, the constituency of which amounted to only four or five hundred, the bribing candidate would say to a majority, "Bring me in, or no money," and, with that understanding, he would feel himself more secure than under the present system; for if he now loses, he has still to pay—but *he* only would be relieved—the anxiety, the suspense, the mistrust, and the heart-burnings among the base constituency, would be, as it ought, actually torturing. The corruption must be very general indeed to make success certain; and where so many are concerned in a conspiracy, the chances are wonderfully multiplied, that some will prove traitors, and thus hazard the disfranchisement of the whole. In every point of view in which we look at the question, we shall find that the operation of the ballot is the working of strict moral justice; and though it does not ensure perfection, it is a very considerable approach towards it.

Now let us consider the expediency of the ballot. By expediency, we mean giving that due weight and influence to wealth, station, and other qualifications that make men popular, in contradistinction to absolute moral worth. We are not yet prepared for an Utopian system of political economy. It would not be expedient to make the very best and cleverest man of the community the principal one in it, to the detriment of all those who, by the usage of the times, or by the prescriptions of antiquity, are now thrust before him. It would cause too great and too sudden a shock in the body politic, for long, very long, humble merit must be content to look into its own bosom for its reward, or to a region where alone the eye of a mighty and a holy impartiality shall select the right-hand places, and humble merit will, if it deserves the name, do all this, and do it contentedly. It is therefore expedient that wealth should have influence, and we confidently assert that the ballot will tend to secure, and not to weaken it. In the case of two rival candidates, the one of which was notoriously poor, the other notoriously wealthy, and the claims of each were otherwise nearly equal, who does not see that the wealthy man would carry off the majority of the suffrages? As yet, we may rest assured, that envy, jealousy, and low ambition, are passions equally, nay, we fear, some little more predominant than a mere abstract feeling of patriotism. Mr. Cornelius Cleaver, the butcher, will not vote for Mr. William Webb, the retired weaver, but for the wealthy squire of the neighbourhood, and that for reasons that he is ashamed to avow, and for the concealment of which, he is as much obliged to the ballot as the squire will be for his return. "Mr. Webb," the butcher reasons, "is

one of our own class, he is within our grasp—our circle,—why should we put one more above us?—it will not pull the squire down: now, I am as good as he; he is, perhaps, more clever than the squire, but then there are already too many speakers in the house;—no, no, let him stay as he is.” Now this would be, probably, the feeling of two-thirds of the voters of a country town, putting the spur of interest entirely out of the question. Our readers may believe us, that though the race of the Astrides may be extinct, the wish to be performers on the oyster-shell has not yet ceased to exist. At the risk of incurring the sneer that we are making use of a common place, we must beg leave to remind our friends, when the plebeian order of Rome, after a series of the most severe struggles, and the most disgraceful tumults, at length obtained the privilege of eligibility of election to the tribuneship, when they had secured this, they immediately and almost always afterwards elected a *patrician* to that office. No, no, the wealthy, the talented, the man dignified by rank or station, has nothing to fear from the operation of the ballot, unless he has, by his conduct, made wealth, rank, talent or station conspicuous only by disgracing them. When he has been thus infamously successful, with or without the ballot, the people will teach him that they can effect by combination what he cannot do by mere power; for a confederation not to deal with certain obnoxious voting tradesmen will always have more effect than the withdrawing of the custom of the most powerful aristocrat of the country; for let him do his best, he and his family cannot consume so much beef, bread, and groceries, as half, or the greater part, of an excited town. But without the ballot he could wreak his vengeance but on a devoted few, and thus make them expiate what, of course, he would consider as a crime in the offending many. These are but a few of the effects of giving the open vote to those unprotected by independence; or if they do seek protection when they find themselves aroused to a sense of danger, or goaded by insult, they will seek and obtain it in unions, and secret federations, that are the very ulcer of social order, and to cauterize which, an enlightened government should be eager to yield a much greater preventive than the ballot.

We believe that many, perhaps the majority of the Whigs, are not disinclined to concede to the cry of the country the principle of an undivulged suffrage. The stand made against this necessary concession principally proceeds from the Tories. They are in this committing their usual mistake, showing that obstinacy and blindness to their own interests that have lately marked all their political movements. The eyesore, the pain, and the discomfiture that they are daily enduring in beholding the successive disfranchisement of their last strong holds of bribery and corruption, would have been spared them, had the ballot existed. There could have been no pretence, had such been the case, for the proceedings against Warwick, Hertford, Liverpool, &c. &c. Tory power would still, in those and similar places, have been predominant, and the Tory party retarded, for a short time, in their fall to that utter degradation to which they are hastening with such suicidal perseverance. We are sorry for this; in all honesty we regret it; there is much of good, even high and chivalrous feeling among the faction, and we like to see a little show of

Toryism now and then rising to vindicate some gentlemanly, though aristocratic prejudice, now and then reminding us that we must not sacrifice every thing that is antique and noble to a hard-working and every-day notion of utility. Those Tory gentlemen that have shown such inveteracy against the ballot, should reflect that, by so doing, they are only banding the lower classes against themselves, and when they are thus injudiciously disciplined, they disqualify hundreds of their poorer friends from voting for them, for their open votes would make them so obnoxious to the very lowest classes, the great consumers of those things in which they deal, and their intimidation is much more effectual than the aristocratical threat; and, it may be very safely affirmed, that our shop-keepers, who constitute the great body of the ten-pound voters, are like the national guard of Paris, who have so long prevented anarchy and revolution,—their interest, their livelihood, their very existence depends upon good order and quiet. It is well known that any commotion even of the public *mind*, (not to mention popular commotions,) has the immediate effect of paralysing trade, and of checking the exertions of industry. Those then who are so numerous as to enable them, as voters, to secure the return of any member, will always elect one whose professed principles warrant the continuance of good order and constitutive security, and this has been too often proved. Even when under the excitement of the passing of the Reform Bill, the most radical, the out-and-outer candidates for the representation of the metropolitan boroughs were rejected, and so they would invariably be, if the elections were in future to be conducted in the secrecy of the ballot.

The ballot is expedient, because that class that call for it as a protection against themselves, as much as against those who might have the power to oppose them, are no longer either an unreflecting or an unenlightened body. They see how gentlemen manage their elections. Among them, we believe, when they have to give their opinions concerning *persons*, there is hardly an instance of open voting. The ten pound tenant naturally thinks that he has as much right to be protected in the enjoyment of that little property upon which his very existence depends, as the guardsman, or the man of fortune, from running the risk of being shot in a duel, for black-balling a swindling fashionable scoundrel. He, the humble voter, observes what security it gives, and, to use a favourite Tory expression, "how well it works." He knows his vote will be construed by his landlord who asks it, if refused, as a personal stricture upon his character, and will, most likely, be met by personal vengeance. Hodge understands nothing about political economy, he does not even strive to give an opinion upon the simplest question on which the member for whom he may vote will have to decide; but he does know, and knows correctly, the character of the candidate—how he manages his estate—what his servants think of him—how his equals estimate him. Among a rural population a fool, or a tyrant, or a knave, if he be elevated in station, is generally estimated with a precision of which people residing in thickly populated towns can have no idea. In this contingency, voting is completely a personal affair, a matter of character; and it is here that the ballot is most called for. We cannot understand the disease

that afflicts us, but we call in that physician who has earned for himself the greatest estimation. We cannot pronounce an opinion upon the matter, but we do upon the man. This liberty of doing the same ought to be secured to the rural and agricultural population, and secured to them as a benefit, and not as a danger, or a stumbling block. There are many more reasons with which we could swell out this paper, as to the expediency of secret voting, some of them so obvious, that it would appear almost idle to mention them, and many so recondite, that we have neither space nor time to elaborate them in argument. If a few overwhelming reasons are adduced, the mind becomes satisfied, perhaps more so than when every minor accessory is brought forward,—to do which, looks too much like special pleading, and though by it the argument may be strengthened, the general effect is too often weakened.

But the most important division of the subject is that which we have reserved the last for consideration,—that it is highly impolitic to refuse what is just to a present demand, when it is morally certain that the right will be taken, perhaps in an unconstitutional manner, at no very distant period. No one, we are sure, will dispute the soundness of this proposition, and but few, that we are soon likely to be precipitated into the dilemma which it involves. The Tories, by their perversity, have made this country, this once free and independent country, a land of unions, a land burthened and oppressed with a multiplicity of tyrannizing confederacies infinitely worse than the annoyances of any individual tyranny that ever existed. No single oppressor has yet been able to say to a multitude, with the means of subsistence within their reach, Starve—and has been obeyed; yet the unions have done all this, and much worse. The people were denied what was palpably their right; they formed political unions, felt their strength, and conquered. The triumph never will be forgotten, the lesson never unlearned. This spirit, force will be unable to crush, legislation to controul, or even reason and education to direct, so as to turn it to useful purposes. Man first of all looks to himself, next to his family, then to his social circle. To him, great national advantages are remote and of little interest, when put in competition with all those motives that are acting tangibly upon him. In his circumscribed sphere of action he wishes to obtain some private advantage which may be inimical to the public welfare; he looks around and finds others situated like himself. The significant lesson was taught him during the insane resistance to reform, and he confederates for a local, and, as in the case of the Trades' Unions, for an unlawful purpose. The working classes are now organized, or, which amounts nearly to the same thing, have attained both the will and the power to become so. The political were the great, we had almost said the unholy, parents of the Trades' Unions. These latter now exist for foolish, often for highly illegal and demoralizing purposes; they are established upon unsound principles, and are fast, out of their very absurdity, working their own destruction. Let the spirit of confederacy have no just rallying cry, and it will naturally die from exhaustion. Let not the turbulent, the idle, and the incendiary, have the power to re-animate it under the form of BALLOT unions. The principle of agitation is becoming too well understood

in this country, but we think that it can never injure it, unless the agitation be permitted to take refuge under the banner of justice. How rapidly does the withholding compliance to a just demand of a vast majority of the nation produce increasing circles of mischief and misery, that seem likely in the end to embrace every class in the empire, from throned majesty to the abject poverty that shivers in wretchedness and in rags. Obstinacy beget political unions,—political unions, partial ones,—these again will beget communities and affiliations, so that in almost every step we take, we shall be bearded by democratic and irresponsible tyranny, find it even reaching the bread upon our table, and the fuel upon our hearths, interfering in a thousand arrogant ways with our free will, and if not checked by the good sense of the country, finally destroying its happiness, if it does not endanger its very existence. Never was that passage of Shakspeare, “Drest in a little brief authority,” more applicable than when applied to the heads of these petty unions, that pretend to dictate to the nation in what manner it shall carry on its trade. The tyranny of an autocrat we might bear, it falls principally upon those who are in some measure indemnified by sharing the splendour by which it is surrounded, but the tyranny of my next door neighbour is detestable, it is continually before my eyes, continually cankering my heart. Let the reflective man look around upon the country, and observe how these local tyrants have multiplied. Let us not owe the ballot to instruments so pitiful as these. Now is precisely the time to grant it. There is no loud clamour, nothing that can justify the conceding party the buckling on the armour of resistance, and assuming the stern attitude of defiance. Intimidation has not yet advanced upon them. Earnestly do we entreat them, not to give the population a pretence of again banding in order to compel it, and thus, under the cover of demanding what is just, perpetrate and perpetuate what will be not only unjust, but destructive. There exists at present a calm, temperate, and well-considered demand for the ballot. It is now the voice of the nation and the voice of intelligence ; let it be respected, and we shall then see domestic peace with her gentle wings fanning security to sleep in the lap of national prosperity ; but if it be proudly or pertinaciously rejected—but we refrain from anticipating the probable consequences.

In the few words which we shall employ in our conclusion, we shall merely say that we have spoken the dictates of our honest conviction ; we hate the extremes of any party, because we hate violence. Reform has been given, and we see that justice requires that the ballot should be given with it. Morality requires it—the poor man requires it. It is cruel to give him a boon that he dares not use, or to make him use it against his own conscience. It is adding insult to injury to hold out to him a tempting fruit with the left hand, and guard it with a drawn sword with the right. If he is not fit for the exercise of the right of voting, deprive him of it ; but do not, under the plea of bestowing upon him a privilege, give him a mockery and a snare. We have not noticed the objections to the ballot that are usually conveyed in the terms “unEnglish,” “mental courage,” “proud honest face to be shown openly,”—it is all twaddle, cant, and hypocrisy. The ballot will

never prevent the Englishman from being as proud, as bold, or as foolhardy as he chooses. Sorry are we to say, that now we think that the tendencies incline too much in an opposite direction. No man has a right to indulge in the pleasures of bravado, at the risk of injuring his family. We would really prefer a much more limited constituency with the ballot, than a more extended one without it.

THE SLEEPER.

BENEATH a weeping willow's softened shade,
There lay a fair and slumbering girl,
The scented zephyrs round her play'd,
Or caught and kiss'd each dark and silken curl.
Her eyes were hid within the deepest furl,
Of long dark lashes, clinging to her cheek ;
Her rosy lips, just parted, fring'd the pearl
Which lay beneath. Her brow, so mild and meek,
Pillow'd upon the round white arm to rest.
There slept the maid, her pure and snowy breast,
Rising, then falling, with each throbbing breath ;
And to it hung a young yet fading rose,
Fit sharer of *her* innocent repose,
Whose stillness seem'd the first sad hour of death.

E. G.

London, May 13, 1834.

NIGHT.

FIRST VOICE.

SWEET is the Night ! in the pale moonlight,
When the merry, merry fays are bounding,
To the notes their tiny horns are sounding;
And hark ! as they gaily trip along,
Some small clear voice will raise the song—
“ Ours is the joy in the charmed ring,
In the graceful bend, and lightsome spring,
And bliss, of that emerald cup to sip,
Which ne’er may approach to a mortal lip ;
Then down the green vale away, away,
To skim when we feel th’ approach of day,
And sink to rest in the hair bell.” Sweet is Night !

SECOND VOICE.

Dread is the Night ! in the wan moonlight,
When the murderer swings on his gibbet tree,
And the night wind breathing sluggishly,
From his grating chains a sound hath drawn,
Like a moan from his breast, in anguish torn.
The owl starts from her rest with a mournful cry,
And the demon that’s watching exultingly by,
Smiles in scorn o’er his victim, then steals away
On the sweet breeze that tells of the coming day—
The day, that’s all brightness and joy. Dreadful is Night !

FIRST VOICE.

Sweet is the Night ! when the lover alone
Comes to bend at the feet of his lovely one,
And has left the halls where the mighty meet,
“ To bow down his pride at a maiden’s feet.”
When the spirit of music awakes in the vale,
In the plaintive notes of the nightingale,
And the balmy breath of the zephyrs blowing,
As sweet, as if ’twere from Eden flowing,
And had gathered fresh perfume in every sphere
It had passed in descending, to shed it here ;
Where all around, beneath the moon’s soft light,
Is hush’d and still. How sweet ! how sweet is Night !

SECOND VOICE.

Dread is the Night ! when the maid has cast
Her mantle around her wasted form,
And speeds with a step, so wild, and fast,
She heeds not the night, nor the driving storm,
For her lover has betrayed her !
But the wretch that he has made her
Shall ne’er look again on the sun’s bright ray,
Her sorrows will soon be over.
Now—she stands on the brink of the roaring stream,
Now—the waters flash in the moon’s pale beam,
Then—sullenly close above her.
O dread is the Night ! I long for the cheerful day !

W. X. W.

though we are no repealers of the union. You are perfectly at liberty to wear your coats or not, but it must be just as the editor pleases, *sauf à ses droits*.

Mort. Well, I am a stickler both for liberty of coat and conscience—and, if I must be a slave, it shall not, if I can help it, be to rheumatism. Allow me, Mr. Editor, and gentlemen, to introduce to you my very conscientious friend, Major Tritesaw, a person who weighs well his words before he uses them, and, therefore, are they all words of weight. Major, be known to Mr. Editor, to Mr. Percy, to Captain O'Sullivan, &c.

Major. Gentlemen, if it be a form or rule of this society to take off my coat, my coat shall be taken off. The least said, the soonest mended—and, fine words butter no parsnips, as the lady said to the old man she married.

Doctor. Major, if your coat is kept on, it is well, and if it be taken off, it is also well; and if it be neither off nor on, it is well likewise, for this is the chamber of free-will—for, as I see you were about to observe, that

“ A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.”

Major. No, sir, I was only going to remark that, one man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink; so, I shall certainly, if I do not wear my coat, take it off—and I think that I am perfectly safe in that remark.

Vol. Perfectly.

• *Ed.* Ah! I see that the Major likes to travel upon safe ground. Volage, what think you of the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year?

Vol. Martial's description of his own epigrams will apply excellently to the pictures collected there, *sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*. A few gems, surrounded by tinsel, and set in lead. This debasing spirit of trading and money getting is equally lord of the ascendant in the academic walls, as it is in the area of the Royal Exchange. Few of the artists paint for reputation, and all handle the brush for pudding; yet all are equally greedy of fame, without being willing to make the sacrifices necessary to procure it. Glaring colours, rapid execution, and a devotion to portraiture is now the order of the day. Pictures are now knocked off in a week, as mere matters of trade—there is no longer the soul-entrancing enthusiasm, the growing delight, the feast of months over the cherished creation of the artist's imagination. Depend upon it, as a fact, that some of our best painters, and we have a few good ones, are heartily ashamed of one half of the works that come from their easels.

Ed. Ashamed of them?

Vol. Yes. They are lord-seeking men, many of them; fashion, and the expenses that must support the pretensions to fashion, drive them to a hasty and slovenly execution; and then they bring in the aid of cant and hypocrisy to cover the defects generated by their extravagance. Thus, when you are disgusted with rough daubing, the cry is, “It is freedom of touch.” When you are viewing an indistinct mass of many coloured plaster, you are humbugged with the terms, “vigour of conception,” “boldness of handling,” and “the gusto of the master.” I will not particularize the fathom square pieces of canvas that occupy the best places on the walls. All I have to say is, that I am not surprised that artists will paint them; but I am that there should be fools to buy them: the buying accounts for the painting.

Ed. This is a sweeping philippic, Volage.

Vol. Sweeping, but not general. Have you seen this exhibition, Major Tritesaw? Well, and what do you think of it?

Major. I think that I may venture to advance that, as I could not make up my mind as to its merit, I have no decided opinion upon the subject. Look twice before you leap once. I think I am on safe ground there.

Vol. Quite. If you wish to walk round the rooms, I will note for you those pictures that deserve attention: you need not carry your eyes very high or very low—the centre belt is rimmed on each side by mediocrity, with mediocrity it is studded, and with trash finished, above and below. No. 6, a View of the Island of Ceylon, near Unmakundahpatahah.

O'S. Unnacome what?

Vol. My jaw has had a sufficient wrench already in pronouncing it once—there, read it. This is the best of Daniel's seven pictures. It has a depth of tone, and displays a poetic feeling quite delightful. It is also carefully painted. The other six require no comment. Any person who has seen one of his pictures may form a correct idea of them. Briggs has two good things, Puck and Hernia, 11, and Romeo and Juliet, 149. The flesh tints are very superior in the former, though, what we might call the mental expression is sacrificed to grouping and shadow. The second is respectable. Landseer, the R.A., has produced one of the best pictures in the exhibition—not the very best, but excellent, and worthy of any school. It has all the indications of a good price having been paid for it: finish, this picture proves triumphantly, is not only not incompatible with the most powerful effect, but necessary to it. So good a production seems to challenge the fault-finder, and to laugh in all its delightful brilliancy at the rash critic who might take up the gage.

Ed. Well, I am truly glad that you have found something belonging to an English artist that deserves unconditional praise.

Vol. Yet there is one thing that might be amended. There certainly is room for a little more of English loveliness in the countenance of the only female in the group.

Ed. Well—you dole out your praise with a drawback invariably.

Vol. *Sauf à mes droits.*

O'S. But you have not yet told us which it is.

Vol. No. 13, Scene of the Olden Time at Bolton Abbey. This improving artist has also two other pictures that are very good,—141, the Dog in the Snow Drift, and 332, the Highland Breakfast; yet they appear merely as exercises in comparison with his Bolton Abbey. Pickersgill has seven portraits. We hope they please the owners. Oh! these portraits!

Ed. Are they not good?

Vol. Yes, they are good; but this goodness has been purchased at the waste of much talent. What business have they out of the dining-rooms of the persons whom they represent?

Percy. But has it not been well said, that portrait painting is in some sort history—or a commentary upon it? Surely it is a short hand biography.

Vol. True, when the subjects are likely to live in history, or are worthy of a biographer. Now, here's Sir William Beechy has beautifully painted Miss Horne, Mrs. Watkins, Miss Wilkins, and a lady, perhaps Mrs. Dobbs—pretty creatures the females are certainly—and pretty matters for history, Mr. Percy, heh? The muse of painting—recreant son—ha, ha! I'm not going to be pathetic, however.

Twist. I was really afraid that you were going to be parliamentary, when you were hammering at the muse of painting; it is just the way we get on in the house.

Vol. Well, now we have come to Stanfield, and there I should like to stay. He is certainly at once a disciple of nature and a master of art.

Several elderly royal academicians might go to school to him with advantage. He has but two pictures in the exhibition—but they are pictures. The smaller one, the *Isola Bella*, 81, seems an actual transfer upon canvas of what the scene represented would appear through a concave lens. Its description may be summed up in one word—*truth*. The next, and a much larger picture, No. 249, the *Piazza di San Marco*, looking towards the *Bibliotheca*, during a festa, in Venice, is, in its class, perhaps the best picture in the house. It is indebted to no meretricious or gaudy colouring for its very striking effect. It is glorious in the clear hues of nature—and, to give a complete triumph to his principles of colouring, it is placed alongside one of the most warmly coloured paintings in the whole exhibition—a painting redundant with carmines and yellows—a fiery sunset; yet, in vigour and effect, it is beaten hollow by its chaste neighbour. Fervently do we hope that success may not, in this artist, beget carelessness; that he may ever think detail not unworthy of great talents, nor be tempted to dwindle down from his high superiority into a mere Turner.

Percy. But why so cruel to Turner?

Vol. Why is he so cruel to himself—so unjust to his undoubted genius? Putting aside all the jargon of criticism, stand by and hear what the multitude say to his conglomerations of yellow, white and red—the surprise, the ridicule, the contempt that they excite. Painting may be an abstruse art in its practice, but in its effect it ought to be level to the meanest capacity. It is a problem, the solution of which lies, as to its truth, in the mere act of turning from the picture made by the hand of man, circumscribed in a gilt frame, to that made by the hand of God, belted in by the horizon. The mere spectator may not feel the poetry, the exquisite taste of the arrangement, the classical grouping, but he can feel, and he does understand, the truth or falsehood of the representation. Turner's pictures may be fine—but they are not true. I had determined, deeming him incorrigible, to omit all mention of his performances, but as I am eager to praise, if I can but find any the least occasion of so doing, I must say that he has one picture that is really beautiful, No. 199, *Wreckers, Coast of Northumberland*, with a steam-boat assisting a ship off shore. In this, the colouring is sufficiently chaste, and the objects sufficiently represented; and the effect of the whole is grand and imposing. His *Venice* is also a good picture. As for the other three, those who like them may look at them.

Doctor. But you have mentioned only two of Stanfield's pictures, and I see here, that he has three.

Vol. Has he indeed! Well, I find by the catalogue that he has. How I could have overlooked it, I cannot comprehend. But, Mr. Editor, it is no facile job, that of standing in the crowd taking notes—jostled to the right, hustled to the left, dos-à-dossed by a fat lady, whilst, at the same time, a long-faced, mechanical-looking cockney claps his jaw on your shoulder, and very deliberately reads your notes. The last time I was there, I inflicted a severe punishment on one of those peering impertinents, for I sprang up so suddenly and violently from my stooping attitude, that I made his teeth rattle in his head, and he shuffled off with his jaw in his hand, and his handkerchief stuffed into his mouth. However, I'll make the *amende honorable* to Stanfield's genius, and again undergo the dusty, suffocating pilgrimage to look at his other picture.

Doctor. Heroically resolved.

Vol. Mrs. Carpenter has two first-rate portraits. Why don't they make an R. A. of her?

Doctor. I think that she would embellish their arrays wonderfully.

Ed. Doctor, that pun is punishable—it is really *r, a, w*, for one so old at the business.

Vol. Westall has five pieces, all characterised by his harmonious

colouring and scholastic stiffness: Graces and Houris in buckram. A mannerist, but an elegant one. Portrait, history, landscape, all tinged with his peculiarities of style. Even his very trees are Westall's and not nature's. You may tell him a mile off in any of his pictures. I am sure that Mrs. Mansfield ought to be very angry for his flattening of her face against a piece of canvas. It is a profile, and puts you in mind of a side of bacon over salted.

Ed. Volage, you grow scurrilous.

Vol. Go look. Is it my fault that either Mrs. Mansfield or Mr. Westall is flat headed?

Percy. I hope that Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.—I rejoice, like the Vicar of Wakefield, in sometimes giving the whole name—will fare better at your hands.

Vol. What for? Because he paints nothing but heads? He has there five personal, and one poetical portrait. Is this an example with which to encourage the English school of painting? I grant you that his heads are delicious. He draws correctly, he colours forcibly and sweetly, and his likenesses are striking. And then—what then?

Doctor. He gets a very handsome gratuity for every picture.

Vol. Calcott is very superior—he has given us six pictures, and, looking at them, we find them all too few. His aerial perspective—his atmosphere, and the truth of his colouring, are beyond praise. I do not think that the subjects he selects are sufficiently varied.

Twist. You have not mentioned Etty.

Vol. O this year he has taken to portrait painting; and look at his portrait, No. 37, "a lady," of course. Observe the cold and stony appearance of the shadows. She has just passed through an atmosphere of indigo. It is a cast-iron puppet, with a coat of transparent paint, through which the bluish grey material is seen. It is, indeed, hard.

Percy. But his brother artists esteem him more than you do.

Vol. I know it. They are all pursuing the same object, fame and emolument. Sly rogues, they think that Etty has taken the wrong road. "Well done, Etty—go on, my boy; that by-path is a short cut." They trudge on the high road themselves, very composedly. But to the proof. Place his portraits alongside a head by Guido, or even a heavily shadowed one by Rembrandt, and you will soon understand what sootiness of colouring means. Look at his other portrait, the Cardinal; instead of its being a Jew quellor, we took it to be a Hebrew personage, and one too, whose complexion had been well saturated with the multitudinous effluvia of Petticoat Lane.

Ed. But, think you, that Etty has no merit?

Vol. Great—very great; he was excelling in the highest range of his art, but I fear he is now sacrificing genius to a theory. Collins has given us one or two pleasing pictures. And Eastlake one, No. 64, the Escape of Francisco di Carrarra and his wife from the power of the Duke of Milan. It is good as a composition, but the picture wants repose. The tone of parts of it should have been more subdued. But I see by the tediousness expressed in the Sullivan physiognomy, that I must cut my observations short. That last yawn lengthened your face almost to the extent of my remarks.

O'S. By making a gap in the middle of it—serve your dissertation in the like way, and perhaps we may return to it again with zest. Come, Mr. Twist, give us a touch of political economy.

Twist. Ah! upon that point, captain, I think I am *au fait*.

O'S. Will you be pleased to be after acquainting me, which may be the most conducive to a country's prosperity, the ability to produce the raw material, or the manufactured one?

Twist. That subject divides itself into so many heads, that I don't know which to lay hold of first, consequently, I am in a dilemma.

Doctor. O take the bull by the horns.

O'S. Meaning me, doctor?

Doctor. No, the dilemma. Now I think that the production of the raw material is most conducive to wealth.

Twist. You may as well say that the manufacture is cheaper than the raw material.

Doctor. Well—and I think that I can prove it to be so, sometimes.

Twist. Indeed!

Doctor. Don't you manufacture fresh butter into salt? and is not the salt butter cheaper than the fresh?

O'S. Manufacture salt butter! Well, now, I always thought that was ready made, fresh from the cream.

Ed. Where did you learn that, O'Sullivan?

O'S. By the powers, I'll tell you how it was. When I first came over from Ireland, I saw several cows standing in the say, whisking their tails to keep the flies off, on a hot summer's day; and I said to the captain, "I've seen cows standing in the ponds of fresh water, but I had no idea that they took to the salt." "Oh," says he, "you're green yet; but don't you know that from these sea-cows we make all the salt butter?" and sure enough, I believed it then, and have believed it ever since, for it appeared so very natural a consequence.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Mort. You may laugh now, and you may enjoy it very much—you're quite welcome to it, for all the good that I see that it can do you; and perhaps you'll print it in your Chit Chat; but do you know what the wise men of the broadsheet say, that the Chit Chat is not the *noctes ambrosianæ*—that it does not at all approach Blackwood.

Ed. The pleasant yet modest garden in the valley, is not the lofty forest on the mountain; but, because there are forests, shall there be no more gardens? Have patience with those finders of mares' nests. *Noctes Ambrosiæ*! look at the title, consider it, weigh it,—is it not one of vast pretension? Had we called our meetings by that or some other name equally magnificent, or even by the less altisonant one of *Noctes Metropolitanæ*, there might have been some little room for cavil—to say this is an imitation, yet not equal to the thing imitated. But what is the fact? we merely call them Chit Chat, use them as a vehicle for conveying opinions and sentiments, that might look laboured under the form of essays. However, they shall have a *Noctes Ambrosianæ* shortly, from the regular Scotch manufactory, if money can purchase it; and, in Scotland, what will not money purchase?

Twist. A liberal judgment for English literary efforts.

Ed. Never mind, Mortame; don't take a fever upon it. We will enjoy our Chit Chat quietly. Your friend, the major, has been lately remarkably quiet.

Major. I think that I may venture to assert that I have, and also I will hazard this remark, that many have repented of saying too much, few, of having said too little. Am I perfectly safe in venturing this opinion?

Doctor. Who more safe? But, Volage, you have as yet not been half over the exhibition. Some of the most valuable pieces yet remain unnoticed.

Ed. And must still be so: let us postpone it to our next meeting, gentlemen; I see that you are impatient to depart. I commend you all to your good fortunes. *Vale.*

[*Exeunt omnes, severally.*

VICE VERSA —A PETER PINDARIC.

BY DR. PUNEVER, M.D. A.S.S.

‘ A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing.”
 He, who wrote the Essay upon *Man*,
 Has made those words oracular. I bring
 A British sailor as the proof. Who can
 Doubt him a *man*, and very *dangerous* too;
 He dares do all that *man* may dare to do;
 He, little learn’d, is dangerous at sea:
 French, Spanish, Dane, and Dutch,
 And brother Jonathan, that priggish elf,
 Who swamps and swears, all know how much.
 And dangerous too, on land, Jack oft will be,
 But—mostly to himself.

His learning! bless you! It will never, never
 Set fire to the Thames, even in these days
 Of halfpenny knowledge; yet, is Jack so clever,
 He oft has set old ocean in a *blaze*.
 Tell him of *concord*, he will kiss his lass;
 Tell him of *parsing*, he will pass his glass.
 Tax him with syntax, ’twould be sin. Droll dog!
 Who never yet *declin’d* his noun—or grog.

’Twas learning classical, Pope meant, no doubt,
 Or why did he bring out
 His sounding line anent “Pierian springs?”
 Mere heathenish sort of things
 And useless, when compar’d
 With springs that honest Jack is able
 To clap upon his best bower cable,
 To veer and haul upon as may be suitable,
 Making the ship, though stationary, mutable.
 I mention this, upon mine honest word,
 In no contempt of the illustrious Nine,
 But merely as a means of showing
 That Jack, in his queer way, contrives to shine,
 And, though unlearn’d, in fact, is—devilish *knowing*.

The Loire, a very dashing eight-and-thirty,
 With run so clean, her decks could ne’er be dirty,
 Got a new skipper; one of great discerning,
 Fill’d with Pope’s “spring Pierian,” classic learning;
 A Latin quoter—nibbled Greek—a prater
 That spoke of particles, and *alma mater*.

Not a bad seaman either—somewhat droll,
Who made and lov'd a jest with all his soul.

Upon the second day he sent for aft
His boatswain, Thomas Pipes, and mildly said,

“ I like to see the rigging of my craft
Neat as a quakeress on a Sunday morn.
Look at that yard-arm ! Pray let it be shorn
Of that huge block, so like a monkey's head.
Shorten those horses too,” (waving his hand,)

“ You'll rig that mizen-top gallant yard
Just so and so.”

Then, with terms most nautical and hard,
He gave directions that might plainly show
That *yards*, with him, as easily were scann'd
As literary *feet*. “ You understand ?”

“ Yes, sir,” said Pipes, and duly touch'd his hat.

“ Then, Mr. Pipes, I'm very glad of that,
For my time presses. I must speak the purser.
The other yards, you'll rig them—VICE VERSA.”

“ Top-gallant yards, you mean, sir ?” all amaz'd,
Cried Pipes, “ and *wisee worser* ?”—“ Yes, yes, yes.”

“ The royal yards, sir, how ?” and poor Pipes gaz'd
As when the throttling rope, round necks to bliss
The woful owners is about to start 'em.

“ The royal yards, you'll rig, SECUNDEM ARTEM.
I'm now for shore

And shall be back at four,
By that time do it.” Then, in accents soft,
The smiling captain said, “ Reform's the cry,
Pipes, we will carry our endeavours high ;
Our reformation shall begin aloft.”

“ Rig yards *wisee worser*. O my eyes !
But he's a 'cute one. I've got none in store.

'Twas well I wasn't taken by surprise—

I never heard of the damn'd stuff before !
Mustn't let no one know though.” Thus Pipes said,
Look'd wise, look'd foolish, and then scratch'd his head.

“ O Pipes ! now comes your miseries and trials !
There's that *secundum hartum* for the r'yals.”

He plung'd below, he got his abstract out,
He read it through ; he turn'd it round about,
But not a word like *vice versa* there :

Secundum artem too, was *non inventus*.

The honest boatswain now began to swear,
And thus he eas'd a portion of his care—

“ The devil take hold of, with his hottest nipper,
The skipper

Th' Admiralty has sent us !”

Time press'd. The other warrants were conven'd;
 The other warrants warranted despair.
 In luckless moment, Pipes to folly lean'd,
 And call'd a Mid, their anxious thoughts to share.
 The case was stated gravely, gravely he,
 That mischief-loving reefer listen'd long;
 No smile betray'd his bosom-bursting glee,
 When thus he spoke, "Dear Pipes, you have done wrong,
 Not t' have sent for me
 Long, long ago.
 What *wisee worser* is, full well I know,
Secundum hartum too—'tis a strange thing
 That captains sometimes do.
 A sort of ceremony, struck
 Out for good luck,
 You'll not believe it true—
 But of my messmates let me fetch a few,
 And they'll corroborate. The thing was done
 On th' Egyptian coast, in thirty-one,
 When the new captain, Captain Jones, first came
 And took command of that fine ship, the Fame."

Th' arch rogue retir'd,
 With hopes of frolic fir'd,
 And took t' himself five devils worse than he;
 A middy each
 With his palavering speech,
 Who would swear through a stout oak tree:
 And into the boatswain's cabin they came,
 And they swore, by many a dreadful name,
 That *wisee worser* rigging meant
 A cock'd hat at each yard-arm bent,
 To catch the wanton breeze,
 A reefer's cock'd hat—and each proffer'd one;
 And swore it must be infallibly done,
 A dirk hung out at each royal yard-arm,
 Of *secundum hartum*, was just the whole charm—
 So they *pip'd* his mind at ease.

Then said the boatswain—then said he,
 "I can gammon a bowsprit, you can't gammon me,
 So hop off, young gentlemen, one, two, and three."
 And off they went. But his heart felt sore,
 So he call'd them back, and believ'd what they swore.
 And the hats and the dirks swang merrily
 On royal yard-arm, and top gallant yard-arm,
 A *vice versa—secundum artem* charm
 Over the rippling sea.

The ward-room mess were at dinner below,
 When the ship was thus deck'd with the raree show.

Officers all were at dinner, I ween,
 Or this wonderful raree show had not been.
 But as the captain came off in his gig at four,
 How he star'd, and he rag'd, and he stamp'd, and he swore!
 To see his frigate so beautifully neat,
 Like a clothier's shop in Monmouth-street,
 Deck'd out with old hats, and dirks that swung
 In the dirty belts in which they were hung;
 He wish'd their blades were deep in the heart
 Of him, who had play'd such a scurvy part.

He stands on the deck, an angry man,
 And around his eye-balls glare;
 With a scoffing cry, lifts his hands on high,
 And pointing, shrieks out, "There!"

The first lieutenant stood aghast;
 So did the second—so did the third—so did the last.
 The master too,
 Shaded his eyes to view
 The cock'd-hats dangling in the blast.

How d'ye do, my pretty reefers, how d'ye do?
 There's not a single face in your hellicat crew
 That looks not now most confoundedly blue.

And then the hour of explanation came,
 Gravely the captain hears the boatswain's tale;
 Now on the middies bends his glance of flame,
 Now on the dirks, high swinging to the gale.
 This done, the captain thus to Pipes replies:
 "The gentlemen have surely taught you right,
 You've rigg'd your yard-arms, *vice-versa* wise,
 Secundum artem too—a pretty sight!
 But you've omitted something, I'll supply.
 Let all the hats, their owners there possess;
 And every dirk that dangles there on high,
 There dangling high, it's master's sweet side press.
 Come, Mr. James, lay out on that yard-arm!
 And, *vice versa*, lay out, Mr. Wood!
Secundum artem—don't show such alarm.
 Lay you out, Howard; it will do you good.

"There, Pipes," said then the captain with a smile,
 "I've rigg'd your yard-arms, *vice-versa* style."
 Then to the first lieutenant with a grin,
 "When I go down, call the young jokers in—
 Bring them to me, I'll give each quizzing dog
 A lecture first—and then, a glass of grog."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.¹

A TRUE STORY.

M—— L——.

M—— L—— was a fiddler, figure-dancer, and a musical composer ; and, at *this time*, leader of the band at one of the minor theatres. This gentleman was born in England, *nursed* in Ireland, educated in France, and was now *stationary* in his native country ; so who can deny him the privileges of a citizen of the world ? Indeed, such were the multiplicity of his movements, that the churchwardens would find it difficult to ascertain his parish ; and as for *settlement*, he may be said to have none until this time, when he got *fixed* in the parish of Saint Sepulchre, in the city of London. Indeed, his birth and parentage were wrapt in as much mystification as that of Homer's himself. The versatility of Mr. L——'s talents were nearly equal to the extent of his peregrinations ; for when he was young, docile, tender, and *flexible*, he *studied* and practised the art and mystery of tumbling ; so that his theatrical career may be said to have commenced rather in a *low* way, but he rose by slow gradations till he attained the very summit of his profession.

In the year 1786 he visited Paris with the theatrical troop of which he was then a young member, and had the honour of tumbling in that gay metropolis, and also at the palace of Versailles, before the august Royal Family of France, and shared the honours, with his young master, J—— A——, of the smiles and approbation of the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and her august spouse, Louis the Sixteenth. The troop to which he was attached were so well received and encouraged in France, that they made an annual visit to that country, till the abominable Revolution, which burst out in 1789, overturned every thing in that unfortunate country.

While yet young, the manifest predominance of his musical talents impelled him to relinquish the grovelling pursuit of tumbling, and he soon rose from the degraded class of buffoons and Jack Puddings, into the exalted sphere of genius, and ere long attained the honourable distinction of musical composer and performer ; in which department he continued many years in that theatre, where he may be said to have been nurtured into excellence. Here he made himself eminently useful to his employers, (which should ever be the primary object with those who are employed,) and became so essential a member of the establishment, that his attention to its duties became absolutely indispensable. His salary was now considerable, and his circumstances might have been comfortable, but for that infatuation which seems to pervade the whole circle of *civilised* society, that of living beyond his means, and which for ever precludes our attaining the valuable knowledge of *how to grow rich*. On this foolish propensity to extravagance one could dilate for hours, were it not as useless as preaching, or any other mode of moralizing.

Mr. L——, though not deficient in intellectual resources, endured the restraint of confinement more like a chained lion than a philosopher ; and though he composed several pieces for the theatre, and some marches for the Foot Guards, was himself far from being *composed* or resigned to his situation. He divided his time between drinking and writ-

¹ Continued from p. 43.

ing music ; and frequently, after indulging in copious libations of the former, such as would have incapacitated any other man for a serious avocation, he would sit down and compose with a facility that seemed the effect of inspiration. We have often heard of the inspiring influence of champagne and burgundy, and the exhilarating charms of the Tuscan grape ; but that gin or porter should promote such poetical propensities, is a circumstance hitherto unknown. In his moments of conception or inspiration, this *gentleman* conducted himself more like a maniac or a bedlamite, than a rational being. After sitting at his desk for ten or fifteen minutes, chaunting the tune or air as he set it down, he would leap suddenly up, and spin round on one of his heels, *a la figurante*, ("no man ever forgets his original trade,") for five minutes without stopping, to the great annoyance of all those who came within his vortex, and whom he used to torment in the same way that the windmill did Don Quixote. This favourite step was one he was supposed to have practised when he was a tumbler, and he seemed to take particular delight in doing that which reminded him of his boyish days. Sometimes, after writing or composing for an hour or two, he would start up suddenly, and in a rage tear to pieces all that he had written, and scatter the pieces about the room ; then take a few more turns upon his heel, get fresh paper, sit down again, and resume "his work of affliction." "Mad let us grant him," but he certainly was a genius ! After the rage which impelled him to the commission of these brutal acts had a little subsided, (he would, by way of relaxation, sometimes *amuse* himself by knocking down, or otherwise maltreating, his wife,) he would, by way of making things better, retire to one of those snug holes in the prison, where (under the rose) they sell spirits, and indulge himself for the remainder of the day in the undisturbed enjoyment of that favourite *liquor*, well known to the *dilettanti* under the familiar appellation of *Old Tom*. After remaining in one of these bacchanalian stews till he became completely stupefied, he would return to his ward, fall asleep in some corner, and snore out the remainder of the day till he had slept himself sober !

When this enraged musician happened to compose any thing that he did not tear when done, he appeared to be the happiest of mortals. He would, when he had finished his task, lock carefully up in his writing-desk what he had finished, then chaunt like an Apollo, and caper about the room like a harlequin. He was of so much importance in the theatre to which he was attached, that his professional assistance could not be dispensed with ; for though he might have a substitute to officiate for him as leader of the band, yet he could not transfer his creative faculties as a composer. His employer made him frequent visits, on which occasions the manager and the composer would put their heads together and lay down plans for future operations. He also had frequent visits from the bands of the Foot Guards, for whom he used to compose marches and martial airs ; and many of those fine things which delight us on the parade in St. James's Park have been fabricated in the debtor's side of Newgate. But no restraint or confinement can fetter the operations of the mind, or check the ebullitions of genius.

Besides a wife and two sons, (one by a former marriage,) Mr. L—— had two daughters, all destined for the sock or buskin ; and they appeared to have been upon the whole a most unhappy and distressed family, in which, though there might have been much music, there was but little harmony.

Although he had a turn for books, Mr. L—— could not be considered a lover of literature ; but was one of that class who read for mere amusement. He delighted in such works as *Gulliver's Travels*, *Tristram Shandy*, &c. &c.—books profoundly unintelligible, and to the general reader, though amusing, teach very little that is either useful or valuable.

To such books, however, he would devote some of his sober or *lucid* intervals; and what is not a little remarkable in one so devoted to the rites of Bacchus, he seemed to feel and enjoy them.

Amidst the distractions and interruptions inseparable from such a situation, Mr. L—— found time to compose the music for four pantomimes, three epithalamiums, several martial airs, and a dead march!

B——, *alias* COUNT ——.

The person, or rather the personage here alluded to, designated himself a foreign count, field marshal, &c. &c. &c. under which assumed titles, for a considerable time, he levied contributions on the credulous and unwary. The immediate cause, however, of his imprisonment was a transaction, of which the following are the particulars. On his arrival in London from the continent, he took up his abode at the White Horse in *Fetter Lane*, (an ominous name,) where he lived for some time in great luxury and extravagance; and his *elevated* character procured him great deference and respect. The landlord of the house was almost as proud of his guest, as if he had under his roof the emperor *incog.*, or the far-famed patriot, Thaddeus Kosciusko; or as Monsieur Escudier recently was of having his hotel in Piccadilly dignified by the presence of the Emperor Alexander and the Duchess of Oldenburgh.

After having resided for several weeks at the White Horse, where his gentlemanly conduct and conciliating manners greatly ingratiated him with the landlord, he at length invited him to accompany him to visit his *estates* in Scotland, of which he gave a most glowing and imposing description, such as would have done credit to Christie, Mr. Cauty, or Harry Phillips.

A gig was proposed forthwith, with every other appointment that could render travelling comfortable in their trip to Scotland; and above all things, as the count would have no *change* till he reached his bankers at Edinburgh, he gave his host such a gentle hint as Iago did Roderigo, to "put money in his purse," by way of discharging those trifling expenses which might occur in travelling. It is needless to recount their adventures on the road; suffice it to say, that it was delightfully fatiguing, and that nothing particular occurred till they reached the Caledonian capital. They stopped at Walker's Hotel, where the count first alighted, and stepping aside into the yard on some pretext, suddenly disappeared, leaving his travelling companion in waiting!

The high opinion which Mr. R—— had formed of the *count* had long lulled suspicion asleep, and even now he remained for some time incredulous; but having waited a long time at the hotel, so as to become an object of gaze to the passengers, he began seriously to suspect that he had been the victim of a foul trick, and that he might have waited as long for his travelling companion as the Children in the Wood did for the return of their cruel uncle. There is, perhaps, nothing more painful to the feeling mind, than that of changing our good opinion of a friend or acquaintance; as it induces us to suspect those who may not deserve it, renders us shy and cautious of our fellow men, makes us what is considered selfish in the eyes of the world, and engenders that disposition to misanthropy, which is too often the result of our knowledge of mankind.

This unexpected incident soon developed what was before mysterious in the *story* of the *soi-disant* field marshal; and the honest, unsuspecting landlord of the White Horse in Fetter Lane discovered, when too late, that he was the dupe of an artful villain. Mr. R—— remained some days at Edinburgh, partly attracted by the picturesque grandeur of that renowned metropolis, and partly with the hope of again meeting his friend

the field marshal; but that great personage having hitherto evaded all eagerness of inquiry, and all the vigilance of pursuit, the landlord of the White Horse Inn returned to London, where he has often recounted to his friends the particulars of the *pleasant* adventure.

After a lapse of several months, perhaps of some years, he accidentally met in some street in London, (that place where every body can hide, and where every body is to be found,) his old friend the field marshal. The landlord, still smarting under the influence of rage and resentment, instantly grappled with him in the street; and the *count*, who had too much *generalship* to risk an exposure in public, quietly surrendered at discretion, and marched off a prisoner to his old quarters at the White Horse; where, on his arrival, the proper officer was sent for, a writ was immediately procured, and he was forthwith sent under the usual escort to the debtor's side of Newgate, where, on the arrival of Tomaso in that celebrated garrison, the *field marshal* had then been upwards of two years under arrest. One of the first figures that presented itself to the eye of the author, was this accomplished and once prepossessing young man; but, heavens! how fallen! what an aspect! Whatever he might once have had in his air or deportment either of the nobleman or field officer, had now wholly disappeared; and he bore in his haggard and dejected countenance the aspect of pre-eminent wretchedness, and was absolutely then the scarecrow of the prison. There could not be imagined a more appropriate model for *decorating* a picture of the Cave of Despair! or for personifying the imaginary characters of the Cardineo of Cervantes, or the Mad Tom of Shakspeare. When Tomaso had nearly endured a year and a half of confinement, an Insolvent Bill passed both Houses of Parliament, which nearly depopulated the debtor's side of Newgate. The *soi-disant* count had thoughts of availing himself of the operation of this bill, but the fear of opposition, and well knowing that his case would not bear investigation, he *prepared* himself by going up to the court in such a state of intoxication, that he could not answer a single interrogatory which was put to him. This was a singular instance of a man qualifying himself by promoting his incapacity. For this mark of disrespect to the court, and the want of feeling and decency which it manifested, he was remanded *to be brought up no more*, and consequently consigned to hopeless imprisonment.

Thus, bereft of all hope of emancipation, he gave himself up to absolute despair, and though he made no rash attempt upon himself, yet he seemed as if life was to him a matter of the most perfect indifference: he neglected his person, and became that picture of dejection and wretchedness already described.

W—— R——, Esq.

The unfortunate young man, whose melancholy catastrophe is recorded in this short sketch, was a native of London, and second son to the celebrated C—— R——. He had been, it seems, a youth of great promise and the best dispositions; but of so docile a nature, that he was easily led astray, and seduced to his destruction. His father, whose hospitable disposition and philanthropic heart made him the centre of a very extensive circle of acquaintances, some of whom perhaps were his friends, and by all of whom he was greatly respected, kept in the earlier part of his life a most hospitable house and table; and the mansion of the C—— R—— was the constant rendezvous of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sterne, Peters, Cipriani, Bartolozzi, &c. &c. &c.

Young R—— came into life under very favourable auspices: he received the best education, and all the fashionable accomplishments of the day. He was of a kind and easy disposition, free from every vice, and

had much of that inherent goodness of heart which distinguished his respected father. But he was unfortunate in the choice of his early associates, and became the victim of bad example by too easily adopting their vices, and imbibing their lax principles. Nothing can be more injurious to a young man of moderate expectations, than companions whom rank or fortune have placed, and who move, in a sphere above him. Instead of pursuing with sedulous attention some honourable calling, his whole life is a struggle to cope with those who consider themselves above him ; and who only endure his society in proportion as he administers to their guilty pleasures, or their frivolous enjoyments. With such a mind, generous, credulous, and unsuspecting, he became an easy dupe to the artifices of others, by which he was led through the various mazes of extravagance and folly, which finally terminated in his total destruction.

The first quicksand on which he touched was a love of fashion, a passion at all times baneful in its influence, leading only to foppery, idleness, and extravagance, and absolutely incompatible with a disposition to any study or useful application. In a word, poor R—— entered the lists, and lost his life in the conflict. He served some years in the army, but whether in a military capacity, or the medical staff, the author cannot exactly say ; he, however, made one of the party in the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, a disastrous enterprize, and fatal to many of those bold adventurers who sought “the bubble reputation even in the cannon’s mouth.” While yet young he married a very amiable lady nearly of an age with himself, but whom he lost in her first accouchement, with her infant child : he then abandoned himself to irreconcilable grief, and giving way to the seductions of vicious example and the impulses of passion, he unthinkingly plunged into every extravagance, became dissipated and embarrassed, and finally found himself in a prison. Here he associated with the vilest inmates of the place, and adopted their pernicious and filthy habits, and became at once a contaminated and degraded character. He was seldom seen but either drinking, or smoking, or playing cards with those low, abandoned wretches, who, to kill time, indulge in every thing that is vicious and disgusting, and whose greatest pleasure seems to be that of making proselytes to the adoption of their guilty habits. In his lucid intervals, (which were very few,) he seemed sensibly to feel his present state of degradation, and would rationally animadvert on his own indiscretions ; he would heave a deep sigh, and deplore the expense and anguish he had caused the “best of fathers,” through whose kind indulgence he had often been extricated from the greatest difficulties ; but now, all further aid from that quarter was hopeless, from the enormity of his present debts ; for he had already cost his father, he said, at least *thirty thousand pounds*.

Although no person who heard him doubted his extravagance, yet all who heard *this* considered it a *bounce*. His father made him an allowance of subsistence money while in prison, which, from the known improvidence of his son’s disposition he sent daily, by a special messenger ; well knowing that if he sent the week’s allowance at once he would spend it all in one day. Even this kind precaution of his father, he contrived to evade and render abortive ; for instead of laying the money out in necessaries when he received it, he would spend it all in *gin*, with which he would treat his profligate companions, who, like himself, soon became like so many intoxicated fiends. But as the supplies sent by his father were not adequate to the craving thirst he had for the ardent liquor, he pawned by degrees the different articles of his wearing apparel, till he at length became almost naked and filthy to the last degree for want of a change of linen, presenting an appearance which strongly reminded the beholder of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s characteristic portrait of the banished lord. Abandoned at length to every thing, save vice and infamy, and

admitting into his mind that most pernicious of all sentiments, despair, this infatuated young man polluted the first day of the year 1812 by an act of suicide!!

Thus perished, in the prime of life, or rather in the flames of youth, one whose education and manners might have rendered him an ornament of society, and whose goodness of heart a valuable friend; but who, by a too easy and accommodating disposition was soon led astray, and plunged into irretrievable ruin. Seduced at first by the *elegant* dissipation of fashionable life, and the weak ambition of keeping pace in expense with persons of independent fortune, he soon became engulfed in an abyss of difficulties, from which he was never after able to extricate himself but by the above recorded act of desperation.

This melancholy event threw a respectable family into unutterable grief, and brought an aged parent with sorrow to the grave!

H—— B——, Esq.

This gentleman, who was brought in in a state of disease and debility, improved as rapidly and as marvellously in *prison*, as if he had inhaled the salubrious air of Islington, Montpellier, or Aix-la-Chapelle. And what was yet more extraordinary, he recovered his spirits to such a degree, that he became the very fiddle of the company. But there is no accounting for the happy influence of *climate*; and when he was liberated he told all his friends (*who were not in the secret*) that he had been to the south of France, and they all verily believed him. B——, being always a *bon vivant*, had retained his vivacity even in a jail.

Mr. B—— was a man of wit and education—a man of the world and a traveller, and one of the most pleasant companions imaginable. With that solidity that results from good sense and experience, he retained all the cheerfulness and vivacity of youth; and with an unruffled good temper he had a constant flow, or rather overflow, of irresistible pleasantry, and so happy a talent of throwing every thing into the most ludicrous point of view, as to render himself infinitely amusing and agreeable. Although his name was foreign, he was a native of England, but was too much a citizen of the world to be blinded by prejudice in favour of the land of his birth. In the earlier part of his life he made the tour of Europe, and resided some years on the continent. This, perhaps, opened his eyes, and enabled him to see “that in every country something might be found that would benefit and improve his own.” He was a perfect master of all the living languages, and could use his pen with ability and effect. He was acquainted with life in all its varieties, on which his observations were judicious, luminous, instructive, and amusing.

In the course of his peregrinations, Mr. B—— made a trip to Ireland, and was greatly pleased with the wit, pleasantry, and whimsicality of the *natives*, of whom he related a number of curious and interesting anecdotes, for he had still flying about him those buoyant spirits which not even the frost of age can wholly congeal, and which diffused cheerfulness around him wherever he appeared; he was blessed with that happy sunshine of the breast, which, though it may be sometimes obscured by a passing cloud, never undergoes a total eclipse.

Mr. B——, at the time of his incarceration, held a considerable appointment in one of our public offices, which place was held in trust for him while he *travelled for the recovery of his health*. Many of our public functionaries find a temporary retreat in such places from the toils of office, and the importunities of creditors; and when some of our great officers are making the *grand tour*, perhaps their peregrinations never extend beyond the purlieus of Fleet Market, or St. George's Fields! where, like Perriwinkle, they may travel in *books*, and trace out the route

of more active citizens. Although his salary and the emoluments of his office were sufficient to support him in a decent and respectable style, and even in some splendour, yet as some of the younger branches of his family were very expensive, and he, "good easy man," was an indulgent father, and was liberal to them beyond his means, he was, in consequence of their extravagance, so saddled with annuities and other incumbrances, as constrained him to spend most of his *vacations* in a jail.

Mr. B——, after some months' retirement, got an intimation from the chief in command in his department, that if he did not speedily return to his post, the place would be declared vacant, and filled up by some other fit and proper officer. This, as might be expected, hastened his return from *Spa*, where he had been too long drinking the *waters*; but it is no less strange than true that his health was really re-established; and having made some arrangement with his creditors, he speedily took his departure, leaving, like Sir Peter Teazle, "his character behind him."

THE VETERAN OFFICER.

In the ward immediately over that in which Tomaso was situated, there was confined a veteran officer, called Captain N——, who had long and honourably served his king and country, and had literally grown grey in the service. With the extent of this gentleman's debts, or the nature of his circumstances, Tomaso was not acquainted, nor, indeed, did he ever inquire; but his *fate* excited the sympathy of all who knew him. For a long time this unfortunate gentleman endured, with true philosophy, all the pangs of privation, and all the bitterness of decayed or neglected friendship. But neither philosophy nor heroism can silence the calls of nature, nor resist the pressure of want, under whose overwhelming influence this aged soldier sank into the grave. His friends, if he had any, were certainly guilty of the most shameful and criminal neglect; and, unfortunately, where his wants were best known they could only be soothed by sympathy and commiseration; for those who were witnesses of his distress were nearly as distressed as himself. Nothing can be more heart-rending than to behold those sufferings which we have not the means of relieving, and hearing complaints which we can neither silence nor assuage.

The prison allowance, which is only a small portion of bread, and that too not of the best quality, is not sufficient to afford that nourishment which is necessary to the support and comfort of declining age; and this was all that the unhappy subject of this brief memoir had to live on for many months. Such was the delicacy of this modest man, whose manners and habits were those of a perfect gentleman, that whenever his wardmates went to their meals, he immediately retired from the apartment, and either sauntered in the yard, or loitered on the staircase till they had finished their repast, when he would return to his bit of bread and glass of water. But he scorned to complain, though perceptibly and rapidly declining; till at length he became so enfeebled that it was thought advisable to remove him to the hospital, where in a very few days he ended his miserable existence.

It was ascertained by the medical gentlemen, who attend the prison, that the deceased had no internal or bodily complaint, and that his death was occasioned by a want of proper and wholesome nourishment!

A great and pompous display has been recently made in the House of Commons of the jail allowance, and the *comforts* of the prisoners. But with humble deference to the worthy Alderman (Waithman) who gave that glowing description, the author here begs leave to assert, that *that* statement was not true. "They best can paint it who have felt it most." Newgate, being the county prison, has, at all times, the greater number of confined debtors. Probably the City Representative *confined* his ob-

servations to the Compter, or city prison, where the number is comparatively few ; that is, in the ratio of *thirty to three hundred*. There, it is said, they have some indulgences, which the others have not ; but this is a most unfair mode of reasoning, and is somewhat like what Churchill says, of "forming general notions from the rascal few." Besides, their fellow citizens, who thoroughly understand what it is to be comfortable, commiserate their sufferings, and somewhat soften them by an allowance of fuel in the winter, and send the scraps or fragments which fall from the Lord Mayor's table, to be divided among his hungry brethren in the Compter. But these spoils, recovered from the gormandizing surplusage of civic entertainments, if sent to the superior, or *redundant* population of Newgate, would only be as a drop in the ocean.

The following is the allowance to the county prison, where it is well known the great majority of debtors are at all times confined, and which the author here asserts, having *known it of his own knowledge*. A portion of bread, just sufficient for one person (who can procure *for himself*, meat, vegetables, cheese, &c.) to eke out the day, is allowed to such as will receive it, and they who do not, are supposed not to stand in need of it.

This bread, which is far from being of the best quality, is the *only* general allowance made to the debtor's prison. As for the thieves, house-breakers, and petty larceny knaves, who inhabit the south wing of Newgate, the author is wholly unacquainted with the luxuries which they may enjoy. That which is called the prison allowance, is only dealt out to the *common side*, which comprehends about one half of the inhabitants of the quadrangle, and, compared to the general population of the place, bears about the proportion of *forty to two hundred and sixty*. These *fellow-commoners* are principally seamen, and poor wretches who are sent in from the different Courts of Requests, whose debts being under forty shillings, and which being unable to pay, they liquidate the same by incarceration for so many days as their debts amount to shillings ; so that they may be said to be *punished* by being boarded and lodged for a shilling a day. In most other countries people pay for their board and lodging, but here it is forced down your throat because you do not pay for it. Unparalleled generosity ! And all this for presuming to be so miserably poor !—Just retribution !

The mighty allowance made to those individuals is this ; about three ounces and two drachms of beef every Saturday morning ; this beef is generally cut off those *prime* pieces called *stickings* and mouse-buttocks, so frequently advertised for by the overseers of parish workhouses. As for those charitable donations, given in perpetuity by Sir Thomas Gresham, Nell Gwynne, and other *pious* personages, the catalogue of which covers the walls of the prison-yard, in order to hand down to the remotest posterity the *virtues* and munificence of the donors, they are not sufficient to give the collectors and *guardians* of the charity an annual dinner, or even a respectable luncheon at Dolly's chop-house. As for Nell Gwynne's *penny-loaf*, and Sir Thomas Gresham's liberal donation, they are mere "things of sound and show," signifying nothing. At Christmas, it is true, every person in the place has given him, in order to gladden that season of festivity, a pound of coarse beef, a two-penny loaf, and a pint of porter ; a small portion of coal too, is sent to each ward, sufficient to last, and cook their materials, for about a week.

These, and these only, are the munificent allowances made to the prisons of the metropolis, which are so puffed in the newspapers, and vaunted in the senate. Had Mr. Serjeant Best been as much in the "secrets of the prison-house," as the writer of this article, he would never have framed such a bill for the relief of insolvent debtors, as that just now rejected, with becoming indignation, by a liberal and enlightened

legislature. The reader may rest assured, that at least half of the public charities of which we hear so much, are ostentatious, and where there is ostentation, there is no real charity ; and, after all, the poor debtor's last resource is an abundant supply of good and wholesome water.

As for the abominable practice of wringing from the vitals of a famishing prisoner the *fees of office*, it cannot be too severely reprobated. The principle is bad, and the practice worse. A great outcry has been recently made about the tax on property, but what can be said of a tax on poverty ? Thanks to the humane exertions of Mr. Bennet and other members of the House of Commons, this odious exaction is now likely to be done away, and then the unfortunate debtors may walk into prison *free of expense*.

CAPTAIN J. L. B——.

This gentleman, who, after thirty years in the service of his country, had attained only the rank of lieutenant, (though the courtesy of the army dubbed him captain,) was a native of North Britain ; but educated in France. Having received the rudiments of learning in his native country, he was sent at the age of nine years to Saint Omers, to finish his education. Mr. B—— commenced his professional career as an officer of marines in the British navy, where he had for his contemporary his royal highness prince William Henry, and was under the command of the immortal Rodney, and shared in the glories of the 12th of April, 1782. The ship in which lieutenant B—— served was once taken by the fleet under Count De Grasse, and, by a strange reverse of fortune, or rather by the fortune of war, was the *very ship* in which De Grasse himself was placed as a prisoner, when taken by Rodney. He described the count as a most noble character, a finished gentleman, and a perfect hero, and worthy of those days, when “the plumed troops and the big war, made ambition virtue.” The following incident, of which lieutenant B—— was himself an eye and an *ear* witness, exhibits the count as a man of cool philosophy and unshaken valour. One day, during the heat of action, the count was sitting quietly on a bench on the quarter-deck, gazing at what was going on before him as he would at any ordinary spectacle ; he rose from his seat, not from terror or apprehension, but merely to change his position ; he had no sooner risen from his seat, than the bench on which he had just been sitting was torn to atoms by a cannon shot.

Captain B—— was a pleasing and interesting companion, and though a man of the world, and once a traveller, was not a *story teller*. He was full of agreeable anecdote, which he dealt out pleasantly and seasonably. His Gallic education did not divest him of his love for his native country ; it cured, in some degree, that blind, exclusive preference which makes patriotism cease to be a virtue. He had acquired the vivacity of the French without their frivolity, and retained the seriousness of the south, divested of that sombre sarcasm which too often pervades their conversation. After serving some years in the marines, he went into the infantry, and ended his military career in a regiment of Scotch fencibles. He served with his regiment in Ireland during the rebellion in 1798, and for some time antecedent, and used to recount many interesting incidents connected with the history of that disastrous period. He was in that detachment of the army sent against Hoche, when he landed at Bantry, and was at the murderous conflicts of Ross, Arklow, and Vinegar Hill—of which he gave a most affecting and circumstantial description—so appalling to mankind, and so heart-rending to Irishmen. When Hoche landed at Bantry, his first act was that of distributing French uniforms to the Irish peasantry, which they no sooner put on, than they ran away up the

mountains. Many of these poor fellows were afterwards taken by the English soldiery with those uniforms on their backs, which being considered an incontestable proof of their guilt, they were—but every body knows what followed!—a singular instance of conviction on circumstantial evidence. They, poor fellows, certainly were *not* wolves in sheep's clothing.

The captain gave us a whimsical account of his once being asleep on his post, or rather his march, which under other circumstances would have been certain death to the delinquent. It was during the vice-royalty of that good man, the Marquis Cornwallis, and at one of those periodical reviews held in the Phoenix Park. Captain B——'s regiment was at that time quartered at Maharafelt, a considerable distance from Dublin, and in order to be time enough on the ground to join the troops in garrison, it was thought expedient that the regiment should march all night. Having arrived on the reviewing ground, they fell into line with the rest of the troops, and in passing in review order before the general, Captain B—— omitted a very essential piece of etiquette, namely, the duty of lowering his sword to the reviewing general. The marquis was struck with this dereliction of duty and respect, and sent an aide-de-camp to inquire the cause, when it was found that Captain B——, though marching, had from the fatigue of the night fallen asleep. On hearing which his excellency laughed heartily.

Captain B——, though not more than fifty, had, like most other professional men, experienced considerable vicissitudes of fortune. He married early in life a Miss B——, grand-daughter to the celebrated R——, whose name is identified with that of Covent Garden Theatre. R—— had one daughter married to B——, an actor, and another to B——, the celebrated singer. The captain's wife was the daughter of B——. These ladies were then still living, (1811,) one at Uxbridge, and the other at Hampton; but they have been widows for many years. The captain's lady accompanied him through all the fatigues of marching and counter-marching, and shared with her husband all the toils, dangers, and privations incident to the life of a soldier; her frame, however, was too delicate to sustain these continued shocks, and she at length sank under them, leaving him a son and two daughters to deplore their irreparable loss.

(To be continued.)

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

REVENGE, when opportunity permits the full indulgence of its energies, in man becomes ferocity, in woman, malignity. The former, courage may overcome, patience support, or submission subdue—but death only can relieve us from the virulence of the latter. Relieve us, did I say? No, the breath of that baneful passion settles like a black mist upon the grave of its victim, and blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around it. That person is brave, who can conscientiously say, that he fears the resentment of no man—but he is a fool who dares that of a woman. I only know of three cases in which it may be any thing short of madness to tempt a lady's vengeance: when you find yourself in the last stage of a consumption; after you have been condemned to death; or are about to be expatriated either at your own or your country's expense—and, that I am not over cautious, any who will take the trouble to read the following narrative will be ready to confess.

Beauty! thou art a dangerous, but a bright mantle—there is fire too in thy brightness; for sometimes, like the shirt of Dejanira, thou art fatal to the wearer—sometimes, like a flower that is withered up by the sun, destructive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for good or for evil, Ann Wilkins had almost more than a mortal's share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond parents; of her father, she knew little—he disappeared when she had attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no doubt, in some of those gullies of filth and wretchedness that perforate the heart of this metropolis—he was heard of no more. Her mother was a practical political economist: she, in the neighbourhood of Paddington, verified one of its principal dogmas—the turning into the utmost profit the *residuum*, the *caput mortuum* of the raw material—she gained her livelihood by sifting cinders—a dirty, but certainly an honourable employ—and, thanks to the carelessness of our metropolitan menials, not altogether unprofitable—as many a silver spoon and fork rewarded Mrs. Wilkins's inquisitorial researches. Till Ann was fourteen, she shook her elbows on the dusty field, in unison with her mother, and, looking at them, I assure the reader, that she did it with infinitely more grace than ever was possessed by the Marquis of H——, though the ivories fell from under his aristocratic manual vibrations, and ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, rounded, glowing; with eyes that could madden, and lips that could smile away madness. At fourteen her companions began to treat her as a woman; she no longer sifted, shoe-less and stocking-less—she gave herself airs, and begged people to behave genteelly—had a smart dress, clean white cotton stockings, and prettily sandaled shoes for Sundays—that was a foot never mind—why should we speak of her foot, when so many, even then, were thinking of her hand.

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts. A young baker, not yet out of his time, not more than eighteen years of age, saw and

loved. They both wore powder profusely—there was sympathy in that—the only difference was in the colour. Owing to our excellent poor laws, and the excellent state of morals of our poor, the effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors committed the great mistake—marriage—and Ann Wilkins as was, and Ann Runt as is—to use the Paddington *patois*, was, at little more than the age of fifteen, a mother. Start not! This is an unexaggerated fact. The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy, was fast sinking down into the sickly, and the dowdy, dirty mother of low life. Then came the parish medical attendance, and the begrudged parish relief, and the obtained gin when food itself was unobtainable; the lowering look, the heavy curse, and the heavier blow of the debased boy-husband. His time was out, and his employment precarious. What God had intended Ann to be it would be impiety to presume, but what she was—what man had made her—even the evil one himself must have felt pity to behold. This was the dark, the dangerous part of her life. She looked at her wailing infant—she saw it press the enfeebled, the flaccid, the milkless bosom, and she wished it dead. How she lived through these four years of rags and wretchedness she never could tell; she was not yet nineteen, when her misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her husband lay ill in the last stage of a rapid decline. Whilst the man was dying, two parishes, each of which were disputing who should *not* be encumbered with his bones, refused relief. Things were in this state when Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through the crowds of the well-fed and the gay to seek redress at the hands of the magistrate against the inhumanity of the overseer. The day was bright and sunny; she was thrust hither and thither by better dressed people; she saw shops overloaded with delicate viands—her child cried for them—that cry irritated her; she was herself very, very hungry. Ye, who have never hungered, be merciful in your condemnation. On that day, at that moment her heart hardened; she, who had, through all her misery, never yet been selfish, now entered into her own soul. She said to herself, “Yes, he will die,” and she was glad; “and were I quit too of this whimpering brat. I am not yet twenty—my beauty may return—I can shift for myself, were I but quit of him!” It was a diabolical thought. She was in a crowded thoroughfare—she did not attempt to lose him;—no, I will never believe it; I am myself a father;—but she was careless, abstracted, reckless. That night she was a widow and childless.

Then people were kind to her. The overseers took blame to themselves—magnanimous souls! They had no idea that the case was one of extremity. However, they were pious folks; their pews at the parish church were decorated with crimson curtains moving upon bright brass rods, consequently they told the widow that “God willed every thing for the best,” and bade her take comfort, but she could not;—her little Alfred!

Whether the parish authorities were very assiduous in their search after the lost little pauper, we know not—he was never found; but this we know, when Mr. Bloater, the overseer, met Mr. Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening, in the well-furnished apart-

ments of the master of the workhouse, they congratulated each other and the parish, over an excellent bottle of port, at the expense of the said parish, at their good luck in getting rid, in one day, of two such encumbrances as the father and the son. God had, no doubt, *taken* them both—so they pronounced it a God *send*.

Let us pass rapidly over the next fifteen years of Ann's life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter Rankles, a middle-aged bachelor, had heard of her story, so she took Ann upon trial as housemaid. Her beauty returned, if possible, with an increased splendour. Sir Peter, after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well; afterwards an education, as he said that he intended her to succeed his housekeeper; he was his own steward. So she was taught music, dancing, French, and Italian, in order the better to be able to check the bakers' and butchers' bills. The old housekeeper opened her eyes; she however shut them again in quiet satisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his disinterestedness. Now it was well known, that every body who knew Sir Peter, and every body who knew Ann, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of the journeyman baker, so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said, "that it was improper and scandalous," and they dared him to do it: he *did it*—only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper.

Sir Peter had his reward—she made him an excellent wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just clear of her first year of widowhood, resplendent in beauty, stepping into her well-appointed carriage, in order to make one at a dinner party in Brunswick-Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Canderson, of the Honourable East India Company's service, rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty, and not very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of those of whose intimacy, it is the moral we wish to inculcate, that we should beware. "I never forget my friends, and never forgive my enemies," was continually in her mouth, and, at least the latter part, in her heart. For the first clause of her creed, I never knew that her friends were very grateful, how she acted upon the second will shortly be shown. To apply her aphorism to herself, I know no one of whose actions so much forgetfulness ought to have been wished, or of whom, as Christians, we should have more to forgive.

Let us now suppose Mrs. Colonel Canderson to have filled her two drawing-rooms with her evening party, in addition to her dinner guests; that she has left the task of making them "comfortable"—a word not yet exploded in Brunswick Square—to her toady, and has made herself so at her whist-table, for she has got a shrivelled, adult, roguish lawyer for her partner, and Lady Rankles for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson is all smiles, but they are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, the all-beautiful appearance of Lady Rankles was, on that memorable night, not beyond all description, for I could describe it—but I will not. I hold the remem-

brance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of his affianced in his bosom, not to be obtruded on the eye of the inquisitive, the cold, or the worldly. There is nothing like training, after all—for who could ever have imagined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that so agitate the bosoms of the beholders, once agitated the cinder sieve? The expression of her countenance is that of a subdued joyousness. Once, or perhaps twice, in the course of the day, a little absence of manner, and a swimming of the eyes in tears that she could not repress, yet would not let fall, told, that even the summer of a loveliness sweet as her's was sometimes o'ercast with a passing cloud; yet did it not, on that account, seem the less transcendent.

But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. There, there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild tossing of the arms, the agonized wringing of the hands—"My Alfred, my little angel!" And in the darkness of night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, the icy hand of retribution lay heavy on her heart, and then the childless mother felt the horror of living heightened by the dread of death. How often did she scan over every moment of that fatal morning, how fearfully exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in that walk; and how she strained every nerve that seemed to cut into her tightening heart, to find out some exculpation for what she wished, but could not call, her passive crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of fire upon her brain, that when she missed the little, hungry sobber from her side, she did not look back until she hoped, until she knew, that looking back was fruitless. She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams—"Oh! God, I did not walk faster—I did not walk faster." "The flattering unction" would *not* lie upon her soul—and the horrible word, *infanticide*, would quiver upon her lips. Then, when her compunction was of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, weep for uncounted hours, uttering only these words, "My poor, poor hungry Alfred." But these paroxysms were not of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under them. They were generally brought on by seeing children of about the age of the one she had lost, weep. Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and that was in repentance and in prayer. It made her think of heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have held too much sovereignty over her.

This lovely being is now playing whist against her hostess. The stakes are rather high, Mrs. Canderson is notoriously avaricious. It is short whist, a terrible provocative of short tempers. She and her partner are really playing admirably—yet they recriminate. Mrs. C.'s money and good-humour are fast going—there—the latter is entirely gone—that last hand did the business.

"Mr. Obit," says Mrs. Canderson, flinging down her loss with much asperity, "I think if you cannot handle parchment better than you do pasteboard, you ought not, in conscience, to undertake any man's law business. You will pardon me, sir, but I never saw any one play worse."

"Madam," said the lawyer, bowing sarcastically, "the blame of

my loss, this evening, lies between three parties, myself, dame Fortune, and my partner. Of the three, I really can exonerate only myself." Mrs. Canderson was going to reply, but seeing a titter upon the countenances of the standers-by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite vituperative tilting, would be only kicking against the pricks; so she, like all cowardly spirits, turned round with her phial of wrath brim full, to pour it on the head of the humble in mind, and the meek in carriage.

"Lady Rankles," said the hostess, with a most ominous emphasis on the word lady! "I have lost to you just fifty-three sovereigns this evening.

"If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs. Canderson," she replied, mildly, "I am really very sorry for it."

"Gives me pain, indeed! I should not have thought of it—I believe, I have got just as much pain at losing this money as you have sorrow at winning it."

"Never said a truer word, by Japres," said a voice from the crowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankles whenever she went in public. This was wormwood and bitter aloes to Mrs. C.; she took, however, no notice of it, but continued, "But perhaps her ladyship will have the goodness to give me my revenge at *écarté*?"

"Why really, I had almost made a vow never again to play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it; and it is late; but as I see that you have set your mind upon it, we will have a game or two."

"Then, I assure you, it must be for very high stakes, or I shall hold you craven; come, you have won between fifty and sixty pounds of me, and you limit the games to three; you must say twenty pounds a game."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Ten?" and the hostess began to shuffle the cards with eagerness.

"No, indeed; it would go against my conscience."

"Ah! conscience; well, some consciences that would walk through fire and water without a muscle quivering, are all over nerve when they come to a card-table. Do not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Rankles."

"I fervently hope not. It really does go against my conscience, and I had already made up my mind to give the sum that I have won to-night to some charity. So you see, if you win this back of me, you are winning from the poor and the unfortunate;—really I am loathe to play."

"Well, as you please, Lady Rankles," said Mrs. Canderson, with a fiendish malignity; "but, in return for your very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me to give you a piece of excellent moral advice. Give the money to a charity, but take care, that it be to the FOUNDLING Hospital!"

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed upon Lady Rankles, she could not have been more horror-struck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this very dreadful woman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be, was like the blast of lightning. Yet, with a wonderful effort, she prevented herself from fainting; and, though deadly pale, she bowed her head as

in submission to a chastisement from Heaven, and with scarcely a thought of her mortal tormentor, said with humility, "Mrs. Canderson, I will play for whatever you please."

The hostess, again mantling her face over with artificial smiles, said, "Well, then, in deference to your scruples, that I really respect, I will meet you with consideration for your acquiescence—let the stakes be but five guineas. I am a plain, honest woman, '*that never forget my friends, or forgive my enemies*,' and if you are going to give so largely to a charity, I sincerely wish you may double your gains." And, in her zeal for the good of the poor, she commenced playing, by placing her large white handkerchief on the table, and dropping two out of the four kings into her lap. Her opponent saw it.

Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes. The young and beautiful—bless their bright eyes!—do it daringly and desperately, with a frankness that is quite charming. Oh! they avow it, and laugh at you. An excellent joke, if it did not cost us poor "masculine humans" such an immortal deal of money. Elderly ladies, who are preparing their souls for heaven, cheat piously and secretly, in order that they may put two shillings into the plate at the door of the chapel or church, when they have a charity sermon, instead of one. These devout ones do it secretly, because they know that they are, speaking of their good deeds, "not to let the right hand know what the left doeth." So praiseworthy an end sanctifies the means. Ladies cheat at cards—sometimes.

Lady Rankles soon lost all that she had won, and a few pounds over. Play had ceased in the other quarters of the room. Many had already left, and almost all who remained had collected round the two antagonists. The loser rose—the winner grew angry, and again began to be sarcastic. She still kept her seat, and continued shuffling the cards. Lady Rankles's patience and forbearance were fast giving way to the attacks of the other; at length, after one more rude than the rest, she said with great dignity, "Mrs. Canderson, whilst I held any of your money, I permitted you to get it back in your *own manner*, but I can go no farther. I cannot risk my own money with a lady, who, every deal, by *accident* of course, drops one or two cards into her lap.

"Woman," said the tigress, "it is false!"

"It is true!" said her ladyship, and approaching her opponent, endeavoured to remove the handkerchief that lay partly on the edge of the table, and partly on her lap. Something like a scuffle ensued. Mrs. Canderson rose from her chair, and beside it on the ground lay three of the kings. There was a dead silence for half a minute. At length Mrs. Canderson came up to Lady Rankles, and whispering distinctly in her ear, uttered these words—"Card-dropping is not, after all, so bad as *child-dropping*!"

It was then that Lady Rankles appeared to be the guilty party. She staggered to her chair, and seemed ready to faint. Mrs. Canderson was a great general; she knew that her reputation was at stake, and, before surprise had time to give way to indignation, she ran up to her ladyship, wiped the perspiration from her brow, kissed her on

the cheek—oh ! that hated kiss ;—and exclaimed, “ Good heavens ! I trust that I have not carried the joke too far ! My dear, dear Lady Rankles, it has been a jest altogether. Not one farthing of the money that you think that you have lost at *écarté*, was ever intended to be taken. Come here, Mrs. Crump, and tell Lady Rankles if all this was not a planned thing ? ”

The toady advanced, and exclaimed with ready assurance, “ To be sure ! it was all a planned thing. ”

“ A planned thing ! ” echoed many of the guests, who unceremoniously departed. Lady Rankles returned the kiss of peace, took back the money, laughed at it, with a bursting heart, as an excellent joke, walked up and down the room arm in arm with her hostess, gave her, and two or three who were near, an invitation for a dinner party at her own house, for the next day, again kissed her tormentor, and took her leave.

When they both found themselves alone, one said, “ Gracious God ! does she know my secret ? Impossible—impossible ! Yet she must not be provoked. ” The other, “ I never forget my friends, or *forgive my enemies*, ” with a bitter emphasis on the four last words.

It was long before Mrs. Canderson recovered that estimation in her own set, that the transaction of this memorable night had estranged from her. However, the two widows now became inseparable. Nothing that attention, flattery, or zeal could do, was left undone by Mrs. Canderson to win the affection of Lady Rankles. She succeeded. About this time Mrs. Canderson invited to her house a Captain Templetower, a fine, handsome youth of one-and-twenty, gentle in his manners, manly in his bearing, and, with “ all good graces that do grace a gentleman. ” He was Mrs. C.’s nephew, her only relative, an undoubted favourite, and heir to her very considerable property. Lady Rankles admired from the first moment that she beheld him. Young Ernest was equally struck with the rich and beautiful widow ; and though years were certainly not in her favour, in youthful appearance they seemed nearly equal. They were a happy trio. Young Ernest was all gratitude, and love, and devotion—Mrs. Canderson all affection : her nature seemed to have undergone a change—her occasional asperity of manner to be entirely subdued—even whist and *écarté* had lost for her half their attractions. All her energies were concentrated in promoting the happiness of her nephew and her friend. Lady Rankles had accepted him. She now began to taste a happiness at once passionate and pure ; dearly she loved that handsome youth, and richly was that generous love deserved.

But no one now appeared so joyous as the aunt. The bridal day was fixed. She had settled an ample allowance upon her nephew ; so ample indeed, that she would, to carry it into effect, much straiten her own circumstances ; but she would listen to no remonstrances. She *would* do it. Her friend and her nephew happy, was happiness enough for her ; let an old woman have her way ; but upon one thing she must insist, that she alone should provide the “ *wedding dress*. ” This of course was readily granted ; but as the day grew near, no one, not even the bride, was allowed a peep at it. There were several young persons at work at Mrs. Canderson’s, but it seemed as if they

had been all sworn to secrecy ; for not a word respecting this wonderful dress could be extracted from any of them.

We must condense our narrative, or we would gladly expatiate upon the beautiful, the noble character of young Ernest Templetower, of the entrancing felicity of his wooing, and of the many excellencies of heart that this new state of feeling elicited from our old friend Ann. Now, for the first time, at thirty-five, she began to enjoy her youth : the expression is correct, for at no time did she ever feel more youthful.

It is the wedding morning. The ceremony is to take place, with a splendid privacy, in Mrs. Canderson's drawing-room : how anxiously she paces from room to room, examining that every thing has a bridal appearance. Lady Rankles arrives : two coaches and four are at the door—every thing looks brilliant. The bridegroom and Mrs. Canderson receive her. The somewhat agitated hostess hurries the bride through the various apartments, shows her how elaborate have been all the preparations, what care has been bestowed to make the decorations worthy of the occasion and of the parties. She is taken to the windows, and again made to observe the splendour of the equipages, presents from her to her dear nephew, which dear nephew begins to grow a little impatient.

“ Why, dear aunt, expatiate so long upon these mere gauds ? ”

“ Boy,” said she, “ Lady Rankles may never again have such sweet feelings, such unmingled enjoyment—let her drink her fill. O,” said she solemnly, “ sufficient to the day shall we find the evil thereof.”

“ That is an unlucky quotation, however, aunt, though from so excellent a book, for my bridal morning.”

The bride, struck with something excessively singular in the manner of Mrs. Canderson, said, “ God, in his mercy, grant that it may not be appropriate.”

“ Lady Rankles, I cannot say, Amen.”

There appeared now an expression so deeply sorrowful, so almost repentant in the countenance of the hostess, that it was a fearful thing, even to look upon it. She then continued, “ Follow me, Lady Rankles, and you, Ernest, come with us. I am about to present to your affianced bride her wedding dress. It may not be so splendid as she expects, but it is one that she will never forget.” As they proceeded towards Mrs. Canderson's boudoir, her gaiety had apparently returned. She used some sparkling impertinences that are so common-place on marriage mornings, that both her followers conceived that the dark cloud had passed from her. Here would I pause ; but I have imposed a task upon myself, and bitter as it is, that task I will complete. Behold the three in the boudoir, the door of which the owner has carefully closed. She grew very pale, and appeared to be terrified at the act that she was about to commit. Twice she strove for utterance, and twice nothing but an indistinct murmur escaped her lips. At length a shrill, unnatural voice, burst from her, and producing a common looking old deal box, she spoke thus : “ Lady Rankles, this is your wedding day. I have contrived it—I have laboured for it—I have prayed for it—and—I have achieved it—I never forget my

friends, or FORGIVE MY ENEMIES! This day shall you be wedded, but wedded to misery inexhaustible!"

"My dear aunt!"

"Gracious heavens! what do you mean?" were the simultaneous exclamations of her alarmed auditors.

"That I never forgive my enemies! This, madam, is your wedding day! And that——" throwing at her feet some rags that formed, apparently, the dress of a child in very humble life, "that is your wedding dress; and so sure as God will, must punish meditated infanticide, and so sure as I stand here an avenged woman, so sure is the bridegroom that is trembling there before you, Alfred Runt, the owner of that dress, at once your affianced husband, and your deserted son!"

"Monster!" exclaimed the almost petrified youth.

"Aye, monster, if you will! The curse of God, and of outraged nature, lies between you and your incestuous loves; but still she may make you a very decent mother, though she did abandon you to starve in the streets. But beware of the motherly kiss, of the filial embrace, there may be in them an unholy fire. I say, young man, beware!"

Hitherto had the agonized mother preserved a silence, that appeared like stupefaction, yet was not. It was the awful concentration of all direful fancies, of all horrible thoughts; but the frame could no longer bear this intensity of suffering. One long, wild shriek, escaped from her distended mouth, and she fell in a paroxysm on the floor. Alfred rushed to support her: he held her head upon one of his knees, and wiped carefully away the small streams of blood that issued from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth, and once kissed the clammy and insensible forehead of his apparently dying parent; whilst the pale witch, her executioner, stood over the group, and extending her long, skinny fingers towards him, again croaked out her sepulchral "beware!"

Notwithstanding the dangerous symptoms of her fit, Lady Rankles slowly recovered. She rose, she rallied, and with the awful dignity of unutterable misery, she thus addressed her torturer. "Woman! you think that I am going to curse you. God, in his unspeakable goodness, forbid! I am a humbled—a debased—a guilty creature; yet as such, I will pray for you—I will bless you! See me here, in unfeigned humility, kneel at your feet, and reverently kiss the hem of your garment, for showing me this great mercy in thus stopping me short of inexpressible crime. God bless you for it! God bless you for it! and may he turn your wicked heart. Come, my son, my son. My little Alfred! let us leave this wretched woman. Do you know, Alfred, my boy, that I am nearly forty? How could I have been so deceived? You really look very, very young. You have not yet called me—'mother!'"

"My dear mother!" said the distracted youth, kneeling before her.

"Do you see that?" said the triumphant parent, "my boy kneels for my blessing! And what demon shall stand by and say, that I shall not bless him and embrace him?" And then, with uplifted

hands, she prayed silently over him for a space, blessed him audibly, and placed the maternal kiss upon his cheek. "Now, my son," she continued, "lead me from this wretched place." As Alfred was leading his mother reverently away, Mrs. Canderson called out to him, "Captain Templetower, I wish not to quarrel with you."

"I know you no more," was the brief and stern reply.

We have finished. We detest windings up. The mother became happier than the wife would probably have been, the son than the husband. Mrs. Canderson could not tell the story to her own credit. How she came with Alfred for a nephew, she would not tell at all: we will, in a few words, merely to satisfy the curious. She had had, many years ago, some passages of love with the late Colonel Canderson. He was about to leave her when he was but a lieutenant, and she but a miss in a delicate situation, as she was pleased to say. He was honourable, and her affirmation procured her a hasty marriage immediately before he sailed for India. She duly wrote him tidings of her safe delivery of a fine boy, &c., charges of housekeeping and nursing were heavy, and he as duly made remittances to meet them, and, some four years afterwards he was expected home daily, and the child that he had been so lavish in supporting, had yet to be sought for. Mrs. Canderson *stole from Lady Rankles*, what she then, as Mrs. Runt, would have so willingly given away.

On that unhappy morning for the then miserable Ann, Mrs. Canderson had marked her unquiet eye, her faltering step, her haggard features; she saw the child trailed unwillingly after her, and too willingly allowed to lag behind. She watched her down the long street, and never doubted for a moment, from her whole demeanour, that she intended to leave it to its fate. The child, as we before mentioned, was subsequently cried, and bills were posted, that fully acquainted Mrs. C. who were the parents, and she satisfied herself upon every particular concerning it. The boy was sent into the country to nurse, but Mrs. Canderson remained on the spot, almost a neighbour to the mother, of whom, as all the events of her life passed in the vicinity, she never lost sight. She therefore traced her through all her gradations, and when she removed farther from her, contrived to form her acquaintance. She kept the secret inviolably from all but her husband, intending, no doubt, to act as circumstances might make it necessary.

The colonel loved the child dearly, and believed it to be his own. He quarrelled with his wife one fine day—a thing naturally to be expected, and she, acting up to her rule of always revenging, struck a deadly blow at his peace of mind, by telling him the truth concerning the child he so much loved. As there was entailed property in the family, he was too principled to wish to continue the deception to the injury of the heir-at-law; but he treated him still as a son, though that name was changed into nephew. All the property that could be legally devised to Alfred, the colonel left him. May he long live to enjoy it!

THE OXONIAN.¹—No. II.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertie
Celata virtus.

It has been very truly said, that there is nothing more difficult than the choice of friends. For my own part, I am free to confess, that up to this time, I have generally consulted my inclination in this particular, rather than any thing else; for which reason those friends of mine, whom I am going to introduce to my readers, will be found to be of a very contrary disposition and pursuits.

The first of these is a scholar of Trinity, by name, George Readwell. Like most of my other Oxford friends, he is of a shorter standing than myself by some years, and, indeed, has not yet taken his degree. This gentleman is a very bookish personage, and intends to go up for a double first, which, I imagine, he is by no means unlikely to get; for he has, what is called in this place, a very good head. I shall not pretend to give an account of the various books which he has read, although I have no doubt but that by this means I could fill up my paper very learnedly. One thing, however, I must observe, which is, that when he first came up to Oxford, he got his tutor to draw up a table of all the books requisite for a double first. This table he has entitled "*Quantum suff.*," and preserves it very carefully in his desk. As for his reading hours, they are so precise and regular, that a watch cannot be compared with them. His alarm rings every morning at ten minutes before six, and he has his scapula open at the very instant that the minute-hand has reached twelve. From this time till morning chapel, he is engaged in reading up his lectures for the day; but always reserves one minute before chapel for putting on his gown, and setting his kettle on the fire. Some of his enemies have said that a greater part of the service is devoted by him to reading the Greek Testament than our Liturgy requires; but on this point I can say nothing, since I have never had an opportunity of observing him at that time. The rest of the day, with the exception of two hours, is spent by him with the same regard to the value of time, and each particular hour has its particular book assigned to it with scrupulous exactness. This continues till his time for going to bed, which is one o'clock in the morning; and thus he may be said not to have slept one night since he came to Oxford. Whilst he is reading, he always keeps his *oak sported*, and let his friends knock as long as they will, makes a point of never opening to them, unless, indeed, it be myself, who am a privileged person, and always contrive to make my voice heard.

The next personage whom I shall introduce to my readers, is a gentleman commoner of Christchurch, whose name is Sir Anthony

¹ Continued from p. 51.

Lovelace. This friend of mine cannot be said to have an aversion for reading—I would rather say, that he has no idea of it at all. Once indeed he was heard to say, when dining with a fellow, that Aristotle was the most imaginative philosopher he had ever read; but beyond this he has never been known to give a single opinion upon the ancients. It is now his tenth term, and he would have gone up for his little go this term, as he says, if Virgil and Herodotus had not been such fools as to write in Latin or Greek; or if Euclid could have had the sense to write his book like an honest man without bringing in straight lines and angles. Sir Anthony may be often seen walking down High Street, with a spy-glass dangling by a piece of gold thread from the eye of his cane. Behind him there usually follows the most beautiful group of ugly puppies that Oxford can boast, each of which has got a silver chain round its neck. You would observe, at first sight, that his coat was cut by no mean artist; and, as for his trowsers, he has them fresh from Paris at regular intervals. The same over attention to fashion may be seen in the rest of his apparel; but what in others would have been a vulgarity, is in him only an affectation, for there is a particular ease in his manners, that can only be acquired in the best society, which serves to stamp him at once as a gentleman. As for his politics, he was last term a very decided Whig; but having spent part of the vacation at a noble lord's, he has changed sides, and is now no less decided a Tory. The reasons that he gives for this change seem to me to be quite as good as those which influence the greater part of politicians. He has observed, he says, that more gentlemen are Tories than Whigs. Whether this be true, I shall leave to my readers to determine by their own experience; in the meanwhile, I shall proceed with another of my friends.

This gentleman is named Thomas Grumblemore, of Grumble Hall, Leicestershire. He is a commoner of Exeter, and famous for his opposition to the university. It was he who wrote that pamphlet, entitled the “Abuses of Oxford,” which made so much noise about half a year ago. When talking of it to his friends, he confesses that it is false in a great many parts; but then, says he, if I had not abused to the full, my book could hardly have been called the abuses of Oxford; besides that, I was determined to have my vengeance out, for being plucked in my little go merely for not knowing logic. This gentleman is a very decided radical, and makes a point of running over the grass-plot in Quad. as often as he can do so, without being perceived. Nothing pleases him so much as to meet the proctor, when he has got his cap on, and not touch it; and he was very sorry that the examiners for little go were so lenient this term, because for that reason he would not be able to revile them so much as usual. It was with great difficulty that I dissuaded him last term, from proposing in the Union a measure that no gentleman should be allowed to speak until he had taken off his gown; and in all his other actions he is prompted by a similar species of hostility to our venerable institutions. I often regret, before him, that his talents, which are by no means of a poor description, should be directed in this way; but he always answers, that until Oxonians are treated like

men, and not like children, he shall continue as he is. It is very strange that with this spirit he should exhibit, on all other topics, a disposition peculiarly charitable; but so it is: and for this reason he has a great many friends, who yet do not at all admire his principles. Amongst these I reckon myself.

But the gentleman with whom I am not most intimate, and whom for this reason I have reserved for the last, is a Commoner of Baliol. His name is Edwin Fancely. I cannot say of him that he is a very great classic, for his knowledge is all of his own making, and lies principally in a track that is not often beaten by us of this place. He is an exceeding good mineralogist and botanist, and is acquainted with many wonders of chemistry. His chief delight, however, is in antiquities. He has visited on foot or horseback every church within twenty miles of Oxford, and can tell the date of an old building at a glance. It is very entertaining to walk with him round Oxford, and hear him expatiate upon the architectural beauties with which it abounds. He is very much pleased with the improvements which have lately been made at Exeter College, but compares the alterations which may be seen in one part of Corpus to the painting up of an ancient belle. The other day he had a long argument with Readwell in support of the Gothic shaft against the Corinthian column, in which he gave as his opinion, that the whole range of Grecian architecture is of a very flimsy character, compared with the solid sublimity of Gothic masonry. He would prefer an old ruin to the finest palace in the world; and, indeed, carries this disposition to such an extent, that more than once he has been heard to express his envy of that generation, for which is reserved the beautiful spectacle of Oxford in ruins by moonlight. I need hardly add, that with all this he is of a very romantic disposition, and would get all the Waverley novels by heart if he could. Indeed, he sometimes thinks seriously of writing a novel himself, but that, he says, he has not got sufficient knowledge of mankind. There is a peculiar openness and good-heartedness, if I may so say, about this gentleman's character, which makes every one love him at first sight. Nevertheless he has not got a very extended set of friends, from his particular ideas upon friendship, which he is accustomed to regard in a light of his own. Those who wish to make a further acquaintance with him, will find him almost every evening in the anti-chapel of New College, listening to the organ and choir with the stillness of a statue.

I have been thus particular upon the characters of these four gentlemen, because I shall, in all probability, have occasion to bring them before my readers at different times in the course of my speculations. Indeed, I propose them as my *dramatis personæ*, by whose means I shall be enabled to keep up an interest in my work, and preserve, as it were, a species of unity in it. My readers, however, will easily perceive that, as for the names themselves, they are altogether imaginary. I was compelled to this, by the consideration that I was acting a secret part, and have only to beg that should the real persons intended chance to cast their eyes upon this paper, they will have the vanity to think the characters here drawn not half good

enough to be meant for them. In the meanwhile let each of them consider whether amongst all his friends, he can pick out such a queer character as myself; and I dare say he will at last come to the conclusion which I desire, namely, that myself and my friends are equally ideal.

By this means I shall be able to pursue my remarks upon Oxford, just as I please, without fear of a human being. I shall be able to penetrate into all the secrets of the society in this place, without suspicion, nay, perhaps aided by those very persons who are most likely to consider themselves aggrieved by my paper. And, who knows, but that at some wine party, when the subject of the Oxonian may be started, myself may be the very person most diligent, either in wondering who could have written it, or in blaming the author.

One thing I must observe, before I conclude my present number, which is, that whilst I would preserve the character of a querist, I shall make a point of keeping all the results of my inquisitiveness to myself, if I think them likely to injure particular persons, unless, indeed, those particular persons be such as deserve to be exposed. But even in this case I shall studiously avoid mentioning names, however flagrant the vice or folly may appear. To use a homely proverb, I shall leave the cap to fit itself; for which reason my readers will take for granted, that all the names which will appear in the course of this work are of my own invention, whatever the characters may be. As a public censor I have only to add, that should any person in this University wish to prefer a complaint to me, he has only to address me, post paid, under the title of "the Oxonian," Oxford, (to be kept till called for.)

S.

A DUEL IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BY N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF AN "ESSAY ON WOMAN," &c.

WITH firm-set foot and furious stare,
 The knights like demons fronted there;
 Rage shook Lord Beaumont, on his face
 The rising muscles you might trace;
 The blood suffused his brow, his hand
 Quivering with fury grasped his brand;—
 Rapid as meteors earthward driven,
 As adverse whirlwinds meet in heaven,
 Their fury but to end with life,
 The champions closed in mortal strife.

There is a pleasure blent with fear
Down a steep precipice to gaze,
To see at night, o'er deserts drear,
The forky lightning blaze ;
With dread yet interest do we view
The vessel tossed on mountain waves,
When the next surge may plunge the crew
Loud-shrieking in their graves.
So felt the gazers stern delight
As raged that wild terrific fight ;
Both skilled their deadly arms to wield,
Each seemed to conquer, neither yield ;—
Now against buckler, buckler rang,
Now back they bent, now forward sprang ;
Both practised ward, and stroke, and thrust,
Their mail was dimmed with blood and dust ;
High o'er their heads their falchions flashed,
And as with deafening clang they clashed,
Sparks fell around them quick and bright,
And lit the tent with ghastly light.

In dread suspense the fight remained,
And neither champion vantage gained :
Oswy the fiercer, strouger proved,
He stood like tower unbent, unmoved ;
Beaumont, more active, curbed his ire,
And strove by sleights his foe to tire,
His strokes here, there, and sidelong dealing,
Attacking, guarding, shifting, wheeling ;
Still as old Oswy aimed a blow,
Whose force might lay a pine-tree low,
He raised his shield, or free and well
Dashed off the weapon ere it fell.

In this vain war the Thane at length
Found that he lost his breath and strength ;
And stung with wounds, and grim with gore,
Foaming with rage, like hunted boar,
Grasped with both hands his sword !
Oh ! what shall now the Norman save,
Will buckler, tempered casque or glaive ?—
On thundering comes the lord !
Red murder lights his savage eye,
His giant arm is reared on high,
Descends the mighty brand ;
Shivered is Beaumont's shield of oak,
His casque is riven, his falchion broke,
He bows—he staggers 'neath the stroke—
He rolls upon the sand !

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.—No. XIII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MUSTAPHA," said the Pasha, taking his pipe out of his mouth, after half an hour's smoking in silence, "I have been thinking it very odd that our holy Prophet (blessed be his name!) should have given himself so much trouble about such a son of Shitan as that renegade rascal, Huckaback, whose religion is only in his turban. By the sword of the Prophet, is it not strange that he should send him to command my fleet?"

"It was the will of your sublime Highness," replied Mustapha, "that he should command your fleet."

"Mashallah! was it not the will of the Prophet?"

Mustapha smoked his pipe, and made no reply.

"He was a great story-teller," observed the Pasha, after another pause.

"He was," drily replied Mustapha. "No Kessehgou of our true believers could equal him; but that is now over, and the dog of an Isauri must prove himself a Rustam in the service of your sublime Highness. Aware that your Highness would require amusement, and that it was the duty of your slave, who shines but by the light of your countenance, to procure it, I have since yesterday, when the sun went down, despairing to find his glory eclipsed by that of your sublime Highness, ordered most diligent search to be made through the whole of the world, and have discovered, that in the caravan now halted on the outskirts of the town, there was a famous Kessehgou proceeding to Mecca to pay his homage to the shrine of our Prophet; and I have dispatched trusty messengers to bring him into the presence of the Min Bashi, to whom your slave, and the thousands whom he rules, are but as dust:" and Mustapha bowed low.

"Aferin, excellent!" exclaimed the Pasha; "and when will he be here?"

"Before the tube now honoured by kissing the lips of your Highness shall have poured out in ecstasy the incense of another bowl of the fragrant weed, the slippers of the Kessehgou will be left at the threshold of the palace. Be chesm, on my eyes be it."

"'Tis well, Mustapha. Slave," continued the Pasha, addressing the Greek who was in attendance, with his arms folded and his eyes cast down to the ground; "coffee—and the strong water of the Giaour."

The Pasha's pipe was refilled, the coffee was poured down their respective throats, and the forbidden spirits quaffed with double delight, arising from the very circumstance that they were forbidden.

"Surely there must be some mistake, Mustapha. Does not the Koran say, that all that is good is intended for true believers; and is not this good? How then can it be forbidden? Could it be intended

for the Giaours? May they, and their fathers' graves, be eternally defiled!"

"Amen!" replied Mustapha, laying down the cup, and drawing a deep sigh.

Mustapha was correct in his calculations. Before the Pasha had finished his pipe, the arrival of the Story-teller was announced; and after waiting a few minutes from decorum, which seemed to the impatient Pasha to be eternal, Mustapha clapped his hands, and the man was ushered in.

"Khosh amedeid! you are welcome," said the Pasha, as the Kessehgou entered the divan: he was a slight, elegantly moulded person, of about thirty years of age.

"I am here in obedience to the will of the Pasha," replied the man in a most musical voice, as he salaamed low. "What does his Highness require of his slave, Menouni?"

"His Highness requires a proof of thy talent, and an opportunity to extend his bounty."

"I am less than dust, and am ready to cover my head with ashes, not to feel my soul in the seventh heaven at the condescension of his Highness; yet would I fain do his bidding and depart, for a vow to the Prophet is sacred, and it is written in the Koran——"

"Never mind the Koran just now, good Menouni; we ask of thee a proof of thy art. Tell me a story."

"Most proud shall I be of the honour. Will not my face be whitened to all eternity? Shall your slave relate the loves of Leilah and Majnoun?"

"No, no," replied the Pasha; "something that will interest me."

"Then will I narrate the history of the Scarred Lover."

"That sounds well, Mustapha," observed the Pasha.

"Who can foresee so well as your sublime Highness?" replied Mustapha. "Menouni, it is the pleasure of the Pasha that you proceed."

"Your slave obeys. Your sublime perspicuity is but too well acquainted with geography——"

"Not that I know of. Hath he ever left his slippers at our threshold, Mustapha?"

"I suspect," replied Mustapha, "that he goes all over the world, and therefore he must have been here. Proceed, Menouni, and ask not such questions. By virtue of his office, his sublime Highness knows every thing."

"True," said the Pasha, shaking his beard with great dignity and satisfaction.

"I did but presume to put the question," replied Menouni, whose voice was soft and silvery as a flute on a summer's silent eve, "as to perfectly understand the part of the world from which my tale has been transmitted, I thought a knowledge of that science was required; but I have eaten dirt, and am covered with shame at my indiscretion, which would not have occurred, had it not been that the sublime Sultan, when I last had the honour to narrate the story, was pleased to interrupt me, from his not being quite convinced that the parts of the world were known to him. But I will now proceed with my tale,

which shall go forward with the majestic pace of the camel, proud in his pilgrimage over the desert, towards the shrine of our holy Prophet."

In the north-eastern parts of the vast peninsula of India, there did exist a flourishing and extended kingdom, eminent for the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate. This kingdom was bounded on the east by a country named Lusitania, that lies northerly towards the coast of Iceland, so called from the excessive heat of the winter. On the south it was bounded by a slip of land, the name of which has slipped my memory; but it runs into the seas under the dominion of the Great Cham of Tartary. On the west it is bounded by another kingdom, the name of which I have also forgotten; and on the north, by another kingdom, the name of which I do not remember. After this explanation, with your sublime highness's knowledge, to which that of the sage Lochman was but in comparison as the seed is to the water-melon, I hardly need say that it was the ancient kingdom of Souffra.

"Menouni, you are quite right," observed the Pasha. "Proceed."

"Fortunate is your slave to stand in the presence of so much wisdom," continued Menouni, "for I was in doubt; the splendour of your presence had startled my memory, as the presence of the caravan doth the zebra foal of the desert."

In this delightful kingdom, where the nightingales sang away their existence in their love for the rose, and the roses gave forth their perfume until the air was one continued essence of delight, such as is inhaled by the true believers when they first approach the gates of paradise, and are enchanted by the beckoning of the Houris from the golden walls, there lived a beautiful Hindu princess, who walked in loveliness, and whose smile was a decree to be happy to all on whom it fell; yet for reasons which my tale shall tell, she had heard the nightingale complain for eighteen summers, and was still unmarried. In this country, which at that time was peopled by Allah with infidels, to render it fertile for the true believers, and to be their slaves upon their arrival, which did occur some time after the occurrences which I now relate; it was not the custom for the females of Souffra to lead the life of invisibility, permitted only to those who administer to the delights of the followers of the Koran; and although it was with exceeding modesty of demeanour, still did they, on great occasions, expose their charms to the public gaze, for which error, no doubt if they had had souls, beautiful as they were, they would have been damned to all eternity. Civilization, as Menou hath said, must extend both far and wide, before other nations will be so polished as to imitate us in the splendour, the security, and the happiness of our harems; and when I further remark to your highness—

"Proceed, good Menouni," interrupted Mustapha; "his Highness is not fond of remarks."

"No, by our beard," rejoined the Pasha; "it is for you to tell your story, and for me to make remarks when it is over."

"I stand in the presence of wisdom," said Menouni, who bowed low, and proceeded.

The beauteous Babe-bi-bobu, for such was the name of the princess, and which, in the language of the country, implied "the cream-tart of delight," was left Queen of the Souffrarians by the death of her father; and by his will, sworn to by all the grandees of the empire, she was enjoined, at twelve years of age, to take to herself a husband; but it was particularly expressed that the youth so favoured should be of the same high caste as herself, and without *scar* or *blemish*. When, therefore, two years

after her father's death, the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu had attained the age of twelve years, swift runners on foot, and speedy messengers mounted upon the fleetest dromedaries and Arab horses of the purest race, were dispatched through all the kingdom of Souffra to make known the injunctions of the will; the news of which at last flew to the adjacent kingdoms, and from them to all the corners of the round world, and none were ignorant. In the kingdom of Souffra, from which the choice was to be made, all the youth of caste were in a state of fermentation, because they had a chance of obtaining the honour; and all those of lower caste were in a state of fermentation, to think they had no chance of obtaining such an honour; and all the women of high caste, or low caste, or no caste, were all in a state of fermentation, because—because—

“Because they always are so,” interrupted the Pasha. “Proceed, Menouni.”

“I thank your sublime Highness for having relieved me in my case of difficulty; for who can give reasons for the conduct of women?”

It is sufficient to say, that the whole country was in a state of fermentation, arising from hope, despair, jealousy, envy, curiosity, surmising, wondering, doubting, believing, disbelieving, hearing, narrating, chattering, interrupting, and many other causes too tedious to mention. At the first intelligence every Souffrarian youth new-strung his mandolin, and thought himself sure to be the happy man. Hope was triumphant through the land, roses advanced to double their price: the attar was adulterated to meet the exorbitant demand; and nightingales were almost worshipped;—but this could not last. Doubt succeeded to the empire of hope, when reflection pointed out to them, that out of three millions of very eligible youths, only one could be made happy. But when the counsellors are so many, the decision is but slow; and so numerous were the meetings, the canvassing, the debates, the discussions, the harangues, and the variety of objections raised by the grandees of the country, that at the age of eighteen, the beauteous bird of paradise, still unmated, warbled her virgin strain in the loneliness of the royal groves.

“But why,” interrupted the Pasha, “why did they not marry her, when there were three millions of young men ready to take her? I can't understand the cause of six years' delay?”

The reason, most sublime, was that the grandees of Souffra were not endowed with your resplendent wisdom, or the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu had not so long languished for a husband. All this delay was produced by doubt, which the poets truly declare to be the father of delay. It was a doubt which arose in the mind of one of the Brahmins, who, when a doubt arose in his mind, would mumble it over and over, but never masticate, swallow, or digest it; and thus was the preservation of the royal line endangered. For years had the aspirants for regal dignity, and more than regal beauty, hovered round the court, each with his mandolin on his arm, and a huge packet of love sonnets borne behind him by a slave, and yet all was doubt; and the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried.

“I doubt whether we shall ever come to the doubt,” interrupted the Pasha impatiently, “or the princess to a husband.”

The doubt shall now be laid at your excellency's feet. It was, as to the exact meaning of the words, without *scar* or *blemish*, and whether *moles* were to be considered as *scars* or *blemishes*. The Brahmin was of opinion that moles *were* blemishes, and many others agreed with him; that is, all those who had no moles on their persons were of his opinion;

while, on the other hand, those who were favoured by nature with those distinguishing marks, declared that so far from their *being* scars or blemishes, they must be considered as additional beauties, granted by Heaven to those most favoured. The dispute ran high, and the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried. This great question was at last very properly referred to the mufti; these sages handled it, and turned it, and twisted it, added to it, multiplied it, subtracted from it, and divided it, debated it fasting, debated it on a full stomach, nodded over it, dreamt on it, slept on it, woke up with it, analyzed it, criticised it, and wrote forty-eight folio volumes, of which twenty-four were advocates of, and twenty-four opponents to, the question: the only conclusion which they could come to at last was, that *moles were moles*; and the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried.

The question was then taken up by the Dervishes and Fakirs of the country in a religious point of view: they split into two parties, tried the question by a dispute under a banyan tree, which lasted eighteen months, and still not half of the holy men had given their sentiments upon the question; tired of talking, they proceeded to blows, and then to anathematization and excommunication of each other; lastly, they had recourse to impalement to convince each other: more than a thousand perished on each side; and still the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried.

The colleges and schools of the kingdom took up the question, and argued it metaphysically, and after having irrecoverably lost, between the two sides, twenty-two millions of threads of arguments, the question was as fresh as ever, and the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried.

But this was not all; for at last the whole nation joined in the quarrel, splitting into violent and angry factions, which divided town against town, inhabitants against inhabitants, house against house, family against family, husband against wife, father against son, brother against sister; and, in some cases, where he had doubts on both sides, a man against himself. The whole nation flew to arms, distinguishing themselves as Molists and Anti-Molists: four hundred insurrections and four civil wars, were the consequence; and what was a worse consequence, the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu remained unmarried. Your sublime Highness must allow that it was a very nice question—

“What is your opinion, Mustapha?” demanded the Pasha.

“Is your slave to speak? Then I would say, that it was absurd to make such a mountain of a mole-hill.”

“Very true, Mustapha. This princess will never be married; so proceed, good Menouni.”

I should observe to your sublime highness, that the Molists were the strongest party, and the most arrogant; not content with wearing the marks of nature, they stuck upon their faces fictitious moles of every hue and colour, and the most violent partisans appeared as if they were suffering from some cutaneous disorder. It was also a singular circumstance, that no Molist was ever known to change sides, whereas, after bathing, many of the Anti-molists were found most shamefully to apostatize. Every thing was disastrous, and the country in a state of anarchy and confusion, when the question was most fortunately settled by the remark of a little slave about twelve years old, who was regularly flogged by his master every morning that he got up, upon a suspicion of Molism, and as regularly every evening by his mistress, on a second suspicion of Anti-molism. This poor little fellow whispered to another boy, that moles were blemishes or not, just as people happened to think them, but, as for his part, he thought nothing about the matter. The espionage at that time

was so strict, that even a whisper was to be heard at the distance of miles, and this observation was reported; it certainly was new, because it was neutral, when neutrality was not permitted or thought of: it was buzzed about; the remark was declared wonderful, it ran like wildfire through the suburbs, it roared through the city, it shook the very gates of the palace; at last it reached the holy in divan, who pronounced it to be inspiration from the deity, and immediately there was issued a solemn edict, in which it was laid down as a most positive and important article of Souffrarian faith, that moles were not scars, and only blemishes when they were considered so to be. Every one praised the wisdom of this edict; it was read and subscribed to as an article of faith; towns greeted towns, house congratulated house, and relations shook hands; what was still stranger was, husbands and wives were reconciled—and what was even more delightful, there was now some chance of the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu, no longer remaining unmarried.

This fortunate edict, by which it was clear that those who believed a mole to be a blemish were quite safe, and those who did not believe it, were in no manner of danger, set every thing to rights; the metropolis was again filled with aspirants, the air tortured with the music of the mandolins, and impregnated with the attar of roses. Who can attempt to describe the sumptuousness of the palace, and the splendour of the hall in which the beautiful princess sat, to receive the homage of the flower of the youth of her kingdom. Softly soft, sweetly, lovingly soft, were the dulcet notes of the warbling Asparas or singing girls, now ebbing, now flowing in tender gushes of melody, while down the sides of the elegant and highly pillared hall, now advancing, now retreating, the dancing girls, each beautiful as Artee herself in her splendour, seemed almost to demand in their aggregate, that gaze of homage due only to the peerless individual who at once burned and languished on her emerald throne. Three days had the princess sat in that hall of delight, tired and annoyed with the constant stream of the Souffra youths, who prostrated themselves, and passed on. The fourth morning dawned, and none could say that either by gesture, sigh, or look, they had been distinguished by even a shadow of preference. And the noble youths communed in their despair, and murmured among themselves; many a foot was stamped with unbecoming impatience, and many a moustache twisted with a pretty indignation. The inhabitants of the capital blamed the impetuosity of the youths; to say the least of it, if it were not disloyal, it were ungallant, and what was worse, they showed no regard for the welfare of the citizens, over whom they each aspired to reign as sovereign, for they must be aware, that now was the time that the citizens, from such an influx of aspirants, were reaping a golden harvest. And they added, with great truth, that a princess who had been compelled to wait six years to satisfy the doubts of others, had a most undeniable right to wait as many days to satisfy her own. On the fourth day, the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu again took her seat on the golden cushions, with her legs crossed, and her little feet hid under the folds of her loose azure-coloured satin trowsers, and it was supposed that there was more brightness in her eyes, and more animation in her countenance than on the previous days; but still the crowd passed on unnoticed. Even the learned brahmins, who stood immovable in rows on each side of her throne, became impatient; they talked about the fickleness of the sex, the impossibility of inducing them to make up their minds; they whispered wise saws and sayings from Ferdistan and others, about the caprice of women, and the instability of their natures, and the more their legs ached from such perpetual demand upon their support, the more bitter did they become in their remarks. Poor, prosing old fools! the beauteous princess had long made up her mind, and had never swerved from it through the tedious six years, during which the

doubts and discussions of these venerable old numskulls had embroiled the whole nation in the Molean and Anti-molean controversy.

It was about the first hour after noon that the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu, suddenly rising from her recumbent attitude, clapped her pretty little hands, the fingers of which were beautifully tipped with henna, and beckoning to her attendants, retired gracefully from the hall of audience: the surprise and commotion was great, and what made her conduct more particular was, that the only son of the chief brahmin who had first raised the question, and headed the Anti-molist party, was at the moment of the princess's departure, prostrate before the throne, with his forehead, indeed, to the ground, but his bosom swelling high with hope and ambition.

Within a bower of orange trees, in the deep recesses of the royal gardens, to which she had hastened, sat the panting princess. She selected some flowers from those which were scattered round her, and dispatched them to her favourite musician and attendant, Acota. Who was there in the whole kingdom of Souffra who could so sweetly touch the mandolin as Acota? Yet who was there, not only in Souffra, but all the adjacent countries, who struck such occasional discordant notes as Acota, and that in the ear of the beautiful princess Babe-bi-bobu, who far from being displeased, appeared to approve of his occasional violence, which not only threatened to crack the strings of the instrument, but the tympanums of those who were near, who longed to escape, and leave the princess to enjoy the dissonance alone, little thinking that the discord was raised that their souls' harmony might be undisturbed by the presence of others, and that the jarring of the strings was more than repaid to the princess, by the subsequent music of Acota's voice.

Acota seated himself, at a signal from the princess, and commenced his playing, if such it could be called, thumbing violently, and jarring every chord of his instrument to a tone of such dissonance, that the attendant girls put their fingers into their ears, and pitied the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu's bad taste in music.

"Ah! Acota," said the princess, opening upon him all the tenderness of her large and beaming eyes, "how weary am I of sitting on my cushion, and seeing fop after fop, fool after fool, dawdle down upon their faces before me; and, moreover, I am suffocated with perfumes. Strike your mandolin again louder, beloved of my soul—still louder, that I may be further relieved of this unwished-for crowd."

Thereupon, Acota seized his mandolin, and made such an unaccountable confusion of false notes, such a horrible jarring, that all the birds within one hundred yards shrieked as they fled, and the watchful old chamberlain, who was always too near the princess, in her opinion, and never near enough, in his own, cried out, "Yah—yah—baba senna, curses on his mother, and his mandolin into the bargain," as his teeth chattered; and he hastened away, as fast as his obesity would permit him. The faithful damsels who surrounded the princess could neither stand it nor sit it any longer—they were in agonies, all their teeth were set on edge; and at last, when Acota, with one dreadful crash, broke every string of his instrument, they broke loose from the reins of duty, and fled in every direction of the garden, leaving the princess and Acota alone.

"Beloved of my soul," said the princess, "I have at last invented a plan by which our happiness will be secured;" and in a low tone of voice, but without looking at each other, that they might not attract the observation of the chamberlain, they sweetly communed. Acota listened a few minutes to the soft voice of the princess, and then took up his broken-stringed mandolin, and with a profound reverence for the benefit of the old chamberlain, he departed.

In the mean time, a rumour was spread abroad that at sunset a public

examination of all the candidates was to take place on the bank of the rapid-flowing river, which ran through a spacious meadow near to the city, in order to reject those candidates who might prove, by *any scar or blemish*, not to come expressly within the meaning of the old king's will. Twelve old fakirs, and twenty-four mollahs with spectacles, were appointed as examining officers. It was supposed, as this was a religious ceremony, that all the females of Souffra who were remarkable for their piety would not fail to attend—and all the world were eager for the commencement of the examination. O then it was pleasant to see the running, and mounting, and racing, among the young Souffrarian rayahs, who were expected to be examined; and a stranger would have thought that a sudden pestilence had entered the city, from the thousands upon thousands who poured out from it, hastening to the river side, to behold the ceremony. But to the astonishment of the people, almost all the rayahs, as soon as they were mounted, left the city in an opposite direction, some declared, that they were most surely without *scar or blemish*, but still they could not consent to expose their persons to the gaze of so many thousands; others declared, that they left on account of *scars and honourable wounds* received in battle, and, until that afternoon, the Souffrarians were not aware of how much modesty and how much courage they had to boast in their favoured land; and many regretted, as they viewed the interminable line of gallant young men depart, that the will of the late king should have made scars received in battle to be a bar to advancement; but they were checked by the brahmins, who told them that there was a holy and hidden mystery contained in the injunction of the old king's will.

“By the beard of the Prophet, it takes a long time to get a husband for this princess of yours, Menouni,” observed the Pasha, with a yawn.

“Your sublime Highness will not be surprised at it when you consider the conditions of the old king's will.”

The examination was most strict, and even a small cut was sufficient to render a young man ineligible; a corn was considered as a blemish—and a young man even having been bled by a leech to save his life, lost him all chance of the princess.

“Pray may I ask, if a barber had cut the skin in shaving their heads, was that considered as a scar?”

“Most decidedly, your Highness.”

“Then those fakirs and mollahs, with their spectacles, and the brahmins, were a parcel of fools. Were they not, Mustapha?”

“Your Highness's wisdom is like the overflowing of the honey pot,” replied Mustapha.

“You know, Mustapha, as well as I do, that it is almost impossible not to draw blood, if there happens to be a pimple, or a bad razor; but however, proceed Menouni, and if possible marry this beautiful princess.”

About two hours before sunset the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu, “the cream tart of delight,” more splendidly dressed than before, again entered the hall of audience, and found to her surprise that there remained out of the many thousands of young rayahs, not fifty who could pretend to the honour of her hand and throne. Among them, no longer dressed as a musician, but robed in the costume of his high caste, stood the conscious and proud Acota, and although his jewels might not have vied with those worn by others who stood by him, yet the brightness of his eyes more

than compensated. Next to Acota stood Mezrimbi, the son of the chief brahmin, and he only could be compared to Acota in personal beauty; but his character was known—he was proud, overbearing, and cruel. The beauteous Babe-bi-bobu feared him, for there was a clause in her father's will, by which, if the first choice of the princess should prove by any intermediate accident to be ineligible, his father, the chief brahmin, was empowered to make a selection for the princess, and his decision was to be equally inviolable. The beauteous eyes of the princess first lighted upon the form of Mezrimbi, and she trembled, but the proud bearing of Acota reassured her, and waving her hand as she sat, she addressed the assembled youths as follows:—

“Faithful and gentle rayahs, impute it to no want of modesty that for once I sink the graceful bashfulness of the virgin, and assume the more forward deportment of the queen. When all appear to possess such merit, how can I slight all but one by my decision? Let me rather leave it to the immortal Vishnu to decide who is most worthy to reign over this our kingdom of Souffra. Let Vishnu prompt you to read your destiny; I have placed a flower in this unworthy bosom, which is shortly to call one of you its lord. Name then, the flower, and he who first shall name it, let him be proclaimed the lawful king of Souffra. Take then, your instruments, noble rayahs, and to their sounds, in measured verse, pour out the name of the hidden flower, and the reason for my choice. Thus shall fate decide the question, and no one say that his merits have been slighted.”

Having finished her address, the beauteous princess let fall her veil, and was silent. A shout of applause was followed by wild strummings and tuning of mandolins, and occasional scratching of heads or turbans, to remember all that Hafiz had ever written, or to aid their attempts at improviso versification. Time flew on, and no one of the young rayahs appeared inclined to begin. At last one stepped forward, and named the rose, in a borrowed couplet. He was dismissed with a graceful wave of the hand by the princess, and broke his mandolin in his vexation, as he quitted the hall of audience. And thus did they continue, one after another, to name flower after flower, and quit the hall of audience in despair. Then might these beautiful youths, as they all stood together before the princess, be compared themselves to the most beauteous flowers, strong rooted in their hopes, and basking in the sun of her presence; and as their hopes were cut off, what were they but the same flowers severed from their stalks, and drooping before the sunny beams, now too powerful to be borne, or loaded with the dew of tears, removed to fade away unheeded? There were but few left, when Mezrimbi, who, had as he thought, hit upon the right name, and who, watching the countenance of Acota, which had an air of impatient indifference upon it, which induced Mezrimbi to suppose that he had lighted upon the same idea, and might forestall him, stepped forward with his mandolin. Mezrimbi was considered one of the best poets in Souffra; in fact, he had every talent, but not one virtue. He bent forward in an elegant attitude, and sung as follows:—

“Who does the nightingale love? Alas! we
Know. She sings of her love in the silence of
Night, and never tells the name of her adored one.

“What are flowers but the language of love?
And does not the nightingale rest her breast
Upon the thorn as she pours out her plaintive notes?

“Take then out of thy bosom the sweet flower of May
Which is hidden there, emblematical of thy love,
And the pleasing pain that it has occasioned.”

When Mezrimbi had finished the two first verses, the beauteous princess started with fear that he had gained her secret, and it was with a feeling of agony that she listened to the last; agony succeeded by a flow of joy, at his not having been successful. Impatiently she waved her hand, and as impatiently did Mezrimbi depart from her presence.

Acota then stepped forward, and after a prelude, the beauty of which astonished all those around the queen's person, for they had no idea that he could play in tune, sang in a clear melodious voice the following stanzas:—

“ Sweet, blushing cheek ! the rose is there,
Thy breath, the fragrance of its bowers ;
Lilies are on thy bosom fair,
And e'en thy very words seem flowers.

But lily, rose, or flower, that blows
In India's garden, on thy breast
Must meet its death—by breathing sweets
Where it were extasy to rest.

A blossom from a nettle ta'en,
Is in thy beauteous bosom bound,
Born amid stings, it gives no pain.
’Tis sweetness among venom found.”

Acota was silent. The beauteous princess, as the minstrel finished, rose slowly and tremulously from her cushions, and taking the blossom of a nettle from her bosom, placed it in the hands of the happy Acota, saying, with a great deal of piety, “ It is the will of Heaven.”

“ But how was it possible for Acota to find out that the princess had a nettle blossom in her bosom ?” interrupted the Pasha. “ No man could ever have guessed it. I can't make that out. Can you, Mustapha ?”

“ Your sublime Highness is right; no man ever could have guessed such a thing,” replied Mustapha. “ There is but one way to account for it, which is, that the princess must have told him her intentions when they were alone in the royal garden.”

“ Very true, Mustapha—well, thank Allah, the princess is married at last.”

“ I beg pardon of your sublime Highness, but the beauteous princess is not yet married,” said Menouni; “ the story is not yet finished.”

“ Wallah el nebi !” exclaimed the Pasha, “ By God and his Prophet, is she never to be married ?”

“ Yes, your sublime Highness, but not just yet. Shall I proceed ?”

“ Yes, Menouni, and the faster you get on the better.”

Amidst the cries of “ Long live Acota, Souffraria's legitimate king.”

“ Legitimate. Pray, good Menouni, what may that word mean ?”

“ Legitimate, your sublime Highness, implies that a king and his descendants are chosen by Allah to reign over a people.”

“ Well, but I don't see that Allah had much to do with the choice of Acota.”

“ Nor with the choice of any other king, I suspect, your sublime Highness; but still the people were made to believe so, and that is all that is sufficient. Allah does not interfere in the choice of any

but those who reign over true believers. The Sultan is the Holy Prophet's vicegerent on earth—and he, guided by the Prophet, invests virtue and wisdom, with the Kalaats of dignity, in the persons of his Pashas."

"Very true," said the Pasha, "the Sultan is guided by Allah, and," continued he in a low tone to Mustapha, "a few hundred purses to boot. Menouni, you may proceed."

Amidst the cries of "Long live Acota, Souffraria's legitimate king!" Acota was led to the throne by the attendant grandees of the nation, where he received the homage of all present. It was arranged by the grandees and mollahs that the marriage should take place the next day. The assembly broke up, and hastened in every direction to make preparations for the expected ceremony.

But who can describe the jealousy, the envy, and the indignation which swelled in the breasts of Mezrimbi and his father, the chief brahmin. They met, they consulted, they planned, and they schemed. Acota was not yet king, although he was proclaimed as such—he was not king until his marriage with the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu, "the cream tart of delight," and should he be scarred or blemished before the marriage of the ensuing day, then must the brahmin, by the will of the old king, choose his successor; and who could he choose but his own son?

"Father," said young Mezrimbi, his beautiful countenance distorted by the vilest passions of Jehanum, "I have planned as follows:—I have mutes ready to obey my wishes, and a corrosive burning acid, which will eat deeply into the flesh of the proud Acota. I know that he will pass the time away in the garden of the royal grove. I know even the bower in which he hath wooed and won the fair princess. Let us call these mutes, explain to them what we wish, and by to-morrow's sun the throne of Souffraria will fall to the race of Mezrimbi. Are we not of the purest blood of the plains, and is not Acota but a rayah of the mountains?"

And the chief brahmin was pleased with his son's proposal; the mutes were summoned, the black, tongueless, everythingless, hideous creatures, bowed in their humility, and followed their master, who, with the chief brahmin, ventured by a circuitous route to invade the precincts of the royal grove. Slowly and cautiously did they proceed towards the bower, where, as Mezrimbi had truly said, Acota was waiting for his beloved princess. Fortunately, as they approached, a disturbed snake, hissing in his anger, caused an exclamation from the old brahmin, which aroused Acota from his delicious reverie. Through the foliage he perceived and recognised Mezrimbi, his father, and the mutes. Convinced that they meditated mischief towards himself, he secreted himself among the rose-bushes, lying prostrate on the ground; but in his haste, he left his cloak and mandolin. Mezrimbi entered the bower, and explained to the mutes by signs what it was which he desired, showed them the cloak and mandolin to make known the object of his wrath, and put into their hands the bottle of corrosive acid. They satisfied him that they comprehended his wishes, and the party then retired, the chief brahmin quitting the grove for his own house, the mutes lying in wait under some bushes for the arrival of Acota, and Mezrimbi walking away into the recesses of the grove, anxious as to the issue of the plot. Acota, perfectly aware of what was intended, laughed in his sleeve, and thanked Allah for this fortunate discovery; he crawled away on his hands and knees, so as not to be perceived, and hid himself, with his cloak and mandolin, watching in turn the motions of the others—and thus did all parties watch until the sun descended behind the blue hills which divided the

kingdom of Souffraria from that of the other kingdom, which my treacherous memory has dared to forget in your highness's sublime presence. Mezrimbi was the only one who was not motionless: he paced up and down in all the anxiety of anticipation and doubt, and at last he stopped, and, tired out with contending feelings, sat down at the foot of a tree, close to where Acota was concealed. The nightingale was pouring forth her sweet melody, and, friendly to lovers, she continued it until Mezrimbi, who had listened to it, and whose angry feelings had been soothed with her dulcet strains, fell fast asleep. Acota perceived it, and approaching him softly, laid his cloak over him, and taking up his mandolin, struck a chord, which he knew would not be lost upon the quick-eared mutes, although not so loud as to awake Mezrimbi. Acota was right; in a minute he perceived the dark beings crawling through the underwood like jackals who had scented out their prey, and Acota was again concealed in the thick foliage. They approached like shadows in the dark, perceived the sleeping Mezrimbi with the cloak of Acota and the mandolin, which Acota, after striking it, had laid by his side. It was sufficient. Mezrimbi's face was covered with the burning acid before even he was awakened; his screams were smothered in a shawl, and satisfied with having obeyed the injunctions of their master, the mutes hastened back to report their success, taking, however, the precaution of tying the hands and feet of Mezrimbi, that he might not go home to receive any help in his distress. They escaped out of the gardens, and reported to the chief brahmin the success of the operations, and how they had left him, Acota, in the woods. The old Mezrimbi, upon reflection, thought it advisable that the person of Acota should be in his power, that he might be able to produce him when required upon the ensuing day. He, therefore, desired the mutes to go back and bring Acota to the house, keeping a strict guard that he might not escape.

When the mutes had quitted Mezrimbi, Acota rose from his hiding place, and went towards the unfortunate wretch, who still groaned with pain, but his face was muffled up in the shawl, so that his features were hidden. At first Acota had intended to have reviled and scoffed at his treacherous enemy, but his good heart forbade it. Another idea then came into his head. He took off the cloak of Mezrimbi, and substituted his own; he exchanged turbans and scymetars, and then left him and went home. Shortly after Acota had quitted the wood, the mutes returned, lifted the miserable Mezrimbi on their shoulders and carried him to the house of the chief brahmin, who having ordered him to be guarded in an out-house, said his prayers, and went to bed.

The sun rose and poured his beaming rays upon the land of Souffraria, and thousands and thousands of the inhabitants had risen before him, to prepare for the day of delight, the day on which they were to be blessed with a king—the day on which the beauteous Princess Babe-bi-bobu, the cream tart of delight, was no longer to remain unmarried. Silks and satins from China, shawls and scarfs from Cashmere, jewels, and gold, and diamonds—horses, and camels, and elephants, were to be seen spread over the plains, and the city of Souffra. All was joy, and jubilee, and feasting, and talking, for the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu was that day to be married.

“I wish to heaven she was,” observed the Pasha, impatiently.

“May it please your sublime Highness, she soon will be.”

At an early hour the proclamation was made that the princess was about to take unto herself a husband from the high caste youths of Souffra, and that all whom it might concern should repair to the palace, to be present at the ceremony. As it concerned all Souffra—all Souffra was there. The sun had nearly reached to the zenith, and looked down

almost enviously upon the gay scene beneath, broiling the brains of the good people of Souffra, whose heads paved, as it were, the country for ten square miles, when the beauteous Princess Babe-bi-bobu made her appearance in the hall of audience, attended by her maidens and the grandees of Souffra, who were the executors to her father's will. At the head of them was the chief brahmin, who looked anxiously among the crowd for his son Mezrimbi, who had not made his appearance that morning. At last he espied his rich dress, his mantle, his turban and jewelled scymetar, but his face was muffled up in a shawl, and the chief brahmin smiled at the witty conceit of his son, that of having his own beauteous person unmuffled as well as that of the now *scarred* Acota. And then silence was commanded by a thousand brazen trumpets, and enforced by the discharge of two thousand pieces of artillery, ten square miles of people repeated the order for silence, in loud and reiterated shouts—and at last silence obeyed the order, and there was silence. The chief brahmin rose, and having delivered an extemporaneous prayer, suitable to the solemnity and importance of the occasion, he proceeded to read the will of the late king—he then descanted upon the Molean controversy, and how it was now an article of the Souffrarian faith, which heresy and impalement not to believe, that “moles were not scars, and only blemishes when they were considered so to be.” The choice of the princess, continued the learned Brahmin, has however not been made; she has left to chance that which was to have proceeded from her own free will, and that without consulting with the ministers of our holy religion. My heart told me yesterday that such was not right, and contrary not only to the king's will, but the will of Heaven; and I communed deeply on the subject after I had prayed nine times—and a dream descended on me in my sleep, and I was told that the conditions of the will would be fulfilled. How to explain this answer from above I know not; perhaps the youth who was fortunate in discovering the flower, is also the youth of the princess's choice.

“Even so,” replied the princess, in a soft melodious voice, “and therefore is my father's will obeyed.”

“Where, then, is the fortunate youth?” said the chief brahmin, “let him appear.”

Babe-bi-bobu, who, as well as others, had in vain looked round for Acota, was astonished at his not making his appearance, and still more so when he did, as they thought, appear, led in by the four black mutes, with his face enveloped in a shawl.

“This, then,” said the chief brahmin, “is the favoured youth, Acota. Remove the shawl, and lead him to the princess.”

The mutes obeyed, and to the horror of Babe-bi-bobu, there stood Acota, as she thought, with a face so scarred and burnt, that his features were not distinguishable. She started from her throne, uttered one wild shriek, which was said to be heard by the whole ten square miles of population, and fainted in the arms of her attendants.

“We know his dress, most noble grandees,” continued the chief brahmin, “but how can we recognize in that object, the youth without scar or blemish. It is the will of Heaven,” continued the chief brahmin, piously and reverently bending low. And all the other grandees replied in the same pious manner, “It is the will of heaven.” “I say,” continued the chief brahmin, “that this must have been occasioned by the princess not having chosen as ordained by the will of her father, but having impiously left to chance what was to have been decided by free will. Is not the hand, the finger of Providence, made manifest?” continued he, appealing to the grandees. And they all bowed low, and declared that the hand and finger of Providence were manifest; while the mutes, who knew that it was their hands and fingers which had done the deed, chuckled as well

as they could with the remnants of their tongues. "And now," continued the chief brahmin, "we must obey the will of the late king, which expressly states, that if any accident should happen after the choice of the princess had been made, that I, the chief of our holy religion, should select her husband. By virtue, then, of my power, I call thee forth, my son, Mezrimbi, to take his place. Bow down to Mezrimbi, the future king of Suffraria."

Acota, muffled up to the eyes, and dressed in the garments of Mezrimbi, stepped forth, and the chief brahmin, and all present, in pursuance to his order, prostrated themselves before Acota, with their foreheads in the dust. Acota took that opportunity of removing the shawl, and, when they rose up, stood by the throne, resplendent in his beauty and his pride. At the sight of him, the chief brahmin raised a cry, which was heard, not only further than the shriek of the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu, but had the effect of recalling her to life and recollection. All joined in the cry of astonishment when they beheld Acota in the garments of Mezrimbi.

"Who, then, art thou?" exclaimed the chief brahmin, to his son, in Acota's dress.

"I am," exclaimed his son, exhausted with pain and mortification, "I am—I was Mezrimbi."

"Grandeess," cried Acota, "as the chief brahmin has already asserted, and as you have agreed, in that you behold the finger of Heaven, which ever punishes hypocrisy, cruelty, and injustice;" and the chief brahmin fell down in a fit, and was carried out, with his unfortunate son Mezrimbi.

In the mean time the beauteous Princess Babe-bi-bobu had recovered, and was in the arms of Acota, who, resigning her to her attendant maidens, addressed the assembly in a speech of so much eloquence, so much beauty, and so much force, that it was written down in letters of gold, being considered the *ne plus ultra* of the Souffrarian language; he explained to them the nefarious attempt of Mezrimbi to counteract the will of Heaven, and how he had fallen into the snare which he had laid for others. And when he had finished, the whole assembly hailed him as their king; and the population, whose heads paved, as it were, a space of ten square miles, cried out, "Long life to the King Acota and his beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu, the cream tart of delight!"

Who can attempt to describe the magnificent procession which took place that evening, who can describe the proud and splendid bearing of king Acota, or the beaming eyes of the beautiful Princess Babe-bi-bobu. Shall I narrate how the nightingales sang themselves to death—shall I—

"No, pray don't," interrupted the Pasha, "only let us know one thing—was the beautiful Babe-bi-bobu married at last?"

"She was, that very evening, your sublime Highness."

"Allah be praised!" rejoined the Pasha. "Mustapha, let Menouni know what it is to tell a story to a Pasha, even though it is rather a long one, and I thought the princess would never have been married." And the Pasha rose and waddled to his harem.

IRELAND.¹—No. II.

“ Pogerò il piè, e dirò, tu non sui dove,
Questo calzar mi preme, e dia dolore.”—ARIOSTO, SATIRE.

“ No one knows where the shoe pinches, but he who wears it.”

IN our last article on Ireland, we endeavoured to show that an unjust and unequal distribution of wealth, the result of ancient violence and modern fraud, was the master evil of that country; and that the inevitable consequences, defective capital, and defective education, together with the lingering remains of religious feuds, are the great obstacles to its speedy settlement. For the first of these evils, legislation can do nothing directly. The production, and the economizing of wealth, are the duties of the people; and when the government has removed all impediments to the free exercise of industry, its part is completed. To the second evil, defective education, legislation is almost equally inapplicable. The education required is not an education of catechisms and ink-horns; but one of habits, and of practical utilities, such as the people only can give to themselves. With respect to the remaining leaven of Protestant ascendancy, nothing more is now necessary, than to act up to the great principle on which Catholic emancipation was granted, and to do substantial justice to all; and this accomplished, parliament will, on that point also, be *functus officio*. Assuredly, if the actual condition of Ireland, as far as relates to political grievances, be compared with that which subsisted only a very few years ago, there will be found abundant cause for gratulation, and for hope. After such decided victories gained by the people, against the unbroken forces of ascendancy, there is no doubting the facility of the crowning conquest, yet to be achieved,—the arrangement of the pecuniary interests in litigation between the two religions.

In such a state of things, there is little, if any thing, to be gained by a fundamental change in the government of the country; nor is there apparent any pressing necessity for plunging the Irish nation into the miseries of revolution. If, however, we leave such general considerations, and, coming into actual contact with the population, we touch with the finger the poverty, the immorality, the restlessness, and the despair of the proletarians, the rack rents, the mortgages, the intolerance, and (to use an Irish expression for an Irish thing) the “devil-may-care-ness” of the upper ranks, the absence of an enlightened middle class, the turbulence of factions, and the inherent weakness of government,—the paucity of remedial measures yet to be accomplished, so far from being a source of satisfaction, is an additional motive for anxiety. It is this disproportion between the

¹ Continued from vol. ix. p. 422.

quantum of relief afforded by the laws, and of gratitude and content in the people, that has caused the Irish to be censured as a light, capricious, turbulent, and fickle nation. But in Ireland, the laws of nature are not abrogated, and whatever exists there, as elsewhere, exists in virtue of sufficient causes, if philosophy will but take the pains to search for them.

That Ireland is in an epoch of transition is, in itself, a sufficient cause for much that we deplore. It is in such epochs, that all societies are weak and unstable. Even the worst of political systems, as long as their causes are in vigour, have their principle of stability. Public affairs receive a definite impulse, and they march; and, however deep the discontent, the fortress of wrong is inexpugnable. But in the moment of transition, if evil is shaken, good is not established; while all the passions, both of the party elevated and the party depressed, are in unchecked fermentation. There is a ground swell after political, as after natural storms, often more dangerous to the bark than the raging of the tempest.

It has been said that Catholic emancipation was granted too late; and this is true in more senses than one. To have produced its full effect, that boon should have been granted, as promised, at the union of the two kingdoms. Six-and-twenty years further continuance of a disorganizing system, that was then stigmatized as intolerable, may well have proved something more than the last drop, which causes the overflow of the cup of misery. During this period, accidental circumstances conspired with the fixed causes of mischief, to shake the frame of society with statistical vicissitudes; and the disproportion between capital and population was increased in a rapidly accelerating *ratio*. During the four last of these years, the Catholic Association not only spread discontent by daily and energetic statements of established wrong; but by organizing resistance, and disciplining dissatisfaction, it gave the people the sentiment of their power to destroy. Political discontent, or predial suffering alone, might have been less significant; but the two, combined, have acted and reacted on each other, to relax every link of the great social chain. Independently of this inflammation of "the rebellion of the belly," by incessant discussions of Irish grievances, it was impossible that the people should remain in ignorance of what was passing round them in Europe; or that the example of the three days at Paris, and still more, of the four days at Brussels, should be lost upon so mercurial a nation. For centuries, the law had not been the poor man's friend; and, for centuries, he had been accustomed to try conclusions with its ministers; for centuries, the peasantry had been enforcedly idle, and the idle are alike predisposed to discontent and to mischief.

Upon these glowing embers the Catholic Relief Bills, which should have turned to the account of peace, fell like oil. In truth, the peasantry had been led to expect too much from that measure; and when it was found by experience to be less than a panacea, it was at once condemned as a mystification and a cheat. Then came the Reform, and hope was again renewed and excited to the uttermost. But the reformed parliament was scarcely seated, when the fatal promise of

the extinction of tithes, (followed by a most lame and impotent conclusion,) dashed those hopes again to the earth. Hitherto, it had been the policy of the agitators to preserve the predial and the political quarrels, in appearance at least, as distinct as possible: but resistance to tithe, however different in principle to resistance to rents, is, in practice, allied to it by the closest affinities. That the resistance to tithe has been nurtured into a factitious violence cannot be disputed; but that it was, *per se*, a matter of deep national interest and resentment is equally undeniable. That Mr. O'Connell has "ridden the whirlwind and directed the storm," is abundantly true; but candour itself must admit, that the government has not been second to the great agitator in fanning the flame. The abolition of tithe was a question of naked justice, and where justice is concerned, half measures are worse perhaps than none. It was, moreover, not only a necessary sequence of the act of emancipation, but a measure rendered indispensable by the state of public opinion throughout the whole empire, nay, throughout Christendom universally. It was not, therefore, a question that admitted of dalliance. But above all it was, in Ireland, *eo usque* a virtual revolution, in which the interests of vast bodies of men were deeply implicated; wisdom, therefore, no less than honesty,—expediency no less than fair dealing,—demanded that the operation should be alike perfect and prompt. To desire that seven millions of Catholics should continue to support the skeleton of a protestant establishment, the *simulacre* of a national church, would have been unprincipled; to hope that they would submit to do so, would have been exquisitely absurd; but to protract the discussion, after the principle was conceded, for the purpose of trying how much could be saved from the wreck of ancient abuse, to conciliate the unconciliabile, was foolish even to imbecility. Already ministers must be themselves convinced, that they have thrown away the best chance, not only of a reasonable compromise for their favourites, but for averting from Ireland the horrors of a civil war.

In the mean time, the conduct of what is (somewhat facetiously) called the *intelligent* part of the community, has been equally faulty and suicidal. The great landlords,—at least a large part of those who are resident in the country,—actuated by fanaticism, and by a corrupt zeal for the lost cause of ascendancy, have thwarted the government in all its plans for the improvements rendered necessary by emancipation, and by the temper of the times; they have rivalled the O'Connell faction in traducing, maligning, and vituperating the administration; and they have gone the whole length of that faction in rendering the Irish government ridiculous in the eyes of the people. They have seceded from their duties as magistrates, or misused their power for factious purposes; leaving the law charged with their own abuses, and bare and unprotected to the battering ram of popular indignation. The inferior squirearchy, on the other part, the middle men holding long leases, have lent their aid underhand, to tithe agitation, with a foolish expectation, that whatever the church loses, the landlord will be permitted to pocket. Thus, for the sake of the tenth, to which they have no claim, they have risked the other nine-tenths of

their land, and with these, the lives and safety of themselves and their families. There are few persons acquainted with Ireland—none perhaps living in it,—who do not feel that every hour of tithe agitation is developing with fearful rapidity an indisposition to pay rents, or to submit to any regulations for the leasing of land, other than the sovereign will of a semi-insurgent tenantry. Opposed by the physical strength of the country, and deserted by the gentry, the government is paralysed and impotent. The judges, it is true, still go their rounds; and the hangman still does his disgusting duty. But neither life nor property are adequately protected, for the victims of the law are revered as martyrs, and are the mere apostles of insurrection, adding a feeling of vengeance to the more tangible causes of turbulence and blood. The coercion bill, necessary as a measure of temporary expediency, possesses in itself no healing efficacy. For a time, it fulfilled its mission; because even its opponents, by exaggerating its severity, clothed it with additional attributes of terror. But the hour of alarm has passed by, unimproved. The populace look its enactments in the face, and have ceased to tremble; nor can any penal law of tenfold violence long controul the physical strength of the country, while the people have, or imagine that they have, nothing to hope from order and submission. For two years, the government has, in fact, gone on by acquired impetus, and not from inherent force. It has, indeed, military possession of the soil, wherever a soldier sets his foot, but no further. Every misdoer is justiceable, when he is caught, that is, if witnesses and juries dare speak and act according to the truth. But there is nowhere a voluntary obedience to the law, nowhere a respect for authority, (scarce even for that of the priest when he is in favour of order,) and nowhere a hearty feeling between the labourer and the proprietor, whose wages he receives, or whose land he hires.

The loss of these two years is a grievous fault in the Whig administration; not only as it is an irreparable injury to Ireland, but because it has, too probably, arisen in an incompetence to see the Irish question in its wholeness, and to grapple firmly with its difficulties. When the Whigs embraced reform, were they ignorant of its consequences; or did they think they could give the people power, and withhold from them its fruits? No man, unprepared to admit that rights are the attributes of human beings,* and that the technical entity of a church corporation, (incapable of suffering or of rejoicing, saving in the persons of its living members,) has any claim to property, should have touched the defective representation with a little finger, should have released the Catholics from a single disability, or relieved the subject from a single tax. Abuses should have been preserved "one and indivisible," in all departments; and Whigs and Tories have alike been inconsistent, in surrendering to their terrors the *première pas qui coute*, without being fully prepared for a frank and uncompromising return to justice, in its meanest particulars.

* This most essential part of the definition has been carefully kept out of sight: its influence on the general argument, *sauté aux yeux*.

That the dethronement of the Established Church from its unholy supremacy is a measure environed by a formidable array of difficulties, must honestly be admitted ; and it would have been no impeachment of the character of the government, if they had set about the task in Ireland with a due consideration of the weighty interests opposed to the measure: on this score the public has been unreasonably impatient and severe. But truckling to enemies is quite another affair ; and by disavowing the principle which the spirit of the age has adopted, the ministers have taken from themselves the credit even of those partial applications of it, which they are really anxious to carry. This want of a sure and fixed principle of action, while it has enabled the high church opponents of the government to hold them in check, has thrown them upon a course of tampering expediency with Mr. O'Connell, no less unfavourable to their own respectability and to the peace of the country. Essentially too liberal and upright to push the Tory argument of force to all its practical consequences, they have yet held out the Tory instruments of authority *in terrorem*, and they have thus reaped a full harvest of odium for high-pressure threats, without procuring the respect which waits on power, however unholy its means or its ends. Mr. O'Connell has, therefore, been enabled to use their state prosecutions as arguments *ad invidium*, without being restrained by the power he denounces. It was an unlucky escapade of ministerial petulance, to assert that the government must be feared, in order to be loved; but it would have been better perhaps that even this sinister wisdom had been acted upon in Ireland, than that, with all this apparatus of force, the government should have been suffered, as it unquestionably has, to fall less into hatred than contempt. During the period of Whig government, the aspect of Irish affairs has so far changed, that there is no longer exhibited the spectacle of two contending forces in deadly contest. The battle between popular and despotic sway has been fought and decided. The siege, as Uncle Toby would say, has been turned into a blockade ; and the system of what is called passive obedience to the law, has left the authorities without *prise*, an object of derision, rather than of alarm, to the turbulent and the seditious. The worst of all this loss of credit, and of the means of beneficial efficiency, is that it is *en pure perte*. Church establishments may be very holy arrangements ; the union of church and state may be the last term of political perfection ; and tithes may be as good for the body as they are for the soul: but they are gone, they are defunct, they have no longer an habitation on the earth, and have nothing for it, but to take their rest with Astræa, in the symposia of the immortal gods. Policy might have managed for them an euthanasia ; but no political Frankenstein, no religious St. Leon, could have renewed their lease of sublunary supervivence.

But though the earlier legislative adjustment of the Irish church would have prevented a considerable step towards the social disorganization of the country, it is not perhaps equally true, that it would have closed the door against all other sources of popular disquiet. Still, however, in a heavy account, the settlement of even one item so considerable, would have been a simplification of no trifling import. Had the question of tithes been honestly adjusted, it is a matter

almost of mathematical demonstration, that the landlords, however the consequent land tax might be laid for the general purposes of the state, would eventually have thrown the onus on the tenant, in the shape of an increase of rent. The rate of rent must inevitably be strictly proportioned to the demand for land; and the superfluous population would still continue, as at present, scramblers for their rood of potato ground. The poverty of the proletarian would then remain unrelieved. Upon this defect in the social balance, a sufficient basis would remain on which to build agitation, while its matter already exists in the project of a repeal of the union. This question, originally thrown down as a firebrand by Mr. O'Connell, to keep alive discord and his own importance, when his (laudable) ambition had been so foolishly crushed by the Wellington administration—appeals alike to the best and the worst passions of a rude and discontented peasantry. At first it was but coldly received; till the analogies of the Belgian revolution drew popular attention more closely to the subject; and latterly, the acrimony of the tithe dispute, and the active agitation of the subject by Mr. O'Connell and his friends, as a measure of general opposition to the government, has added considerably to its popularity. At present, it may be likened to an unknown quantity, serving as an exponent of all the vague desires and expectations that are afloat among a miserable and an ignorant population. It is the *x*, *y*, and *z*, that stand for whatever remedies may, or may not, exist in the elaboratory of society, for ills that are but too real and too pressing. The malady of Ireland, like all other ill-understood diseases, is especially within the province of the quack. Every one has his nostrum, or his miracle, at the public service; but no matter what may be its nature, the repeal of the union is its inevitable vehicle. Are the absentees to be taxed—it is a resident legislature that would do the job. Is a poor law to multiply capital and employ willing industry—it is from the *wisdom* of Irishmen that the boon is to be expected. Are manufactures to be protected (?) by enormous duties, none but Irish political economists are up to the trick! And yet, it is not so long ago, since an Irish parliament sat in College Green; but that every body may remember, or have heard tell by competent authorities, that the rivers of the land did not exactly flow with milk and honey under the native sway. If the union were repealed, of two consequences one must arise. Either property would prevail in the Irish representation, or the people would be predominant; and it would be difficult to decide which contingency would offer the fewest chances. In either supposition, an imperial legislature would be more efficient, more knowing, more unprejudiced, more powerful for national purposes, than such a parliament as Ireland alone could return. In the actual condition of Ireland, any government that can stay the progress of dissolution, must, before all things, be a strong government.

Utopians, indeed, familiarly talk of the iron grasp of a benevolent and enlightened despotism, as alone equal to the task of Irish regeneration; but when was despotism ever benevolent and enlightened? But a popular administration, strong in the support of the people, and in the clearness and integrity of its own views, and sternly and stea-

dily pursuing its own will, and the dictates of the public reason, might keep society together, till a return of material pecuniary prosperity should teach the peasantry the value of peace, and of a really productive industry. Would such an administration be possible in separated Ireland? At present, (there is no wisdom in denying the fact,) Ireland is in a sickly and a helpless condition; and is wanting in almost every particular, if left to its own resources, for saving itself from a course of bloody and destructive anarchy. The repeal of the union, at this moment, would be the signal, not only for separation from England, but for agrarian revolt, and for the expulsion of the Protestant natives. The worst feature in the case of the repealers, is, that it runs counter to the spirit of the age, and that it disregards the great European movement, through which alone popular rights universally may, in the end, be restored. Placed at the extremity of Europe, and screened, as it were, by England from the aspect of other nations, Ireland has been too much a world in itself. Following, at a distance, the events of the passing revolution, it has not studied their meaning; and even Mr. O'Connell himself is constantly making the strangest mistakes concerning the character and intentions of the leading men on the continent. It is impossible to watch the movement of affairs in Ireland, without perceiving that the great impulse of the poor and ignorant native is not liberty, so much as hatred of England, and a thirst for vengeance on the oppressor. Whatever they assert, and whatever they may really think of their own plans, separation from England is lurking in the hearts of the agitators. Nor is this so unnatural in an impassioned and uninstructed people. They "*have* a long career of hate to settle with Alonzo;" and if disposed to forget and forgive, the endless incapacity of aristocratic legislation, (which happens to have been also imperial,) may well lead them to look at home, for what has so long been expected in vain from across the water. Their desires, however, though sufficiently natural, are not on that account a whit more wise. Separation from England, whether total or partial, is separation from the European commonwealth; it is separation from the riches, from the illumination, from the political ameliorations which are springing up in England. Independence in the abstract, is neither good nor bad; and there are cases in which national independence is like that of the cynic philosopher, an enforced independence of blessings which he has himself placed beyond his own reach,—an independence of privation, and of moral degradation. While the people of the rest of Europe are seeking out each other, leaning on each other, and learning from each other, in their common warfare against bad government and domestic tyrants, it is lamentable to see the Irishman shutting himself in his own island, and placing his hopes on the conversion of his nearest neighbour into a natural enemy. What more could the would-be oligarchy of the two countries desire, than to see Irishmen at war with Englishmen; and each the ready instrument for enslaving the other?

That a repeal of the union would diminish the unequal distribution of wealth, otherwise than by opening a door to sweeping revolution, is absurd to imagine. The abolition of the law of primogeniture, and

a forcible transfer of the church lands to whoever could keep possession of them, might, indeed, at the end of centuries, give birth to a better order of things; but through what an ocean of blood, what a series of poverty, starvation, and slaughter, must this be obtained; supposing even that some mortal disease, fallen on England, left the different classes of Irishmen the undisputed opportunity for arranging their relations among each other, according to the law of the strongest. Recurring to the point from whence we started, a domestic legislature, that is to say, an inherently weak government, including a divorce from English wealth, enterprise, and illumination, would prove any thing but a remedy for the defective capital and education, which we have described as the great social ills of the country; and as for religious feuds, good government alone will dispose of them; and *that* will inevitably be obtained from an imperial parliament, if the popular cause triumphs; whereas, in the opposite hypothesis, an oligarchy strong enough to master England, and having the resources of England at its disposal, will find no difficulty in maintaining Ireland also in slavery and subjection.

Looking again at the remote causes of national poverty—namely, destructive warfare and bad government, the plain inference is, that the best remedy will be found in established order, peace, and uninterrupted industry. There is too much of the “nothing like leather” policy in agitation, to recommend it to a calm reasoner. Agitation did bravely in the palmy days of Orange and Tory supremacy; but, other times other cures. When the condition of Ireland is compared with that of Scotland at the epoch of its union, and at the present moment, the absurdity of a revolution, as *necessary* to Irish regeneration, is demonstrable. Scotland was at the former period far more distant from the seat of legislature, than Ireland (thanks to English capital and English industry in building steam boats, and improving roads) now is. The union with Scotland, moreover, was twice endangered by rebellion, and the country desolated by civil war. Yet has that country, by its own social energies, by the domestic virtues of its inhabitants, overcome the natural disadvantages of a sterile soil, and a remote situation; without feeling either the imputed degradation of provincialism, or the want of government protection. If the Irish aristocracy were corrupt, and the Irish representatives sold to whoever was minister of England; it cannot be denied that in this the Scotch were equally ill off. But after the Forty-five, the Scotch turned their whole energies to production and to economy, leaving politics to take care of themselves; and without any assistance from government, but the military communications opened for other purposes, and such good laws as the sagacity of Scotchmen discovered and made palatable to an imperial parliament, they have rendered their country equal in prosperity to any other the most favoured portion of the united kingdoms.

That the agitation of the last two years has materially injured the statistical advancement of the peasantry, is a self-evident truth; that it has delayed and impaired the measures of political regeneration, designed and planned by the Whigs, can scarcely be doubted. It is true, that the best of aristocratic administrations require the stimulus

of opposition to quicken their movements and enlarge their intelligence; but an encouraging and instructing opposition is one thing; a brawling, factious, irritating, and impeding opposition, is another.

But whatever may be the political differences of honest men, their first care should, in the present crisis, be to preserve Irish society from going to pieces, and resolving itself into its first elements. The distressed and harassed peasantry require to be protected from their own passions; and the government therefore should be supported, merely because it is a government, and independently of all minor considerations. Ireland to prosper, must first exist; and its existence as a nation is in momentary danger from the restlessness of its peasantry. It has been said that there are from a million to a million and a half of Irishmen living without regular employment; and one-tenth of that mass of poverty in the market, is enough to weigh down the whole body of unskilled labourers. This evil must be attacked at its root, but it cannot be relieved in a moment; and, in the mean time, a strong government is essential, to prevent irreparable violence. To diminish human suffering, colonization on the largest possible scale might do much; but the deficiency of Ireland is in capital, not in men, or in land to cultivate; and to develope capital, peace, security, and (therefore again) a strong government, are necessary ingredients. By a strong government is not meant a government backed by severe laws and numerous bayonets, but a government strong by the concurrence of the intelligence and property of the country, by the voluntary unbought support of the imperial people. To the people of Great Britain, the peace and prosperity of Ireland are of vital importance. Let there be enduring civil war in Ireland, and there is an end of domestic improvements and of foreign influence in Great Britain. It is an imperative duty therefore in the people, while they see that a full and a merciful measure of justice is meted to the Irish nation, to compress with the whole force of the empire, the Orange and agitating factions, and the domestic tyranny of tithe lords and landlords. Let them look to it, that the official stations of Ireland are committed to competent and honest hands, and not farmed out to the dependent and pauper aristocracy of England; let them see that the laws are administered regularly and justly as in England; and that they are not made the engines of party oppression, or aristocratic cupidity;—in one word, Ireland is to England a farm long run to decay, out of heart, and in the worst and least productive condition; let her treat it therefore as a good husbandman would treat his estate so circumstanced; but, in the mean time, let the Irish gentry look to their own affairs themselves, with something more of wisdom and of honesty than they yet do, or their property in the soil will be soon reduced to the possession of its title deeds.

M.

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"I SAY, master Stapleton, suppose we were to knock out a half port," observed old Tom, after a silence of two minutes; "for the old gentleman blows a devil of a cloud: that is, if no one has an objection." Stapleton gave a nod of assent, and I rose and put the upper window down a few inches. "Aye, that's right, Jacob; now we shall see what Miss Mary and he are about. You've been enjoying the lady all to yourself, master," continued Tom, addressing the Domine.

"Verily and truly," replied the Domine, "even as a second Jupiter."

"Never heard of him."

"I presume not; still, Jacob will tell thee that the history is to be found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."

"Never heard of the country, master."

"Nay, friend Dux, it is a book, not a country, in which thou mayst read how Jupiter at first descended unto Semele in a cloud."

"And, pray, where did he come from, master?"

"He came from heaven."

"The devil he did. Well, if ever I gets there, I mean to stay."

"It was love, all-powerful love, which induced him, maiden," replied the Domine, turning, with a smiling eye, to Mary.

"'Bove my comprehension altogether," replied old Tom.

"Human natur," muttered Stapleton, with the pipe still between his lips.

"Not the first vessels that have run foul in a fog," observed young Tom.

"No, boy; but generally there ar'n't much love between them at those times. But, come, now that we can breathe again, suppose I give you a song. What shall it be, young woman, a sea ditty, or something *spooney*?"

"O! something about love, if you've no objection, sir," said Mary, appealing to the Domine.

"Nay, it pleaseth me, maiden, and I am of thy mind. Friend Dux, let it be *Anacreontic*."

"What the devil's that?" cried old Tom, lifting up his eyes, and taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Nothing of your own, father, that's clear; but something to borrow, for it's to be *on tick*," replied Tom.

"Nay, boy, I would have been understood that the song should refer to woman or wine."

¹ Continued from p. 82.

"Both of which are to his fancy," observed young Tom to me, aside.

"*Human natur*," quaintly observed Stapleton.

"Well, then, you shall have your wish. I'll give you one that might be warbled in a lady's chamber without stirring the silk curtains.

"O! the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn to night,
Was Love—still Love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream;
O! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

The melody of the song, added to the spirits he had drunk, and Mary's eyes beaming on him, had a great effect upon the Domine. As old Tom warbled out, so did the pedagogue gradually approach the chair of Mary, and as gradually entwine her waist with his own arm, his eyes twinkling brightly on her. Old Tom, who perceived it, had given me and Tom a wink, as he repeated the last two lines; and when we saw what was going on, we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Boys! boys!" said the Domine, starting up, "thou hast awakened me, by thy boisterous mirth, from a sweet musing created by the harmony of Friend Dux's voice. Neither do I discover the source of thy cachinnation, seeing that the song is amatory and not comic. Still it may not be supposed, at thy early age, that thou canst be affected by that which thou art too young to feel. Pr'ythee continue, friend Dux—and, boys, restrain thy mirth."

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar
When wild youth's past;
Though he were the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last.
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when he sung to woman's ear
The soul felt flame;
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The once lov'd name."

At the commencement of this verse, the Domine appeared to be on his guard; but gradually moved by the power of song, he dropped his elbow on the table, and his pipe underneath it: his forehead sunk into his broad palm, and he remained motionless. The verse ended, and the Domine forgetting all around him, softly ejaculated, without looking up, "Eheu! Mary."

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said Mary, who perceived us tittering, addressing the Domine, with a half-serious, half-mocking air.

"Speak, maiden? nay, I spoke not; yet thou mayst give me my pipe, which apparently hath been abducted while I was listening to the song."

"Abducted! that's a new word; but it means smashed into twenty pieces, I suppose," observed young Tom. "At all events, your pipe is, for you let it fall between your legs."

"Never mind," said Mary, rising from her chair, and going to the cupboard, "here's another, sir."

"Well, master, am I to finish, or have you had enough of it?"

"Proceed, friend Dux, proceed; and believe that I am all attention."

"O! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd,
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas memory's wing'd dream.
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
O! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream."

"Nay," said the Domine, again abstracted, "the metaphor is not just. '*Life's dull stream.*' '*Lethe tacitus amnis,*' as Lucan hath it; but the stream of life flows—aye, flows rapidly—even in my veins. Doth not the heart throb and beat—yea, strongly—peradventure too forcibly against my better judgment? '*Confiteor misere molle cor esse mihi,*' as Ovid saith. Yet, must it not prevail? Shall one girl become victorious over seventy boys? Shall I, Domine Dobbs, desert my post?—Again succumb to—I will even depart that I may be at my desk at matutinal hours."

"You don't mean to leave us, sir?" said Mary, taking the Domine's arm.

"Even so, fair maiden, for it waxeth late, and I have my duties to perform," said the Domine, rising from his chair.

"Then you will promise to come again."

"Peradventure I may."

"If you do not promise me that you will, I will not let you go now."

"Verily, maiden——"

"Promise," interrupted Mary.

"Truly, maiden——"

"Promise," cried Mary.

"In good sooth, maiden——"

"Promise," reiterated Mary, pulling the Domine towards his chair.

"Nay, then I do promise, since thou wilt have it so," replied the Domine.

"And when will you come?"

"I will not tarry," replied the Domine; "and now good night to all."

The Domine shook hands with us, and Mary lighted him down stairs. I was much pleased with the resolution and sense of his danger thus shown by my worthy preceptor, and hoped that he would have avoided Mary in future, who evidently wished to make a conquest of him for her own amusement and love of admiration; but

still I felt that the promise exacted would be fulfilled, and I was afraid that a second meeting, and that perhaps not before witnesses, would prove mischievous. I made up my mind to speak to Mary on the subject as soon as I had an opportunity, and insist upon her not making a fool of the worthy old man. Mary remained below a much longer time than was necessary, and when she reappeared and looked at me, as if for a smile of approval, I turned from her with a contemptuous air. She sat down and looked confused. Tom also was silent, and paid her no attention. A quarter of an hour passed when he proposed to his father that they should be off, and the party broke up. Leaving Mary silent and thoughtful, and old Stapleton finishing his pipe, I took my candle and went to bed.

The next day the moon changed, the weather changed, and a rapid thaw took place. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," observed old Stapleton; "we watermen shall have the river to ourselves again, and the hucksters must carry their gingerbread nuts to another market." It was, however, three or four days before the river was clear of the ice so as to permit the navigation to proceed; and during that time, I may as well observe, that there was dissension between Mary and me. I showed her that I resented her conduct, and at first she tried to pacify me; but finding that I held out longer than she expected, she turned round and was affronted in return. Short words and no lessons were the order of the day; and, as each party appeared determined to hold out, there was little prospect of a reconciliation. In this she was the greatest sufferer, as I quitted the house after breakfast, and did not return until dinner time. At first, old Stapleton plied very regularly, and took all the fares; but about a fortnight after we had worked together, he used to leave me to look after employment, and remain at the public-house. The weather was now fine, and after the severe frost it changed so rapidly, that most of the trees were in leaf, and the horse-chesnuts in full blossom. The wherry was in constant demand, and every evening I handed from four to six shillings over to old Stapleton. I was delighted with my life, and should have been perfectly happy if it had not been for my quarrel with Mary still continuing, she as resolutely refraining from making advances as I. How much may life be embittered by dissension with those you live with, even where there is no very warm attachment: the constant grating together worries and annoys, and although you may despise the atoms, the aggregate becomes insupportable. I had no pleasure in the house, and the evenings, which formerly were passed so agreeably, were now a source of vexation, from being forced to sit in company with one with whom I was not on good terms. Old Stapleton was seldom at home till late, and this made it still worse. I was communing with myself one night, as I had my eyes fixed on my book, whether I should not make the first advances, when Mary, who had been quietly at work, broke the silence by asking me what I was reading. I replied in a quiet, grave tone.

"Jacob," said she in continuation, "I think you have used me very ill to humble me in this manner. It was your business to make it up first."

"I am not aware that I have been in the wrong," replied I.

"I do not say that you have; but what matter does that make? You ought to give way to a woman."

"Why so?"

"Why so! don't the whole world do so? Do you not offer every thing first to a woman? Is it not her right?"

"Not when she is in the wrong, Mary."

"Yes, when she is in the wrong, Jacob; there's no merit in doing it when she's in the right."

"I think otherwise; at all events, it depends on how much she has been in the wrong, and I consider you have shown a bad heart, Mary."

"A bad heart! in what way, Jacob?"

"In realizing the fable of the boys and the frogs with the poor old Domine, forgetting that what may be sport to you is death to him."

"You don't mean to say that he'll die of love," replied Mary, laughing.

"I should hope not; but you may contrive, and you have tried, all in your power to make him very wretched."

"And, pray, how do you know that I do not like the old gentleman, Jacob? You appear to think that a girl is to fall in love with nobody but yourself. Why should I not love an old man with so much learning? I have been told that old husbands are much prouder of their wives than young ones, and pay them more attention, and don't run after other women. How do you know that I am not serious?"

"Because I know your character, Mary, and am not to be deceived. If you mean to defend yourself in that way, we had better not talk any more."

"Lord, how savage you are! Well, then, suppose I did pay the old gentleman any attention. Did the young men pay me any? Did either you, or your precious friend, Mr. Tom, even speak to me?"

"No; we saw how you were employed, and we both hate a jilt."

"O! you do. Very well, sir, just as you please. I may make both your hearts ache for this some day or another."

"Forewarned, forearmed, Mary; and I shall take care that they are forewarned as well as myself. As I perceive that you are so decided, I shall say no more. Only for your own sake, and your own happiness, I caution you. Recollect your mother, Mary, and recollect your mother's death."

Mary covered up her face and burst into tears. She sobbed for a few minutes, and then came to me. "You are right, Jacob, and I am a foolish—perhaps wicked—girl; but forgive me, and indeed I will try to behave better. But, as father says, it is human nature in me, and it's hard to conquer our natures, Jacob."

"Will you promise me not to continue your advances to the Domine, Mary?"

"I will not, if I can help it, Jacob. I may forget for the moment, but I'll do all I can. It's not very easy to look grave when one is merry, or sour when one is pleased."

"But what can induce you, Mary, to practise upon an old man

like him? If it were young Tom, I could understand it. There might be some credit, and your pride might be flattered by the victory; but an old man——”

“Still, Jacob, old or young, it's much the same. I would like to have them all at my feet, and that's the truth. I can't help it. And I thought it a great victory to bring there a wise old man, who was full of Latin and learning, and who ought to know better. Tell me, Jacob, if old men allow themselves to be caught, as well as young, where is the crime of catching them? Isn't there as much vanity in an old man, in his supposing that I really could love him, as there is in me, who am but a young foolish girl, in trying to make him fond of me?”

“That may be; but still recollect that he is in earnest, and you are only joking, which makes a great difference; and recollect further, that in trying at all, we very often lose all.”

“That I would take my chance of, Jacob,” replied Mary, proudly throwing her curly ringlets back with her hand from her white forehead; “but what I now want, is to make friends with you. Come, Jacob, you have my promise to do my best.”

“Yes, Mary, and I believe you, so there's my hand.”

“You don't know how miserable I have been, Jacob, since we quarrelled,” said Mary, wiping the tears away, which again commenced flowing; “and yet I don't know why, for I'm sure I have almost hated you this last week—that I have; but the fact is, I like quarrelling very well for the pleasure of making it up again; but not for the quarrel to last so long as this has done.”

“It has annoyed me too, Mary, for I like you very much in general.”

“Well, then, now it's all over; but, Jacob, are you sure you are friends with me?”

“Yes, Mary.”

Mary looked archly at me. “You know the old saw, and I feel the truth of it.”

“What, ‘kiss and make friends?’” replied I; “with all my heart,” and I kissed her, without any resistance on her part.

“No, I didn't mean that, Jacob.”

“What then?”

“O! 'twas another.”

“Well, then, what was the other?”

“Never mind, I forget it now,” said she laughing, and rising from the chair. “Now I must go to my work again, and you must tell me what you've been doing this last fortnight.”

Mary and I entered into a long and amicable conversation, till her father came home, when we retired to bed. “I think,” said old Stapleton, the next morning, “that I've had work enough; and I've belonged to two benefit clubs for so long as to 'title me to an allowance. I think, Jacob, I shall give up the wherry to you, and you shall in future give me one-third of your earnings, and keep the rest to yourself. I don't see why you're to work hard all day for nothing.” I remonstrated against this excess of liberality; but old Stapleton was positive, and the arrangement was made. I afterwards discovered,

what may probably occur to the reader, that Captain Turnbull was at the bottom of all this. He had pensioned old Stapleton, that I might become independent by my own exertions before I had served my apprenticeship; and after breakfast, old Stapleton walked down with me to the beach, and we launched the boat. "Recollect, Jacob," said he, "one-third, and honour bright;" so saying, he adjourned to his old quarters, the public-house, to smoke his pipe, and think of human natur. I do not recollect any day of my life on which I felt more happy than on this: I was working for myself, and independent. I jumped into my wherry, and without waiting for a fare, I pushed off, and gaining the stream, cleaved through the water with delight as my reward; but after a quarter of an hour I sobered down with the recollection, that although I might pull about for nothing, for my own amusement, that as Stapleton was entitled to one-third, I had no right to neglect his interest; and I shot my wherry into the row, and stood with my hand and forefinger raised, watching the eye of every one who came towards the hard. I was fortunate that day, and when I returned, was proceeding to give Stapleton his share, when he stopped me. "Jacob, it's no use dividing now; once a week will be better. I likes things to come in a lump; 'cause d'ye see—it's—it's—*human natur*."

I consider that this was the period from which I might date my first launching into human life. I was now nearly eighteen years old, strong, active, and well made, full of spirits, and overjoyed at the independence which I had so much sighed for. Since the period of my dismissal from Mr. Drummond's, my character had much altered. I had become grave and silent, brooding over my wrongs, harbouring feelings of resentment against the parties, and viewing the world in general through a medium by no means favourable. I had become in some degree restored from this unwholesome state of mind, from having rendered an important service to Captain Turnbull, for we love the world better as we feel that we are more useful in it; but the independence now given to me was the acmé of my hopes and wishes. I felt so happy, so buoyant in mind, that I could even think of the two clerks in Mr. Drummond's employ without feelings of revenge. Let it, however, be remembered, that the world was all before me in anticipation only.

"Boat, sir?"

"No, thanky, my lad. I want old Stapleton—is he here?"

"No, sir; but this is his boat."

"Humph! can't he take me down?"

"No, sir; but I can, if you please."

"Well, then, be quick."

A sedate looking gentleman, about forty-five years of age, stepped into the boat, and in a few seconds I was in the stream, shooting the bridge with the ebbing tide.

"What's the matter with deaf Stapleton?"

"Nothing, sir; but he is getting old, and has made the boat over to me."

"Are you his son?"

"No, sir, his 'prentice."

"Humph! sorry deaf Stapleton's gone."

"I can be as deaf as he, sir, if you wish it."

"Humph!"

The gentleman said no more at the time, and I pulled down the river in silence; but in a few minutes he began to move his hands up and down, and his lips, as if he was in conversation. Gradually his action increased, and words were uttered. At last he broke out:—"It is with this conviction, I may say, important conviction, Mr. Speaker, that I now deliver my sentiments to the Commons House of Parliament, trusting that no honourable member will decide until he has fully weighed the importance of the arguments which I have submitted to his judgment." He then stopped, as if aware that I was present, and looked at me; but, prepared as I was, there was nothing in my countenance which exhibited the least sign of merriment; or, indeed, of having paid any attention to what he had been saying, for I looked carelessly to the right and left at the banks of the river. He again entered into conversation.

"Have you been long on the river?"

"Born on it, sir."

"How do you like the profession of a waterman?"

"Very well, sir; the great point is to have regular customers."

"And how do you gain them?"

"By holding my tongue; keeping their counsel and my own."

"Very good answer, my boy. People who have much to do cannot afford to lose even their time on the water. Just now I was preparing and thinking over my speech in the House of Commons."

"So I supposed, sir; and I think the river is a very good place for it, as no one can overhear you except the person whose services you have hired—and you need not mind him."

"Very true, my lad; but that's why I liked deaf Stapleton—he could not hear a word."

"But, sir, if you've no objection, I like to hear it very much; and you may be sure that I shall never say any thing about it, if you will trust me."

"Do you, my lad? well, then, I'll just try it over again. You shall be the speaker—mind you hold your tongue, and don't interrupt me."

The gentleman then began: "Mr. Speaker, I should not have ventured to address the house at this late hour, did I not consider that the importance of the question now before it is—so important—no, that won't do—did I not consider that the question now before it is of that, I may say paramount importance, as to call forth the best energies of every man who is a well wisher to his country. With this conviction, Mr. Speaker, humble individual as I am, I feel it my duty, I may say, my bounden duty, to deliver my sentiments upon the subject. The papers which I now hold in my hand, Mr. Speaker, and to which I shall soon have to call the attention of the House, will, I trust, fully establish——"

"I say, waterman, be you taking that chap to Bedlam?" cried a shrill female voice close to us. The speech was stopped, we looked up, and perceived a wherry with two females passing close to us. A shout of laughter followed the observation, and my face looked very much confused and annoyed.

I had often read the papers in the public-house, and remembering what was usual in the House in case of interruption, called out, "Order, order!" This made the gentleman laugh, and as the other wherry was now far off, he recommenced his oration, with which I shall not trouble my reader. It was a very fair speech I have no doubt, but I forget what it was about.

I landed him at Westminster Bridge, and received treble my fare. "Recollect," said he, on paying me, that I shall look out for you when I come down again, which I do every Monday morning, and sometimes oftener. What's your name?"

"Jacob, sir?"

"Very well; good morning, my lad."

This gentleman became a very regular and excellent customer, and we used to have a great deal of conversation, independent of debating in the wherry; and I must acknowledge, that I received from him not only plenty of money, but a great deal of valuable information.

A few days after this, I had an opportunity of ascertaining how far Mary would keep her promise. I was plying at the river side as usual, when old Stapleton came up to me, with his pipe in his mouth, and said, "Jacob, there be that old gentleman up at our house with Mary. Now I sees a great deal, but I says nothing. Mary will be her mother over again, that's sartain. Suppose you go and see your old teacher, and leave me to look arter a customer. I begin to feel as if handling the sculls a little would be of sarvice to me. We all think idleness be a very pleasant thing when we're obliged to work, but when we are idle, then we feel that a little work be just as agreeable—that's human natur."

I thought that Mary was very likely to forget all her good resolutions, from her ardent love of admiration, and I was determined to go and break up the conference. I therefore left the boat to Stapleton, and hastened to the house. I did not much like to play the part of an eaves-dropper, and was quite undecided how I should act, whether to go in at once, or not, when, as I passed under the window, which was open, I heard very plainly the conversation which was going on. I stopped in the street, and listened to the Domine in continuation. "But, fair maiden, *omnia vincit amor*—here am I, Domine Dobbs, who have long passed the grand climacteric, and can already muster three-score years—who have authority over seventy boys—being Magister Princeps, et Dux of Brentford Grammar School—who have affectioned only the sciences, and communed only with the classics—who have ever turned a deaf ear to the allurements of thy sex, and even hardened my heart to thy fascination—here am I, even I, Domine Dobbs, suing at the feet of a maiden who hath barely ripened into womanhood, who knoweth not to read or write, and whose father earns his bread by manual labour. I feel it all—I feel that I am too old—that thou art too young—that I am departing from the ways of wisdom, and am regardless of my worldly prospects. Still, *omnia vincit amor*, and I bow to the all-powerful god, doing him homage through thee, Mary. Vainly have I resisted—vainly have I, as I have lain in my bed, tried to drive thee from my thoughts, and tear thine image from mine heart. Have I not felt thy presence every where? Do not I astonish my worthy coadjutor, Mistress Bately, the matron, by calling

her by the name of Mary, when I have always addressed her by her baptismal name of Deborah? Nay, have not the boys in the classes discovered my weakness, and do not they shout out Mary in their hours of play? *Mare periculosum et turbitum*, hast thou been to me. I sleep not—I eat not,—and every sign of love which hath been produced by Ovidius Naso, whom I have diligently collated, do I find in mine own person. Speak then, maiden. I have given vent to my feelings, do thou the same, that I may return, and leave not my flock without their shepherd. Speak, maiden."

"I will, sir, if you will get up," replied Mary, who paused, and then continued. "I think, sir, that I am young and foolish, and you are old and—and——"

"Foolish, thou would'st say."

"I had rather you said it, sir, than I; it is not for me to use such an expression towards one so learned as you are. I think, sir, that I am too young to marry, and that perhaps you are—too old. I think, sir, that you are too clever—and that I am very ignorant; that it would not suit you in your situation to marry; and that it would not suit me to marry you—equally obliged to you all the same."

"Perhaps thou hast in thy reply proved the wiser of the two," answered the Domine; "but why, maiden, didst thou raise those feelings, those hopes, in my breast, only to cause me pain, and make me drink deep of the cup of disappointment? Why didst thou appear to cling to me in fondness, if thou felt not a yearning towards me?"

"But are there not other sorts of love besides the one you would require, sir? May I not love you because you are so clever, and so learned in Latin? may I not love you as I do my father?"

"True, true, child; it is all my own folly, and I must retrace my steps in sorrow. I have been deceived—but I have been deceived only by myself. My wishes have clouded my understanding, and have obscured my reason; have made me forgetful of my advanced years, and of the little favour I was likely to find in the eyes of a young maiden. I have fallen into a pit through blindness, and I must extricate myself, sore as will be the task. Bless thee, maiden, bless thee! May another be happy in thy love, and never feel the barb of disappointment. I will pray for thee, Mary—that Heaven may bless thee." (*And the Domine turned away and wept.*)

Mary appeared to be moved by the good old man's affliction, and her heart probably smote her for her coquettish behaviour. She attempted to console the Domine, and appeared to be more than half crying herself. "Nay, sir, do not take on so, you make me feel very uncomfortable. I have been wrong—I feel I have—though you have not blamed me. I am a very foolish girl."

"Bless thee, child—bless thee," replied the Domine, in a subdued voice.

"Indeed, sir, I don't deserve it—I feel I do not; but pray do not grieve, sir, things will go cross in love. Now, sir, I'll tell you a secret to prove it to you. I love Jacob—love him very much, and he does not care for me—I am sure he does not; so you see, sir, you're not the only one—who is—very unhappy;" and Mary commenced sobbing with the Domine.

"Poor thing!" said the Domine; "and thou lovest Jacob? truly is

he worthy of thy love. And at thy early age, thou knowest what it is to have thy love unrequited. Truly is this a vale of tears—yet let us be thankful. Guard well thy heart, child, for Jacob may not be for thee; nay, I feel that he will not be.”

“And why so, sir?” replied Mary, despondingly.

“Because, maiden—but nay, I must not tell thee; only take my warning, which is meant in kindness and in love. Fare thee well, Mary—fare thee well! I come not here again.”

“Good by, sir, and pray forgive me; this will be a warning to me.”

“Verily, maiden, it will be a warning to us both. God bless thee!”

I heard, by the sound, that Mary had vouchsafed to the Domine a kiss, and soon afterwards his steps, as he descended the stairs. Not wishing to meet him, I turned round the corner, and went down to the river, thinking over what had passed. I felt pleased with Mary, but I was not in love with her.

The spring was now far advanced, and the weather was delightful. The river was beautiful, and parties of pleasure were constantly to be seen floating up and down with the tide. The Westminster boys, the Funny club, and other amateurs in their fancy dresses, enlivened the scene, while the races for prize wherries, which occasionally took place, rendered the water one mass of life and motion. How I longed for my apprenticeship to be over, that I might try for a prize! One of my best customers was a young man, who was an actor at one of the theatres, and who, like the M.P., used to rehearse the whole time he was in the boat; but he was a lively, noisy personage, full of humour, and perfectly indifferent as to appearances. He had a quiz and a quirk for every body that passed in another boat, and would stand up and rant at them until they considered him insane. We were on very intimate terms, and I never was more pleased than when he made his appearance, as it was invariably the signal for mirth. The first time I certainly considered him to be a lunatic, for play-house phraseology was quite new to me. “Boat sir,” cried I to him, as he came to the hard.

“My affairs do even drag me homeward. Go on, I’ll follow thee,” replied he, leaping into the boat. “Our fortune lies upon this jump.”

I shoved off the wherry, “Down, sir?”

“Down,” replied he, pointing downwards with his finger, as if pushing at something.

“Down, down to h—ll, and say I sent you there.”

“Thanky, sir, I’d rather not, if it’s all the same to you.”

“Our tongue is rough, coz—and my condition is not smooth.” We shot the bridge, and went rapidly down with the tide, when he again commenced:

“Thus with imagin’d wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought.”

Then his attention was drawn by a collier’s boat, pulled by two men, as black as chimney sweeps, with three women in the stern sheets. They made for the centre of the river, to get into the strength of the

tide, and were soon abreast and close to the wherry, pulling with us down the stream.

"There's a dandy young man," said one of the women, with an old straw bonnet and very dirty ribbons, laughing and pointing to my man.

"Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
At Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk."

"Well, he be a reg'lar rum cove, I've a notion," said another of the women, when she witnessed the theatrical airs of the speaker, who immediately recommenced—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water—the poop was beaten gold:
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description."

"Come, I'll be blowed but we've had enough of that, so just shut your pan," said one of the women, angrily.

"Her gentlewomen, like the Naiades,
So many mermaids tend her."

"Mind what you're arter, or your mouth will tend to your mischief, young fellow."

"From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs."

"Jem, just run him alongside, and break his head with your oar."
"I thinks as how I will, if he don't mend his manners."

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public streets."

"You lie, you livered face rascal, I never walked the streets in my life; I'm a lawful married woman. Jem, do you call yourself a man, and stand this here?"

"Well now, Sal, but he is a nice young man. Now an't he?" observed one of the other women.

"Away,
Away, you trifler. Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."

"I've a notion you will, too, my hearty, interrupted one of the colliers. That ere tongue of yours will bring you into disgrace. Bill, give her a jerk towards the wherry, and we'll duck him."

"My friend," said the actor, addressing me,

"Let not his unwholesome corpse come between the wind and my nobility.

Let us exeunt, O. P."

Although I could not understand his phrases, I knew very well

what he meant, and pulling smartly, I shoved towards the shore, and a-head. Perceiving this, the men in the boat, at the intimation of the women, who stood up, waving their bonnets, gave chase to us; and my companion appeared not a little alarmed. However, by great exertion on my part, we gained considerably, and they abandoned the pursuit.

"Now, by two-headed Janus," said my companion, as he looked back upon the colliers,

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time,
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,
And others of such a vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

And now," continued he, addressing me, "What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you—and of what place, I pray?"

Amused with what had passed, I replied, "That my name was Jacob—that I was a waterman, and born on the river."

"I find thee apt; but tell me, art thou perfect that our ship hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia?"

"Do you land at Westminster, sir?"

"No; at Blackfriars,—there attend my coming.

"Base is the slave who pays; nevertheless, what is your fare, my lad?"

"What money's in my purse?—Seven groats and two-pence.

"By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost.

"But,

"I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse.

"Here, my lad, is that enough?"

"Yes, sir, I thank you."

"Remember poor Jack, sir," said the usual attendant at the landing place, catching his arm as he careened the wherry on getting out.

"If he fall in, good night—or sink or swim.

"Jack, there is a penny for you. Jacob, farewell—we meet again;" and away he went, taking three of the stone steps at each spring. This gentleman's name was, as I afterwards found out, Tinfoil, an actor of second-rate merit on the London boards. The Haymarket Theatre was where he principally performed, and as we became better acquainted, he offered to procure me orders to see the play, when I should wish to go there.

One morning he came down to the hard, and, as usual, I expected that he would go down the river. I ran to my boat, and hauled in close.

"No, Jacob, no; this day you will not carry Cæsar and his fortunes, but I have an order for you."

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"Thank you, sir; what is the play?"

"The play—pooh! no play; but I hope it will prove a farce, nevertheless, before it's over. We are to have a pic-nic party upon one of those little islands up the river by Kew. All sock and buskin, all theatricals; if the wherries upset, the Haymarket may shut up, for it will be '*exeunt omnes*' with all its best performers. Look you, Jacob, we shall want three wherries, and I leave you to pick out the other two—oars in each, of course. You must be at Whitehall steps punctually at nine o'clock, and I dare say the ladies won't make you wait more than an hour or two, which, for them, is tolerably punctual."

Mr. Tinfoil then entered into the arrangement for remuneration, and walked away; and I was conning over in my mind whom I should select from my brother watermen, and whether I should ask old Stapleton to take the other oar in my boat, when I heard a voice never to be mistaken by me:—

"Life's like a summer's day,
Warmed by a sunny ray."

"Lower away yet, Tom. That'll do, my trump."

"Sometimes a dreary cloud,
Chill blast or tempest loud."

"Look out for Jacob, Tom," cried the old man, as the head of the lighter, with her mast lowered down, made its appearance through the arch of Putney Bridge.

"Here he is, father," replied Tom, who was standing forward by the windlass, with the fall in his hand.

I had shoved off, on hearing old Tom's voice, and was alongside almost as soon as the lighter had passed under the bridge, and discovered old Tom at the helm. I sprung on the deck with the chain-painter of the wherry in my hand, made it fast, and went aft to old Tom, who seized my hand.

"This is as it should be, my boy, both on the look out for each other. The heart warms when we know the feeling is on both sides. You're seldom out of our thoughts, boy, and always in our hearts. Now jump forward, for Tom's fretting to greet you, I see, and you may just as well help him to sway up the mast when you are there."

I went forward, shook hands with Tom, and then clapped on the fall, and assisted him to hoist the mast. We then went aft to his father, and communicated every thing of interest which had passed since our last meeting at old Stapleton's.

"And how's Mary?" inquired Tom; "she's a very fine lass, and I've thought of her more than once; but I saw that all you said about her was true. How she did flam that poor old Domine!"

"I have had a few words with her about it, and she has promised to be wiser," replied I; "but as her father says, 'in her, it's human natur.'"

"She's a fine craft," observed old Tom, "and they always be a little ticklish. But, Jacob, you've had some inquiries made after you, and by the women, too."

"Indeed?" replied I.

"Yes; and I have had the honour of being sent for into the parlour. Do you guess now?"

"Yes," said I, a gloom coming over my countenance, "I presume it is Mrs. Drummond and Sarah whom you refer to?"

"Exactly."

Tom then informed me that Mrs. Drummond had sent for him, and asked a great many questions about me, and desired him to say that they were very glad to hear that I was well and comfortable, and hoped that I would call and see her and Sarah when I came that way. Mrs. Drummond then left the room, and Tom was alone with Sarah, who desired him to say, that her father had found out that I had not been wrong; that he had dismissed both the clerks; and that he was very sorry he had been so deceived—and then, said Tom, Miss Sarah told me to say from herself, that she had been very unhappy since you had left them, but that she hoped that you would forgive and forget some day or another, and come back to them; and that I was to give you her love, and call next time we went up the river for something that she wanted to send to you. So you perceive, Jacob, that you are not forgotten, and justice has been done to you."

"Yes," replied I, "but it has been done too late; so let us say no more about it. I am quite happy as I am."

I then told them of the pic-nic party of the next day, upon which Tom volunteered to take the other oar in my boat, as he would not be wanted while the barge was at the wharf. Old Tom gave his consent, and it was agreed he should meet me next morning at daylight.

"I've a notion there'll be some fun, Jacob," said he, "from what you say."

"I think so, too; but you've towed me two miles, and I must be off again, or I shall lose my dinner; so good bye." I selected two other wherries in the course of the afternoon, and then returned home.

It was a lovely morning when Tom and I washed out the boat, and having dressed ourselves in our neatest clothes, we shoved off in company with the two other wherries, and dropped leisurely down the river, with the last of the ebb. When we pulled into the stairs at Whitehall, we found two men waiting for us with three or four hampers, some baskets, an iron saucepan, a frying-pan, and a large tin pail, with a cover, full of rough ice to cool the wines. We were directed to put all these articles into one boat, the others to be reserved for the company.

"Jacob," said Tom, "don't let us be kitchen, I'm toggled out for the parlour."

This point had just been arranged, and the articles put into the wherry, when the party made their appearance, Mr. Tinfoil acting as master of the ceremonies.

"Fair Titania," said he, to the lady who appeared to demand, and, therefore, received the most attention, "allow me to hand you to your throne."

"Many thanks, good Puck," replied the lady, "we are well placed; but, dear me, I hav'n't brought, or I've lost, my vinaigrette; I po-

sitively cannot go without it. What can my woman have been about?"

"Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed are much to blame," replied Tinfoil, "but shall I run back for it?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "and be here again, e'er the leviathan can swim a league."

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," replied the gentleman, stepping out of the boat.

"Won't you be a little out of breath before you come back, sir?" said Tom, joining the conversation.

This remark, far from giving offence, was followed by a general laugh. Before Mr. Tinfoil was out of sight, the lost vinaigrette was dropped out of the lady's handkerchief; he was, therefore, recalled; and the whole of the party being arranged in the two boats, we shoved off; the third boat, in which the provender had been stowed, followed us, and was occupied by the two attendants, a call-boy and scene-shifter, who were addressed by Tinfoil as Caliban and Stephano.

"Is all our company here?" said a pert looking, little pug-nosed man, who had taken upon himself the part of Quince, the Carpenter, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. "You Nick Bottom," continued he, addressing another, "are set down for *Pyramus*."

The party addressed did not, however, appear to enter into the humour. He was a heavy made, rather corpulent, white-faced, personage, dressed in white jane trowsers, white waistcoat, brown coat, and white hat. Whether any thing had put him out of humour, I know not, but it was evident that he was the butt of the ladies and most of the party.

"I'll just thank you," replied this personage, whose real name was Winterbottom, "to be quiet, Mr. Western, for I sha'n't stand any of your nonsense."

"O Mr. Winterbottom, surely you are not about to sow the seeds of discord so early. Look at the scene before you—hear how the birds are singing, how merrily the sun shines, and how beautifully the water sparkles! Who can be cross on such a morning as this?"

"No, miss," replied Mr. Winterbottom, "not at all—not at all—only my name's Winterbottom, and not Bottom. I don't wear an ass's head to please any body—that's all. I won't be *Bottom*—that's *flat*."

"Or *round*, sir, which?" observed Tom.

"Round or flat, what business have you to shove your oar in?"

"I was hired for the purpose," replied Tom, dipping his oar in the water, and giving a hearty stroke.

"Stick to your own element then—shove your oar into the water, but not into our discourse."

"Well, sir, I won't say another word, if you don't like it."

"But you may to me," said Titania, laughing, "whenever you please."

"And to me, too," said Tinfoil, who was amused with Tom's replies.

Mr. Winterbottom became very wroth, and demanded to be put on

shore directly, but the Fairy Queen ordered us to obey him at our peril, and Mr. Winterbottom was carried up the river very much against his inclination.

"Our friend is not himself," said Mr. Tinfoil, producing a key bugle, "but

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and rend the knotted oak ;

and therefore will we try the effect of it upon his senses." Mr. Tinfoil then played the air in Midas,

"Pray Goody please to moderate," &c.

during which Mr. Winterbottom looked more sulky than ever. As soon as the air was finished, another of the party responded with his flute, from the other boat—while Mr. Quince played what he called bass, by snapping his fingers. The sounds of the instruments floated along the flowing and smooth water, reaching the ears and attracting the attention of many, who for a time rested from their labour, or hung listlessly over the gunnels of the vessels, watching the boats, and listening to the harmony. All was mirth and gaiety—the wherries kept close to each other, and between the airs the parties kept up a lively and witty conversation, occasionally venting their admiration upon the verdure of the sloping lawns and feathering trees, with which the banks of the noble river is so beautifully adorned: even Mr. Winterbottom had partially recovered his serenity, when he was again irritated by a remark of Quince.

"You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man—a proper man as one shall see on a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus."

"Take care I don't play the devil with your physiognomy, Mr. Western," retorted Winterbottom.

Here, Caliban, in the third boat, began playing the fiddle and singing to it,

"Gaffer, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass,
Were trotting along the road ;"

the chorus of which ditty was 'Ec-aw, Ec-aw!' like the braying of a jackass.

"Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated," cried Quince, looking at Winterbottom.

"Very well—very well, Mr. Western. I don't want to upset the wherry, and therefore you're safe at present, but the reckoning will come—so I give you warning."

"Slaves of my lamp, do my bidding, I will have no quarrelling here. You, Quince, shut your mouth; you, Winterbottom, draw in your lips, and I, your queen, will charm you with a song," said Titania, waving her little hand. The fiddler ceased playing, and the voice of the fair actress rivetted all our attention.

"Wilt thou waken, bride of May,
While flowers are fresh, and sweet bells chime,
Listen and learn from my roundelay,
How all life's pilot-boats sailed one day
A match with time!

" Love sat on a lotus-leaf aloft,
And saw old Time in his loaded boat,
Slowly he crossed Life's narrow tide,
While Love sat clapping his wings, and cried,
 ' Who will pass Time ?'

" Patience came first, but soon was gone,
With helm and sail to help Time on ;
Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
And Prudence said, (while he staid on shore,)
 ' I wait for Time.'

" Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,
And lighted its helm with a glowworm's spark ;
Then Love, when he saw his bark fly past,
Said, ' lingering Time will soon be passed,'
 ' Hope outspeeds Time.'

" Wit went nearest Old Time to pass,
With his diamond oar and boat of glass,
A feathery dart from his store he drew,
And shouted, while far and swift it flew,
 ' O Mirth kills Time.'

" But Time sent the feathery arrow back,
Hope's boat of Amaranthus missed its track ;
Then Love bade his butterfly-pilots move,
And laughing, said, ' They shall see how Love
 Can conquer Time.'"

I hardly need say that the song was rapturously applauded, and most deservedly so. Several others were demanded from the ladies and gentlemen of the party, and given without hesitation ; but I cannot now recall them to memory. The bugle and the flute played between whiles, and all was laughter and merriment.

" There's a sweet place," said Tinfoil, pointing to a villa on the Thames. " Now, with the fair Titania and ten thousand a year, one could there live happy."

" I'm afraid the fair Titania must go to market without the latter incumbrance," replied the lady ; " the gentleman must find the ten thousand a-year, and I must bring as my dowry——"

" Ten thousand charms," interrupted Tinfoil—" that's most true, and pity 'tis too true. Did your fairyship ever hear my epigram on the subject?

" Let the lads of the East love the maids of *Cash-meer*,
Nor affection with interest clash,
Far other idolatry pleases us here,
We adore but the maids of *Mere Cash*."

" Excellent, good Puck ! Have you any more ?"

" Not of my own, but you have heard what Winterbottom wrote under the bust of Shakespeare last Jubilee ?"

" I knew not that Apollo had ever visited him."

" You shall hear :

" In *this here* place the bones of Shakspeare lie,
But *that ere* form of his shall never die ;
A speedy end and soon, this world may have,
But Shakspeare's name shall *bloom* beyond the grave."

" I'll trouble you, Mr. Tinfoil, not to be so very witty at my ex-

pense," growled out Winterbottom. "I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"No one said you did, Winterbottom; but you won't deny that you wrote those lines."

Mr. Winterbottom disdained a reply. Gaily did we pass the variegated banks of the river, swept up with a strong flood tide, and at last arrived at the little island agreed upon as the site of the pic-nic. The company disembarked, and were busy looking for a convenient spot for their entertainment. Quince making a rapid escape from Winterbottom, the latter remaining on the bank. "Jenkins," said he, to the man christened Caliban, "you did not forget the salad?"

"No, sir, I bought it myself. It's on the top of the little hamper."

Mr. Winterbottom, who it appears was extremely partial to salad, was satisfied with the reply, and walked slowly away.

"Well," said Tom to me, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his handkerchief, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing. I only wish father had been here. I hope that young lady will sing again before we part."

"I think it very likely, and that the fun of the day is only begun," replied I; "but, come, let's lend a hand to get the prog out of the boat."

"Pat! Pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage," cried Quince, addressing the others of the party.

The locality was approved, and now all were busy in preparation. The hampers were unpacked, and cold meats, poultry, pies of various kinds, pasty, &c. appeared in abundance.

"This is no manager's feast," said Tinfoil; "the fowls are not made of wood, nor is small beer substituted for wine. Don Juan's banquet to the Commendador is a farce to it."

"All the manager's stage banquets are farces, and very sorry jokes in the bargain," replied another.

"I wish old Morris had to eat his own suppers."

"He must get a new set of teeth, or they'll prove a *deal* too tough."

"Hiss! turn him out! he's made a *pun*."

The hampers were now emptied; some laid the cloth upon the grass, and arranged the plates, and knives, and forks. The ladies were busy as the gentlemen—some were wiping the glasses, others putting salt into the salt-cellars. Titania was preparing the salad. Mr. Winterbottom, who was doing nothing, accosted her: "May I beg as a favour that you do not cut the salad too small? it loses much of its crispness."

"Why, what a Nebuchadnezzar you are! However, sir, you shall be obeyed."

"Who can fry fish?" cried Tinfoil. "Here are two pairs of soles and some eels. Where's Caliban?"

"Here am I, sir," replied the man, on his knees, blowing up a fire which he had kindled. "I have got the soup to mind."

"Where's Stephano?"

"Cooling the wine, sir."

"Who, then, can fry fish, I ask?"

"I can, sir," replied Tom; "but not without butter."

"Butter shalt thou have, thou disturber of the element. Have we not *Hiren* here?"

"I wasn't *hired* as a cook, at all events," replied Tom; "but I'm rather a *dab* at it."

"Then shalt thou have the *place*," replied the actor.

"With all my heart and *soul*," cried Tom, taking out his knife, and commencing the necessary operations of skinning the fish.

In half an hour all was ready: the fair Titania did me the honour to seat herself upon my jacket, to ward off any damp from the ground. The other ladies had also taken their respective seats as allotted by the mistress of the revels; the table was covered by many of the good things of this life; the soup was ready in a tureen at one end, and Tom had just placed the fish on the table, while Mr. Quince and Winterbottom, by the commands of Titania, were dispatched for the wine and other varieties of potations. When they returned, eyeing one another askance, Winterbottom looking daggers at his opponent, and Quince not quite easy even under the protection of Titania, Tom had just removed the fryingpan from the fire, with its residuary grease still babbling. Quince having deposited his load, was about to sit down, when a freak came into Tom's head, which, however, he dared not put in execution himself; but "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," says the proverb. Winterbottom stood before Tom, and Quince with his back to them. Tom looked at Winterbottom, pointing slyly to the fryingpan, and then to the hinder parts of Quince. Winterbottom snatched the hint and the fryingpan at the same moment. Quince squatted himself down with a surge, as they say at sea, quoting at the time—"Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy,"—and was received into the hot fryingpan, inserted underneath him by Winterbottom.

"O Lord! oh! oh!" shrieked Mr. Quince, springing up like lightning, bounding in the air with the pain, clapping his hands behind him mechanically, and instantly removing them, for the fryingpan still adhered. I caught hold of the handle, and I may say, tore it off, for his trowsers came with it; and Mr. Quince threw himself on the ground, and rolled with agony, exhibiting his burnt garments to the company.

At the first scream of Mr. Quince, the whole party had been terrified; the idea was that a snake had bitten him, and the greatest alarm prevailed; but when he turned up, and they perceived the cause of the disaster, even his expressions of pain could not prevent their mirth. It was too ludicrous. Still the gentlemen lifted him up, and the ladies condoled with him, but Mr. Quince was not to be reasoned with. He could not sit down, so he walked away to the river side, Mr. Winterbottom slyly enjoying his revenge, for no one but Tom had an idea that it was any thing but an accident. Mr. Quince's party of pleasure was spoiled, but the others did not think it necessary that theirs should be also. A "really very sorry for poor Western," a half dozen "poor fellows!" intermingled with tittering, was all that his misfortune called forth after his departure, and then

they set to, like French falconers. The soup was swallowed, the fish disappeared, joints were cut up, pies delivered up their hidden treasures, fowls were dismembered, like rotten boroughs, corks were drawn, others flew without the trouble, and they did eat, and were filled. Mr. Winterbottom kept his eye upon the salad, his favourite condiment, mixed it himself, offered it to all, and was glad to find that no one would spare time to eat it; but Mr. Winterbottom could eat for every body, and he did eat. The fragments were cleared away, and handed over to us. We were very busy, doing as ample justice to them as the party had before us, when Mr. Winterbottom was observed to turn very pale, and appeared very uneasy.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Tinfoil.

"I'm—I'm not very well—I—I'm afraid something has disagreed with me. I—I'm very ill," exclaimed Mr. Winterbottom, turning as white as a sheet, and screwing up his mouth with pain.

"It must be the salad," said one of the ladies; "no one has eaten it but yourself, and we are all well."

"I—rather think—it must be—oh—I do—recollect that I thought the oil had a queer taste."

"Why there was no oil in the castors," replied Tinfoil. "I desired Jenkins to get some."

"So did I, particularly," replied Winterbottom. "Oh!—oh, dear—oh, dear!"

"Jenkins," cried Tinfoil; "where did you get the oil for the castors? What oil did you get?—are you sure it was right?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure," replied Jenkins. "I brought it here in the bottle, and put it into the castors before dinner."

"Where did you buy it?"

"At the chemist's, sir. Here's the bottle," and Jenkins produced a bottle with *castor* oil in large letters labelled on the side.

The murder was out. Mr. Winterbottom groaned, rose from his seat, for he felt too unwell to remain any longer. The misfortunes of individuals generally add to the general quota of mirth, and Mr. Winterbottom's misfortune had the same effect as that of Mr. Quince. But where was poor Mr. Quince all this time? He had sent for the iron kettle in which the soup had been warmed up, and filling it full of Thames water, had taken his seat upon it, immersing the afflicted parts in the cooling element. There he sat, like "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief," when Mr. Winterbottom made his appearance at the same spot, and Mr. Quince was comforted by witnessing the state of his enemy. Indeed, the sight of Winterbottom's distress did more to soothe Mr. Quince's pain, than all the Thames water in the world. He rose from the kettle, and telling Winterbottom it was at his service, tied a handkerchief behind him to cover deficiencies, and joined the party, who were carousing. He did not sit down, certainly, but he stood and pledged the ladies in succession, till he was more than half tipsy.

In the space of half an hour Mr. Winterbottom returned, trembling and shivering as if he had been suffering under an ague. A bumper or two of brandy restored him, and before the day closed in, both Winterbottom and Quince, one applying stimulants to his stomach,

and the other drowning his sense of pain in repeated libations, were in a state (to say the least of it) of incipient intoxication. But there is a time for all things, and it was time to return. The evening had passed freely, song had followed song, Tinfoil had tried his bugle, and played not a little out of tune; the flute also neglected the flats and sharps as of no consequence; the ladies thought the gentlemen rather too forward, and, in short, it was time to break up the party. The hampers were repacked, and handed, half empty, into the boat. Of wine there was little left, and by the directions of Titania, the plates, dishes, &c. only were to be returned, and the fragments divided among the boatmen. The company re-embarked in high spirits, and we had the ebb tide to return. Just as we were shoving off, it was remembered that the ice-pail had been left under the tree, besides a basket with sundries. The other wherries had shoved off, and they were in consequence brought into our boat, in which we had the same company as before, with the exception of Mr. Western, *alias* Quince, who preferred the boat which carried the hampers, that he might stretch himself at length, sitting down being rather inconvenient. Mr. Winterbottom soon showed the effects of the remedy he had taken against the effects of the castor oil. He was uproarious, and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to sit still in the boat, much to the alarm of Titania and the other ladies. He would make violent love to the fairy queen, and as he constantly shifted his position to address her and throw himself at her feet, there was some danger of the boat being upset. At last Tom proposed to him to sit on the pail before her, as then he could address her with safety; and Winterbottom staggered up to take the seat. As he was seating himself Tom took off the cover, so that he was plunged into the half liquid ice; but Mr. Winterbottom was too drunk to perceive it. He continued to rant and rave, and protest and vow, and even spout for some time, when suddenly the quantity of caloric extracted from him produced its effect.

"I—I—really believe that the night is damp—the dew falls—the seat is damp, fair Titania."

"It's only fancy, Mr. Winterbottom," replied Titania, who was delighted with his situation. "Jean trowsers are cool in the evening; it's only an excuse to get away from me, and I never will speak again to you, if you quit your seat."

"The fair Titania, the mistress of my soul—and body too, if she pleases—has—but to command—and her slave obeys."

"I rather think it is a little damp," said Tinfoil, "allow me to throw a little sand upon your seat;" and Tinfoil pulled out a large paper bag full of salt, which he strewed over the ice.

Winterbottom was satisfied and remained; but by the time we had reached Vauxhall Bridge, the refrigeration had become so complete, that he was fixed in the ice, which the application of the salt had made solid. He complained of cold, shivered, attempted to rise, but could not extricate himself; at last his teeth chattered, and he became almost sober; but he was helpless from the effects of the castor oil, his intermediate intoxication, and his present state of numbness. He spoke less and less; at last he was silent, and when we arrived

at Whitehall stairs, the ice-pail was as firmly fixed to him as the frying-pan had been to Mr. Western. When released he could not walk, and he was sent home in a hackney coach.

"What's in a name?" said Tinfoil, laughing; "at all events there never was a name better fitted to a man than *Winterbottom's* is to-night."

"It was very cruel to punish him so, Mr. Tinfoil," said Titania.

"Cruel punishment. Why, yes; a sort of *impailment*," replied Mr. Tinfoil, offering his arm.

The remainder of the party landed and walked home, followed by the two assistants, who took charge of the crockery; and thus ended the pic-nic party, which, as Tom said, was the very funniest day he had ever spent in his life.

O MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Air—"Over the water to Charlie."

O MEET me to-night,
By those waters o' light,
When the moon is beaming brightly,
And the dewy stars shine,
Like those blue een o' thine,
And the breeze is dancing lightly:
Where oft we've met again we'll meet,
To plight our vows sincerely;
And there, wi' stolen kisses sweet,
I'll swear I love thee dearly.

The lairdie may sigh
For the tresses that lie
On the jewell'd neck o' his dearie,
But a glance frae the een
O' my winsome young Jean,
Is worth a' her graces and gearie.
I wadna woo in a gilded bower,
Where nane can love sincerely;
The trystring tree and the moonlight hour,
'Tis them I love sae dearly.

O meet me to-night,
'Neath the blossoms sae white,
O' the bridal hawthorn strewing,
The banks a' sae green,
Where the bonnie bird's-een*
Aloon the wild daisy is growing.
When flocks are sleeping by our side,
Till day gins dawn sae cheerly,
I'll coax thee, sweet, to be my bride,
For O, I love thee dearly!

* The wild flower, bird's eye.

SICILIAN FACTS.—No. VII.¹THE DUKE OF ———; OR, THE FORCE OF
CONSCIENCE.

As I was one day riding from Catania to the beautiful village of Freecastagne, in company with Signor L——, of the former place, and his lady, about four miles from Misterbianco we passed a large, but half ruinous villa, at no great distance from the public road. The lady testified a desire of visiting it, to which Signor L—— replied, “that he supposed she wished to see the blood of the marchesa; a curiosity which,” he said, “he was little inclined to gratify, as he liked neither dreadful sights nor horrible tales; it was, besides, getting late, and he by no means approved of going out of his way for the purpose of spoiling his dinner.” Hearing this, and perceiving there was some strange story annexed to the house, I joined my vote to that of the signora, so that Signor L—— being fairly in a minority, was obliged to concede the point. We accordingly stopped and knocked at the door; but no one appearing, were about to retire, when a peasant, who happened to pass, told us that it was some time since the custode had been withdrawn from the villa; but that if we were desirous of seeing it, he would procure us the keys from the priest of the neighbouring chapel, in whose possession they were now kept. On our accepting his offer, he ran off and returned in about twenty minutes with the chaplain, a respectable old man, who held the keys in his hand. After we had exchanged compliments, he told us that the building was fast going to ruin, as none of the family to whom it belonged, that of the Marchese L——, had inhabited it since the cruel death of the marchesa many years before, the particulars of which he supposed we were acquainted with. My companions had heard the story imperfectly related; but the fact being altogether new to me, I earnestly pressed the grey-headed priest to favour us with the recital. He replied, that it was a long narrative; but that after we had seen the villa, if we would adjourn to his house, and take such refreshment as he could offer, he would endeavour to satisfy our curiosity. Even Signor L——’s wonted phlegm being moved, we gladly accepted the proffered hospitality. The old man turning the key in the rusty lock with some difficulty, and not without assistance, at length set open the heavy portal. The house presented nothing extraordinary in itself, nor indeed any thing that could compensate to Signor L—— for the delay of his dinner. The apartments, as in all houses of Sicilians of rank, were numerous and spacious. The furniture was old fashioned, and falling to pieces from age and neglect. Our guide made no remark as he conducted us through a long suite of rooms, until he reached a chamber with an alcove. At one end was a portrait of a lovely young woman, about twenty-four years of age, re-

¹ Continued from p. 105.

presented in a standing position, fondling a Maltese lap-dog, which she holds in her arms; an air of melancholy is perceptible in her beautiful features. "This is the marchesa," said the old man with a faltering voice; "it seems but yesterday since I conversed with her in this very chamber; in that alcove stood the bed in which she was murdered, and there," continued he, trembling violently, "there is her blood!" pointing to a long dark-coloured streak, and several large spots visible on the stone floor. I started back, shuddering involuntarily, for I was treading on the very spot he indicated. After contemplating for some time the interesting portrait of the unfortunate marchesa, we retired to the abode of the worthy priest, eager to hear the melancholy story. Having put before us a collation of fruit, with some excellent wine from the Falde di Mont' Etna, he began his recital in the following terms.

"About thirty-five years since, the villa you have just visited was inhabited by the Marchesa L——— and her niece. The aunt, who was an elderly lady, had no children, and her husband having died some time before, the family estates had fallen to his nephew, so that the widow had little except her jointure to subsist on, which induced her to fix her residence in the country, for the sake of avoiding expense. The niece, who, as you have remarked, was extremely beautiful, attracted the admiration of the Duke of M———, a nobleman of vast possessions, who, though no longer in the prime of youth, being nearly forty, boasted of a person still remarkably handsome, and indeed looked several years less than his real age. He came frequently to the villa, and it appeared that his attentions were by no means displeasing to the younger lady, whilst his consequence and influence in the neighbourhood rendered him also a welcome visitor to the elder: he had, besides, been acquainted with the family ever since his childhood. The duke had a suit of importance in Palermo, and his affairs had, for a long time, rendered his presence necessary in that capital; but, unable to separate himself from the society of the younger marchioness, he put off his departure from week to week, and from month to month, until his legal advisers sent word that the cause would be immediately lost, unless he came himself to support it. At length, he reluctantly tore himself away from the object of his affection, promising that his stay should not exceed three or four weeks. As many months passed, but his affairs still detained him; the delay excited no suspicion in the lady, as his letters were filled with the warmest protestations of unalterable affection.

"It happened one day, towards evening, that a most violent tempest took place; the rain descended in torrents—the thunder and lightning were incessant. The bells of the adjacent chapel were set ringing in order to implore a cessation of the storm. The terrified ladies were praying in the saloon, surrounded by their domestics, when a loud and continued rapping was heard at the door; it proved to be a gentleman travelling in a lettiga, who requested the favour of shelter until the violence of the weather abated; this the marchesa readily accorded, and ordered the traveller to be shown into a room on the ground-floor, where he might remain as long as he thought necessary. But when, on the night coming on, and the storm conti-

ning, the stranger made known that he was the Advocate S—— of Catania, on his way thither from Palermo, and that he had taken the road of Misterbianco, in order to visit his uncle, a canon, who resided there, the ladies, to whom his relation was well known, immediately sent word, that as there appeared no likelihood of the tempest abating for the present, they should be glad of his company to supper, and that he might subsequently pass the night in the apartment he then occupied, and proceed to Misterbianco in the morning. The invitation was gladly accepted. Supper was served. The ladies found their guest, who was a handsome young man of about twenty-five, a very agreeable companion; whilst he, for his part, was much struck by the captivating beauty of the younger marchesa. The conversation, as usual between persons almost perfect strangers, ran on indifferent topics for a time, until the younger lady, anxious to obtain some information respecting the duke from a quarter likely to be impartial, asked the stranger, as if casually, what detained the duke, their neighbour, so long in Palermo; she supposed he found the gaiety and bustle of the capital an agreeable change after the sameness and dulness of the country. The guest replied in the same tone, that he had heard that business had taken him to Palermo. 'And keeps him there still?' inquired the lady; 'it doubtless is of much importance.' 'As for his law affairs,' rejoined the advocate, 'I know little of them; I believe it is business of a very different nature which detains him; the lately arrived prima donna has, they say, made sad havoc with his heart.' The marchesa turned pale, and bit her lip with jealousy and vexation, as the young man continued. 'I am told she is under his protection, so M—— is likely to be long deprived of the presence of its duke.' In vain the young lady endeavoured to repress her mortification, affecting indifference and even gaiety. An experienced eye would soon have detected the emotions with which she was agitated. Her aunt noticed her confusion, and inquired the cause, but received an evasive reply. In the mean time the weather, which had grown milder, suddenly broke out with increased violence, and the conversation was arrested by a flash of vivid lightning, followed by a clap of thunder appallingly loud, and a noise as if the whole fabric were shaken by an earthquake, and was falling to the ground. The servants came running in great consternation to say that one of the wings of the building had been struck by lightning. The aunt rose from her seat in alarm; the niece, within whose bosom raged a tempest still more furious than that without, took the opportunity of giving vent to the emotions with which she was convulsed; she tore her hair, rent her dress, and went into violent hysterics. When she was removed to her own apartment, the young lawyer retired, expressing his sorrow for the state of the lady, and wondering at the extraordinary effects of her alarm. In the morning he took leave of the aunt, who apologized for her niece being invisible, saying, that she had not yet recovered from the consequences of her terror on the preceding evening. The advocate promised to call on his way from Misterbianco, where he intended spending a few days with his uncle. But he did not wait for his return to Catania, to find the road back to

the villa; for the very next day the canon came to thank the ladies for their kindness to his nephew, whom he, of course, brought with him. The younger marchesa was much recovered, and received the attentions of the advocate with apparent satisfaction; whilst he, in turn, became every moment more captivated by the beauty of the lady. Instead of three days' stay at Misterbianco, he remained that number of weeks, and was a daily and welcome visitor at the villa. At the end of that period, it appeared that pride had come to the assistance of the young lady, or that the youth and amiable qualities of Don G——, the advocate, had made an impression on her heart: forgetting her noble but unfaithful lover, she became the bride of the young lawyer, who was a person of considerable property, and not dependent on his profession for support. The aunt made an express proviso that she should not be deprived of her niece's society, but that they should reside with her at the villa; Don G—— going to Catania to transact his affairs as occasion might require.

"This agreement did not prevent Don G—— taking his bride immediately after their union to Catania, for the purpose of introducing her to his relations; but their stay in that city was shorter than they had at first intended. The lady, a person of family and distinction, was invited to all the fêtes and parties given by the nobility; whilst the husband, not enjoying a similar advantage, according to their ridiculous etiquette, was not admitted into their society: an exclusion mortifying alike to both, who, disgusted by this absurdity, soon came to the resolution of returning to their villa at Misterbianco, which was only a few miles distant from Catania.

"The marriage had been settled and took place so suddenly, that the confidential servant of the duke, left for the purpose of transmitting his letters to the marchesa, had only time to apprise his master that the banns had been already published, and that the marriage would take place before the receipt of the letter. On receiving this unexpected intelligence, the duke threw aside all concern for his affairs, and returned without the loss of a moment to Misterbianco. His arrival occasioned no little apprehension to the lady; but for several days she neither saw nor heard from him. At length, one morning, a polite note was left at the villa; it was from the duke, requesting the company of Don G—— and his lady to a fête, given to celebrate his return to the country. The marchesa testified some repugnance to accept the invitation, but her husband observed, that after the uncivil treatment he had received in Catania, it would be impolite towards the duke, who was superior to the prejudices of the Catanese nobles, to decline availing themselves of his attention. In fact, they went, and were both received with marked attention by the duke, who took an opportunity during the evening of whispering to the marchesa, in a sarcastic tone, that she had done well to exchange a nobleman for an advocate; to which the lady replied, with a similar expression, that an advocate was at least a more respectable person than an actress. The duke coloured at the retort, but made no reply at the time. Some time after, renewing the conversation, he inquired the name of the person from whom she had received this information; the marchesa told him that every thing being now finished between

them, it would be prudent, on both sides, to bury the past in oblivion, a proposal in which the duke seemed to acquiesce with some reluctance. The party at length broke up, and Don G—— and his lady returned to the villa, both contented with the events of the evening; Don G——, on account of the distinction shown to him by their noble host; and his wife, because her apprehensions of the duke's resentment and ill-will were much diminished. Don G—— continued to attend to his affairs in Catania, and was sometimes detained there several days in succession. During one of these temporary absences, a note was brought to the marchesa, requesting her to lose no time in proceeding to Catania, as her husband was prevented from returning home, and wished to see her immediately. On her arrival she was cruelly shocked to find him in prison; he had been arrested on a charge of falsifying legal documents, and was next morning to be removed to Palermo, for the purpose of having the matter duly examined into. Vexed and annoyed as he was at this calumnious accusation, conscious of his innocence, he apprehended no danger from it, nor any more inconvenience than a forced journey to Palermo, and a temporary absence from his wife; still he was anxious to ascertain from what quarter the insidious blow had proceeded. He, therefore, recommended her to remain quiet and composed in the country, without entertaining any doubt of his ultimate honourable acquittal from the disgraceful charge. Three or four weeks, at most, would, he said, restore him to his home. He was transferred to Palermo. Thrice the time he had computed sufficient to have insured his liberation had passed, and he still languished in a dungeon; not so much as having been brought into court for a hearing! In vain he petitioned the judges and the sovereign—his supplications were unheeded or rejected; in the meantime he was suffering much in his pecuniary interests from the large sums he found it necessary to lavish on the heads and subalterns of the tribunal. He was sure, he said in his letters to the marchesa, that he had some powerful enemy unknown to him, and he began to fear that without the protection of some person of influence at court, he might remain for years, perhaps for life, in a prison: he recalled to her memory the kindness and professions of the Duke of M——, and recommended her earnestly to apply to him in this emergency. The necessity of the same measure also occurred to his wife, but for a very different reason, for she suspected the duke to be the secret enemy, of whose ill offices her unfortunate husband complained. After much deliberation she resolved to throw herself on the generosity of her former lover. On presenting herself at his residence, she was received with much affectation of politeness. The duke declared himself ignorant of the cause of her husband's prolonged imprisonment, but dwelt on the imprudence of her having despised the affection of a powerful nobleman for a plebeian husband, unable to protect himself. He, notwithstanding, undertook to procure the release of Don G—— without delay, but on one sole condition—that she should accord to him, as a lover, the privilege for which he could no longer hope as a husband. The lady replied with spirit, that she had taken Don G—— because she esteemed and loved him; that she would not

purchase his release on the terms proposed by the duke; but would trust to the mercy of Heaven, and the justice of her sovereign, to which she was resolved to apply. She then left the house, the duke making no effort to detain her, and returned home. Still that nobleman, whose passion was increased by his repulse, did not despair of bringing her to his own terms. Don G——, in the meantime, wrote again, saying that he had finally succeeded in obtaining an audience, but so numerous were the suborned witnesses, and so prejudiced the judges against him, that he began to despair of ever proving his innocence. His fortune was fast melting away, from the vast bribes he found himself under the necessity of lavishing on his venal judges, and other concomitant expenses. He again pressed her to entreat the duke in his favour. On the receipt of these afflicting tidings, the health of the marchesa began to give way. The duke continued to visit at the villa, and to intrude himself on her, whenever he had an opportunity; nor as a friend of the family, and of her aunt, was it in her power always to refuse him admittance. He pretended that he had done much for her husband, and would do more, but that it depended on herself to serve him effectually, and procure his release. He spared neither pains nor expense to corrupt the domestics, and it was from her own maid that he had ascertained that it was from Don G—— that the marchesa had obtained her information respecting the opera singer. At length, with the view of placing people of his own about her, he found means of inducing the greater part of the attendants to leave her service; a scheme which, however it inconvenienced her aunt and herself, did not answer the duke's expectation; for suspecting the cause, she was on her guard against admitting into the house persons whom she suspected might be concealed agents of the duke. The ladies, therefore, found themselves under the necessity of sending into Catania to procure other servants. As the steward, an old man, the only male domestic in the house, was on his way to that town for the above purpose, he met a young man in livery: entering into conversation with him, the other informed him that he had just left the service of the Contessa M——, and was now in search of another place: the old man, hearing this, offered to procure him admission into the service of the Marchesa L——, an offer which, after a few moments' apparent consideration, he declared himself ready to embrace. In the evening they returned together to the villa. The young man's appearance and account of himself pleasing the ladies, he was engaged at once. In the meantime, when the duke presented himself at the villa, the marchesa took care either to be invisible, or to receive him only in the presence of her aunt. Disappointed in obtaining a private interview, he took an opportunity of meeting her at the village chapel, to which, being a short distance, she went on foot accompanied by her new servant. Both parties being irritated with each other, their emotions could not be concealed from the attendant, who, at length seeing the nobleman violently and rudely seize his mistress by the arm, came to her assistance. As soon as the duke saw him, he started back in surprise, exclaiming, 'What! cavaliere, is it you? Are you her champion?' Then turn-

ing to the lady—‘Indeed, madam, this is a proof of your fidelity to your husband, which I did not expect; it is now pretty clear why my devoirs have been so coolly received:’ and then turning away, he went off scarcely able to repress the rage which was visible in his countenance. The marchesa attributed this to what indeed was its real cause, jealousy of her domestic, but she was not aware that the young man was in fact a son of the Baron L——, of Catania, who having a dispute with the family, had left the house, and in order to evade discovery had disguised himself in the livery of one of the servants. As he had scarcely any money with him he might perhaps have returned to his parents in a few days, but his meeting with the marchesa’s steward, and his engagement with her, prevented the necessity of his doing so; as he thought it only a frolic, which it was in his power to put a stop to at any time. But it happened that the young cavaliere, who was only eighteen years of age, was detained in his menial occupations by the love which he had immediately conceived for his beautiful mistress; a fact no more suspected by her, than was his real condition; though, indeed, there were many who afterwards supposed that the young man had fallen in love with her whilst in Catania with her husband, and that he had, therefore, adopted the *ruse* of disguising himself as a servant in order to enter the house.

“Some time passed after the adventure of the chapel. The duke was still a constant visitor at the villa, intruding himself, whenever he had an opportunity, on the lady’s privacy; high words were heard between them, and she was often observed to be in tears, and to show signs of terror on his leaving her. One night after the family had retired to rest, the marchesa’s cameriera, or lady’s maid, came to the chamber of the new servant, begging him to come immediately to the assistance of their mistress, who was calling for help. Losing no time in doing so, on his way to her apartment he met the duke coming from it; he appeared no way discomposed, but coolly said, ‘Cavaliere, I have kept your secret, have the goodness to keep mine.’ He then left the house.

“The health of the afflicted and harassed marchesa daily declined; sleep fled from her eyes; a slow nervous fever gradually emaciated her frame: the change in her appearance did not escape the observation of her aunt, who attributing it solely to the unfortunate circumstances of Don G——, little suspected how much her valued neighbour, the duke, was concerned in the alteration. At length, unable to sustain the incessant persecutions of that nobleman, the marchesa resolved on removing to the house of her husband in Catania, where she hoped to remain unmolested under the roof of his relations. She could not keep her intention so secret but that the duke learnt it from her maid. Enraged at her thus attempting to escape him, he came instantly to the villa, forced himself into the lady’s presence, and was overheard to load her with the most virulent reproaches, until indignant at the outrage, or terrified at his violence, she rose and left the room. The duke instantly threw himself on horseback, and rode back with precipitation to his own castle. This scene, far from causing the marchesa to abandon her design, only served to convince her

of the necessity of leaving the neighbourhood without further delay. Their departure was accordingly fixed for eight o'clock on the following morning.

“Eight o'clock came,—the lettigas were at the door, the elder marchesa was in readiness, but her niece did not make her appearance: after waiting some time, the servants being elsewhere employed, the aunt went herself to see the cause of her delay; not receiving any reply on calling her, and the room being still in the dark, she withdrew the curtains, supposing her still asleep; and, dreadful to relate, beheld her unhappy niece bathed in her blood, already a corpse. The piercing shriek and heavy fall of the aunt, as she swooned, drew the servants to the chamber. The body of the unfortunate marchesa was examined; she had received a stiletto wound under the left breast, which having pierced her heart had caused instantaneous death. The blood which had streamed from the bed-clothes had formed a lake on the floor, the melancholy stains of which, as you have witnessed, remain uneffaced to this day.

“Whilst the afflicted aunt and the household were in the dreadful state of consternation consequent on so horrible an occasion, it was remarked that the new servant had disappeared; but his livery had been left behind: it was stained with blood in several places, the cuff of the right sleeve, in particular, seemed to have been steeped in gore. In this deplorable emergency the marchesa knew no one to whom she could so naturally apply for advice and assistance, as the Duke of M——, so long the friend of the family. A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint him of the lamentable event, and to entreat his immediate presence at the villa. The duke received the appalling intelligence with surprise and horror; he did not, however, seem to think his presence could be of much service to the distressed aunt; but the domestic, desirous of bringing him to the villa, saying, in answer to his questions, that he did not believe the lady was yet dead, the duke started, and in great agitation inquired whether she had spoken, and ordered his horse to be saddled immediately. On his arrival he found the marchesa and the family anxiously expecting him. When he heard that the lady was already dead, he refused to enter her apartment; and being informed of the flight of the servant, with the circumstance of the livery left behind being stained with blood, he declared his opinion that he only could have committed the murder, and informed the aunt that the supposed domestic was no other than the son of Baron L——, of Catania, who must have had his reasons for living as a menial in the service of her niece; he was certainly enamoured of her, and had probably assassinated her in a fit of jealousy. The duke undertook to bring him to justice for the horrible deed; and leaving the marchesa, he gave directions to the police to search every angle of the country for leagues round. It was not long before the unfortunate cavaliere fell into the hands of his pursuers; he was arrested in a fundaco, or road-side inn, on the way to Palermo, where he was taking some refreshment: he prevaricated, and showed signs of confusion when arrested, and on being informed of the cause, testified extreme horror. To questions put to him, he replied that he had left the service of the marchesa so abruptly be-

visionary being to keep off; exclaiming at the same time, 'Yes, yes! I murdered her;' then pointing to a recess behind the door—'there is the bloody poniard.' His friends declared it absurd to pay any attention to the ravings of a person perhaps dying, certainly at the time not in possession of his senses, and carried him immediately out of the fatal apartment. The hurt, when examined by the surgeon in attendance, was, to the surprise of all, found to be by no means serious, being a simple flesh wound, the sword having glanced against one of the ribs, which had preserved the vital parts from injury. In the mean time, the cavaliere and his party searched anxiously in the spot indicated by the wounded man, for the weapon with which the bloody deed had been committed. Their efforts were for a long time unavailing; at length, remarking that one of the stones appeared loose, they extracted it from the wall; and in the cavity behind, found not only the poniard incrustated and stained with blood, but also pistols and other arms, evidently secreted there by the duke, with some keys, which being applied to the locks, proved to be those of the different doors leading to the chamber of the murdered marchesa. Thus, not the shadow of a doubt remained as to the innocence of the much-injured cavaliere, or the guilt of the unhappy duke.

" Soon after the murder of his wife, the unfortunate Don G—— had been released from prison, and had returned to Catania; but not until he had expended the greater part of his property in defending himself against this unjust persecution. The duke afterwards confessed that it had been his design to have procured his detention in perpetual imprisonment, as a punishment for the calumny, for such he maintained that it was, that he had insinuated into the mind of the marchesa respecting the opera singer; but his rage against the husband gave way before the jealousy occasioned by the appearance of the cavaliere in the service of the marchesa, to whose infidelity, and not error, he then attributed her marriage with Don G——.

" After his wound, his companions lost no time in removing the duke to his own palace, where he slowly recovered the use of his reason. But when the Duke of M—— rose from his couch, he was greatly changed from the man who had so lately entered the fatal villa, for the purpose of fighting with the cavaliere. He made a deed of gift of the whole of his property to the next heir, the present duke; and shut himself up in a convent of Carthusians, where, after a due noviciate, he took the vows. On the cavaliere, who had suffered so much from his duplicity and guilt, he settled a provision of two ounces, Sicilian money, per diem, a very comfortable provision in that country. He also directed that Don G—— should be reimbursed for all the expenses incurred during his long imprisonment, which had gone near to ruin him. But the gifts of the penitent duke were rejected without hesitation, both by the cavaliere and the husband, who refused to put themselves under any obligation to the person who had so cruelly and irreparably injured them.

" The duke founded also perpetual masses for the repose of the soul of the marchesa, and instituted a funeral solemnity, which is still annually celebrated with great magnificence on the anniversary of the murder; no less a sum than seven hundred ounces being allotted for

the ceremony and the munificent alms given to the poor of the neighbourhood on the occasion.

“ On the vigil, no peasant ventures to pass the villa. It is firmly believed, that, on that night, the spirit of the unhappy marchesa is seen to hover about the fatal spot where she so cruelly perished.

“ The duke lived many years after taking the monastic vows. He died a sincere penitent ; but it was long, long before all the care of his pious brethren succeeded in calming the acute reproaches of his guilty conscience.”

TO LAURA* IN HEAVEN.

“ For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Can ne'er make grow again.”

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I saw thee all bright in the dawn of each grace,
With the light step of girlhood draw near,
And I thought as I look'd on thy beautiful face,
That thou needs must to many be dear :
I beheld thee again, when to womanhood grown,
Fair fruit of rich blossoms in spring ;
Thy features and voice from thy mind took their tone,
As from genius the harp's thrilling string.

Thou stoodest alone, 'mid the fair and the young,
A star all remote from their sphere,
And the graces that round thee their witchery flung,
Were reserv'd for the chosen and dear ;
For the mother that train'd thee all pure as thou wert,
For the *home-hallow'd* ties of the soul,
To crown the rich gift of a sister's desert,
And a father's dear blessing control.

But thou art departed, fair spirit of light,
Thou hast melted away as the hues
Of a summer-bright sky, when it fades into night,
And resigns us to darkness and dews.
Thou art gone to the land of the *sorrowless heart*,
To the clime of the lovely and kind ;
But none can replace thee, all dear as thou art,
In the lone hearts thou leavest behind.

* The late lovely and accomplished daughter of Colonel Courtenay, and sister of Captain Courtenay, of the royal navy, his Majesty's Consul at Hayti.

CHANGES IN DRAMATIC TASTE ON THE CONTINENT.

THE effect of Bourbon government has been a striking change in the French character. "La gaieté Française" is no longer a proverbial boast, nor "Vive la bagatelle!" a rallying cry. They have become a thinking people, and are the better, but not the more agreeable, for it. French pursuits and amusements have undergone an alteration corresponding with the profession for political rationalism that has, for the present, deadened the aspiration for national glory. The minor theatre of France not only reflected the manners of the day to crowded audiences all over the country, but enabled the rulers to estimate the strength of government, and to discover the exact place and degree of discredit. And this, without any form of words in the dialogue that the censor could calculate the effect of: because the keen appetite of Frenchmen for the ridiculous, and their natural *finesse* , applied passages of harmless meaning to some particular measure or event that made the prevailing interest of the moment. For a long time, the right of applauding or of hissing (whistling rather) at theatres was the only mode in which a Frenchman could vent his opinions without danger. It is admitted by those who knew the emperor best, that there was nothing he dreaded so much as a joke directed against any favourite measure; and he constantly complained of the impossibility of putting any thing before the French, that they would not contrive to throw into a ludicrous point of view, and consequently to bring into contempt. Napoleon dreaded a weapon no force could wrest from his people, and which had more power in his day than the two Chambers have since possessed. Countless examples might be cited in illustration of this; the first of which, as affecting him, was during the Egyptian expedition, when the Parisians laughed so much at the dromedary corps, that if some scribe had designated Napoleon as the colonel of that useful, but ungainly mounted force, he would never, perhaps, have been First Consul. Brunet and Potier were frequently punished for extemporaneous pleasantries on the stage. The latter of these got into a very serious scrape, by answering that the corporal, whose marriage they talked about in a vaudeville, was unhappily endeavouring to ally himself to "une fille de cette Rue çï," (cette Russie,) when it was just rumoured that Napoleon had proposed for a Russian Grand Duchess to share the imperial throne of France. A man's social consideration is likewise at the mercy of a bon-mot in France. "Imagine, madame," said a lady to the wittiest and most malignant of the royalist dowagers, "poor Colonel S—— has a bullet in his body!" "A bullet in his body? then he must have swallowed it!" was the reply; and ever afterwards there was some suspicion of the colonel's courage, though he had fought for his grade in a hundred battles under Napoleon. But to return to the subject of the drama in France, where play-going is no longer a want. You will find the Theatre des

Variétés half-filled, and the Française quite empty; while the crowd, fashionable as well as popular, is pressing, striving, and crushing, at the door of the Porte St. Martin, to see a lugubrious melo-drama made up of scenes such as the French of former days would have declared impossible to be conceived or tolerated by other than splenetic English, or dyspeptic Germans. Simple murder is insipid now: it requires to be conjoined with adultery and incest to render it piquante, and excite the proper degree of emotion on the part of the spectators. Of this school Henri III. is a good sample, and the Tour de Nesle a still better. The crimes of kings and princes make a taking theme in France as she is, and are depicted in the gloomiest colours. The old vein does, however, show itself at intervals, and the influence of Madame du Barri over Louis XV. is most pleasantly treated in Cotillon III. In a few years we may expect to see our Shakspeare naturalized in France; no longer remembered there by the sarcasms of Voltaire, nor designated as a *sombre enfant de la Tamise*.

Our German brothers *have* naturalized Shakspeare, and clothed him most becomingly; but they bring him forward rarely, just now, and the actors and actresses seldom do justice to the prominent characters. Madame Stück, Krelinger's Juliet, which the Berliners esteem as perfect, is the most disgusting performance an Englishman can witness. In the garden scene, as rendered by that actress, an inhabitant of our island, who did not understand German, would say that he had seen a faithful representation of a courtesan luring a young cavalier. They always make Falstaff a buffoon, which is an excusable error, although it destroys the harmony of the picture. The truth is, that Falstaff's humour is of so purely national a character, that it will not bear transplanting. The old Spanish drama has little in it of an evanescent kind—excepting perhaps the *graciosos*—and we might perhaps do well to follow the selection which the Germans have made from this rich store. There are delightful *reading* plays among the number.

Germany boasts a great many excellent comic actors; and to afford scope for the broadest of their powers, the Austrians have the merit of creating and rendering popular a set of the most absurd dramatic productions imaginable. Of this genus, "The Vienners in another part of the world, being the wanderings and adventures of three artisans, in Paris, London, and Constantinople," is conspicuous, and I witnessed a representation of it lately.

The manner in which it is contrived to take these worthy people to places so remote from each other, (consistently with the maintenance of probability, and the unity of time,) is equally ingenious and original: they are transported by a fairy, who puts a bag of gold into one of their pockets at every fresh place she sets them down. At Paris they have the happiness to fall in at once with,

MONSEIGNEUR VITE,	}	CHEVALIERS D'INDUSTRIE,
VOLEUR,		
VILAIN,		

together with MGR. TROPE, a tailor, and MGR. MAUGUE, a broker. Of course no bag of fairy fabric or dimensions, can long hold out

among so much good company ; and we presently find our operatives in London. They are brought to the tavern, of which Mr. John Reafs is landlord, by several constables who are appropriately dressed in black robes, with ample ruffs, and white wands in their hands. These constabulary alguazils respectfully inform Mr. J. Reafs that they found the three vagabond aliens in the street, and thought it their duty to convey them to his house. The Austrian deduction from which is, that bringing vagabonds into taverns with the aid of the police, is one of the modes of forced trade, by which British inn-keepers are enriched, and the excise revenues augmented—consequently that the usage, tyrannous as it unquestionably is, conduces to the national wealth.

After the usual complement of G—— D——s, and the conclusion of a bowl of punch, two of the new guests leave the room, and only one German mechanic remains. To him enters a young lady of rank and fortune, who happens to frequent Reafs', and the foreigner repeats G—— D—— Miss! in such an ineffably persuasive (because un-English) modulation, that she consents to marry him. Discovering by the demand an absence of coquetry quite enchanting, she next asks *him* to kiss her, and he, with an ingenuousness which we hope is intended to convey a general and true notion of the male morality of Vienna,—answers that he never attempted such a thing before, but that, to oblige her, he will try. For the sake of the high-born damsel, we must rejoice (marriage being decided on) that the Teutonic lover succeeds in his first attempt; but at the moment of triumphant essay, Lord Rudder, who also aspires to the lady's hand, sees the manner in which her lips are engaged, and does what every noble lord in the same predicament might be expected to do—goes home to furnish himself with several pairs of pistols, wherewith to fight the mechanic. At this part of the drama one naturally conceives great hopes that the peer will be shot or frightened to death, and that his worthy rival will bear off his lady, in a landau and eight of the fairy's providing: but the author has generously ordered it otherwise. The "Handwercksmann" consents to sham dead, and the glory of "Deutschland" is dimmed for a time.

The principal scene follows, and is laid on that spot so familiar to us all,—THE WOMAN MARKET!

Just as I was reflecting that it would greatly heighten the effect of these sales on foreign boards, if the Lord Chancellor were represented as presiding at them—the lady transferred being handed to the purchaser by a Master in Chancery,—word was brought to me that a person, I was anxious to see, waited in another place; and I was thus deprived of the rest of the "Famosa Comedia."

PÜCKLER, JUNIOR.

NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NECESSITY OF COLONIZING THE SANDWICH AND BONINS ISLANDS.

[Some months back we wrote an article upon the Sandwich Islands in our Magazine, advising the propriety of adding them to our colonies, and it is with pleasure we insert this very excellent and comprehensive letter, in renewal of the subject. It appears to us that nothing more is required than to send out a frigate to each of the groupes of islands, with a large proportion of artificers in each, and their wives to be permitted to go out with them; the captains of the frigates to be the governors of the islands. In a very short time, more would be effected by this means, than by the usual expensive systems of colonization, which up to the present have been resorted to.—ED.]

DEAR SIR ;—The following subject has long engrossed my mind, and I am surprised has not long ere this been taken up by abler hands. As I consider that the maxim, “in peace we ought to be prepared for war,” is sufficient ground for adding my mite, whatever its value, I shall trouble you with a few lines on the importance to the British government of adding to their resources in the Pacific, by possessing themselves of the positions of the Sandwich and Bonin (or Arzobispo) islands.

In the event of a war which may call our fleets to the Pacific ocean, where are we to find a port, after quitting the American shores, which can at present be reckoned on as a *sure* rendezvous to the British flag? And let it be borne in mind, that in the event of hostilities with *America*, the rapidity with which intelligence would be conveyed to their cruisers, and *acted on*, would deprive this country not only of the port of Honolulu, (Oahu, Sandwich Islands,) now principally occupied by Americans, and owing to missionary influence more immediately connected with that country; but the Bonins would, as a matter of course, be instantly fortified, and defy our efforts—at least for a time.

That the Sandwich Islands were *formally ceded* to the British, and accepted by Vancouver, is well known, and that the Bonins, (or Arzobispo islands) were also formally taken possession of, as by right of discovery, by Captain Beechey, is on record. Therefore we have not to anticipate any difficulties from other powers, should policy induce Great Britain to avail herself of these two positions.

Had Great Britain taken possession of the Sandwich Islands in 1824, at the period of the decease of the late king and queen, and when the natives would have hailed the event as a *peculiar mark of favour*, it would now have become a most flourishing colony, paying its own expenses, formidable to aggressors, and instead of paying dues, would have been in the receipt of those arising from the immense influx of American whalers, and others, trading to the N.W. coast and China. Discovery, civilization, and consequently Christianity, would have been more effectually advanced, and British commerce, by such means, would long ere this have supplanted that which is now almost exclusively carried on by our more enterprising friends, the Americans; although to my certain knowledge, British cargoes on the American (west coast) bear not only a premium, but are received with a confidence highly flattering to our flag.

In the present situation of affairs, the two positions to which I am referring must become of much greater importance, as occurring directly in

the line of communication between western America and China, and situated as the Sandwich Islands are, they, in particular, (or Oahu itself,) must become the entrepot, lying, as they do, so conveniently to the ports of California, and Mexico on the east—the Russian, American, and Siberian north, Japan, China, and Bonins west, and the Phillippines to the south west. Should Russia send a fleet to those seas, where could better situations be selected for cutting off her resources, which *must* come from the *southward*, than by the positions at the Bonin and Sandwich Islands, distant from each other about three thousand miles, and differing only six degrees in latitude.

	Lat.	Long.
Their positions being as follows—Oahu	21 N.	160 W.
„ „ Bonins	27 N.	142 E.

To use a seaman's expression, the trade becomes "a soldier's wind" between Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, which would of course maintain the same relations towards Great Britain.

As a sea port, Honolulu (Oahu) possesses every advantage that we could hope for, as regards accommodation to our navy, including the class of frigates, but I am not certain if ships of the line could enter. (Port Lloyd, Bonins—*any* draught may enter.) When it is stated, that, *at one time*, nearly one hundred sail of vessels, from six hundred to three hundred tons, chiefly American whalers, have found anchorage in the *port* of Honolulu, some idea may be formed of its capacity, even if we say eighty of these drew twelve to sixteen feet.

This port is formed by the barrier reefs, which are common to the islands in the Pacific, rising to the surface about three quarters to a mile from the shore, and preserving the basins within from the influence of the heavy swell, which in one continuous roar is broken on these boundaries; rendering the interior at all times safe for the purposes of careening.

The depth within is sufficient for ships of the line, and should it ever become a British position, or under British protection, as an *arsenal*, the difficulty of entrance would be very readily overcome; as in carrying on the measures for defence, it is more than probable that the outworks would be carried out perhaps even to form the key of the entrance.

In calculating the labour of such an undertaking, it will be merely necessary to look to the present fish ponds, built under the influence of the chiefs, and which are found to withstand the sea.

With respect to the fortification of this port, nature has already done much, and even as it *now* stands, with British garrison, and trustworthy *metal*, is capable of resisting any attack. The port is commanded by "Punch-Bowl Hill battery," which is constructed on the highest pinnacle of the edge of an ancient crater, on that part of the circle nearest the sea, consequently difficult of access on every side.

The elevation is about five hundred feet, and the range over the bar nearly two miles distant. This battery mounts nine guns, chiefly long thirty-two pounders. It is also the signal-post and look-out station, but little used for either purpose.

On the point which forms the S.E. point of the port is situated the main fort, or citadel, constructed of stone, (consisting of basalt, and compact coral limestone, cemented by shell and coral lime.) This fort is of more importance than Europeans will perhaps credit, being about one hundred yards square, and mounting forty-eight guns, some of which, although perhaps *now* unserviceable, would very speedily be *replaced*, (if necessity demanded,) from the ships in port. This fort is built with embrasures. The N.E. or land face is fourteen feet in thickness, furnished with strong gates, which with two long two pounders are the only defence; but this is covered by the Punch Bowl, distant about half a mile.

Should the Punch Bowl be in the possession of the enemy, this of course lies at its mercy. On the S.W. face, thirteen long double fortified eighteen pounders, and four eighteen pound carronades are mounted, the walls being sixteen feet in thickness. On the N.W. seventeen guns, varying from two to nine pounders. On the S.E. twelve various. Two faces look towards the bar, but that to the S.W., on which the heavy guns are mounted, is the most important. Of course, under British direction, much greater advantages would be pursued.

The troops in 1827, or the *king's own guard in regimentals*, mustered two hundred rank and file, but in the event of a "turn out," six thousand stand of arms and men allotted to them, would be forthcoming.

In the event of war, the Sandwich islanders, under proper discipline, would become equally efficient as Africans; I suspect more so, as they possess more decided *courage*, and are not so lazy.

The town of Honolulu contains many wood and some stone houses; those of the natives, although termed "huts," from being thatched with grass, are yet far from contemptible, the interior of many, particularly those of the chiefs, being well furnished, perhaps too costly for their habits.

The commerce is chiefly carried on by the Americans, and consists in stock from California and Mexico, for which either China or American produce is returned; and that to China, sandal wood for furs, &c. from the N.W. coast of America.

The produce of the country may be considered as follows:—Sandal wood, cotton, and sugar—but the two latter, in consequence of missionary influence, have been entirely disregarded, although the samples produced were first rate, and labour trifling.

Sugar must eventually succeed; the plants, (with those of Tabiti,) are the finest in the world; and lazy as the natives are, they might, under European direction,* be easily induced to attend to its culture. The most advisable method would be to introduce Chinese, and under their hands, sugar, rice, and cotton must flourish, and the bad effects of missionary influence vanish. [The missionary establishment is American.]

With respect to sandal wood, which is good property, and collected by the natives, (as a tax,) the following appears to be the calculation that these islands, 'assuming the population twenty thousand, afford to the revenue. The males are bound to procure annually, one pekul, (one hundred and thirty-six pounds,) for half of which they receive payment at seven dollars per pekul, and at that rate for as much more as they can bring; failing in this, a fine of four dollars. The females to carry it from the mountains, or pay one dollar, (this is generally paid, in preference to labour,) the law applying to those who are adult. The average price of wood in 1827, ten dollars in the market. The amount therefore at Oahu, at 20,000=10,000 pekul, or 100,000=20,000/. The whole population of the islands is estimated at 160,000, and taking into consideration those islands which do not produce the wood, and that the average may be nearly estimated at one pound per man, 100,000/. may not be far from the amount which might thus be raised. The surplus wood purchased at seven dollars, and sold at ten, is not taken into the account. This supply cannot last long, as even at the period I allude to, (1827,) it was scarce. This, and the port dues, in addition to a tax on imports, might easily sustain the expenses of such a situation, even on the system of British colonies.

The soil is capable of any thing; indeed its fault is being too rich; and so abundantly does nature provide, that the missionaries' plea, "that it

* Flourished under an Englishman, who died, when Boki purchased the estate—too lazy and ignorant to prosper.

was provoking God's wrath to cultivate where he has provided sufficient for their *actual* wants," has been the ruin of these islands.

The native productions are yams, taro, sweet potato, plaintains of great variety, sugar-cane, nono, oheia, turmeric, and ginger. European and West India fruits flourish, and require little trouble. The soil is chiefly decayed vegetable and volcanic matter, but much infested with vermin. I am informed that on Hawaii, (Owhyhee,) below the line of vegetation, most of the fruits indigenous to North America grow luxuriantly; gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, large, but insipid, doubtless from the sulphuric vapour from the soil, and the neighbouring volcano on Mouna Roa.

Thus far I have described the produce, &c. of the Sandwich Islands, to show that, as a colony or British residence, nothing but an increase of society is requisite to render the position one of comfort, as far as the means of life and resources are considered. Stock is constantly imported from California,* and where one hundred sail of vessels assemble, the demand for supplies of all kinds must be great. Eventually, I little doubt, that the mails for China, when Mexico shall have become a settled state, will find their way by this route, viz.

From England to Vera Cruz, say	6 weeks.
Overland to San Blas	2
San Blas to Sandwich Islands	2
Sandwich Islands to Bonins	2
Bonins to Canton	2
	—
	14 weeks.
Allow for delays, &c.	2
	—
England to Canton	16 weeks.
	—

By this conveyance the trade wind can be depended on throughout the whole distance, and the wear and tear of a packet trifling.

San Blas is in	21 N.	} Passage cannot be much shorter than this.
Sandwich Islands	21	
Bonins	27	
Canton	21	
Vera Cruz	19	

I have purposely avoided allusion to the fur trade of Russia, both to the southward as well as the northward of the Aleutian Chain, for reasons which had better not be made public, but the importance of a force so near to their trade as the Sandwich Islands, must ever be an object of importance, should that country think it her interest to quarrel with Great Britain.

I cannot pretend to hold out such decided advantages to colonization at the Bonins, as those of Oahu offer, but the latter is the result of having been *long inhabited*. Ascension offered but few advantages, but promises at some future period to prove that even a barren rock, by *determination*, and *residence*, may support its inhabitants.

Water, wood, turtle, fish, and the tree cabbage (chou palmiste) are abundant at the Bonins, and to new settlers would subsist them for a long time. Indeed I am informed, that some of the crews of whalers have already settled there, and the two left by the William, and assisted by the Blossom, proved that the soil is productive.

With respect to *colonizing* the Bonins, no race is so well adapted as the "*Pitcairn Islanders*;" and I suspect they would be *glad* to avail

* Pigs native, abundant.

themselves of a position free from the loose morals of the other islands of the Pacific, for this want of morality alone drove them back from Tahiti, after they had made up their minds to quit their native island. In addition to these (should it be consented to by the Pitcairn people,) I would endeavour to introduce a few of the well-disposed New Zealanders, who are free from the inherent laziness of the natives of Sandwich Islands, or Tahiti. By the introduction in this manner of natives of other places, I am satisfied that the extension of Christianity would be promoted, as I think the simple fact of living in the society of such a race as the Pitcairn Islanders would go further to convert them than if surrounded by a host of missionaries. The question of colonization must of course stand upon the necessity or eligibility of securing this port; I shall, therefore, proceed to show its capabilities as a port, means of defence, &c.

Port Lloyd is situated on the western side of Peel Island in the central groupe of the Bonins, or Islas Arzobispo; this groupe extending ten miles in latitude, and about five of longitude. The Port lies in lat. $27^{\circ} 5'$ N., long. $142^{\circ} 11'$ E., is about one mile and a quarter in depth E. and W. and the same (*in deep water*) N. and S. The true entrance between dangers is half a mile, and such is the nature of the ground that the *dangers* can *readily* be converted into piers, forming a perfect breakwater to the interior anchorage. A glance at the chart will immediately satisfy any engineer of the peculiar facilities afforded on the western side for a continuous line of quay from the entrance into "ten fathom hole" where *ships-of-the-line* could *refit* in *security*. The whole of the dotted line having two fathoms only in the *deepest parts*, and generally about knee deep. The materials for forming such a quay are immediately at the beach, of volcanic matter, and their removal outwards would be clearing a spot for gardens or buildings. The southern part of the bay has, however, been selected by the present residents as being adapted for immediate cultivation.

The distance between the two nearly inaccessible rocks, which command the entrance, on the north and south, is only nine-tenths of a mile. They are about sixty or seventy feet above the level of the sea, and could be made impregnable from the sea, being nearly *perpendicular* on all sides. They would be commanded by the several peaks on the main island, which would also command the channel. Nature seems to have left but little for art to complete, as ten fathom hole is nearly a natural basin, and the surrounding reef capable of readily surrounding it with a secure quay. The only wind to which the port is open is that from the S.W., and should the breakwater be complete it becomes land-locked. In speaking of a *quay*, or breakwater, it is to be borne in mind that the reefs on which they would be built are now nearly *awash*, and that in the deepest parts not more than one and a half or two fathoms can be met—and the filling up could be performed without wetting a foot.

The materials for building are plentiful, both wood and stone, the former calculated for small vessels, varying from Tamanu (like mahogany) to larch, and even of the Tamanu for the repairs of the largest. I am disposed to think that the exportation of turtle and sharks' fins to China, would, for a time, be found *lucrative*, both abounding to an almost incredible amount.

These islands are most conveniently situated for watching the trade of China, Japan, or Russia, on Eastern Asia and Phillippines, and if any intercourse ever can be opened with Japan and the coast within, this is the point from which it could be most satisfactorily attempted.

At the period of the re-discovery of this groupe, it immediately occurred to me that, as the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Islands were *solicitous* about removal, this seemed by nature pointed out as the spot where they should be located, and where their peculiar habits of *industry*, in-

genuity, and *courage*, might render them of great importance to the country, of which by descent and natural feeling they claimed to be considered subjects.

If they could have been induced to settle there, we should long ere this, have known more of Japan. Why has this place been so long tabooed? Why are we so ignorant of the country between Pekin and Kamschatka? Plainly, I should say, because we have no settlement, or even rendezvous, in that part of the world; and it is, moreover, out of the track of traders. Are the natives of the Pacific, hundreds of tribes almost unknown to us, to be for ever cut off from civilization, until perhaps some more enterprising nation lead us the way—and when war is “inevitable,” warn us by a salute from the heights that this formidable key is lost to us, at least in the moment of most importance, and compel us to force from the Phillippines or China, those aids which here might have been so opportunely afforded. Since the trade to China is now free from restriction, there is no reason why the money should not be transferred direct from San Blas, or the ports of Mexican States, to meet the demands in China, where the premium on new dollars is high, and where they are required for the opium trade, which, although illicit, is yet countenanced by the British, and winked at by the Chinese authorities.

THE BARD THAT'S FAR AWA'!

Air—“*Auld lang Syne.*”

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOUGH cauldly now in dust he lies,
 Whose heart sae warmly beat,
 His spirit frae the golden skies
 Shall auld acquaintance greet.
 Then fill the cup, “my trusty frere;”
 We'll drink in silence a',
 To him wha claims our warmest tear,
 The bard that's *far awa'!*

We'll miss him frae his wonted place,
 We'll miss him frae the hearth;
 His pleasant speech, and kindly face,
 That brighten'd a' our mirth.
 Then fill the cup.

Wi' him we found life's weary hours
 Gae dancing on their way;
 Auld Time, wi' temples wreath'd wi' flowers,
 Disguis'd his locks o' gray.
 Then fill the cup.

Let worldlings o' his genius boast,
 And praise his mighty mind;
 Love finds for *Scott* a prouder toast—
 The friend of a' mankind!
 Then fill the cup.

THE MINISTRY.

We are living in a strange and momentous epoch, which will hereafter become a peculiarly interesting feature in the history of this country—an epoch of unions new and unthought of on the part of the people, and of disunions as novel and incongruous in the cabinet. Every day do the former appear to increase and cement their power, and every day do the latter appear to decrease in respectability and talent, and, as a natural consequence, in the estimation of the country. We think we may now safely come to a conclusion that, although we perceive no disposition on the part of the people to halt in their advances to obtain power, the government of the country has arrived at the zero of its abasement; for at no period of our history can we discover that the country was ruled by a ministry so ill arranged, so devoid of practical knowledge, so incompetent, as the vacillating remnant of the Whigs now left to carry on the affairs of the nation, at a crisis so pregnant with difficulty and danger, as to demand the very strongest bonds of union, the very best practical knowledge, and the very highest talent in the country.

Inefficient as the government was in parts, still, as long as there were to be found in his Majesty's councils such men as Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley—men of talent and decision, of courage and disinterestedness—the nation felt some security for the measures which might be brought forward. So much sterling gold infused into the alloy, made the metal pass current, and with such men in his cabinet, it was felt that his Majesty could not but be well advised, although the advice might not always be acted upon; but his Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept of their resignations, and now it may truly be said of the Whigs, that the glory of their house has departed from them.

The question as to the spoliation of the Irish church has created this unfortunate dismemberment; but whether unfortunate to the Whigs, or unfortunate to the country, remains yet to be proved; and here we are led to make an observation. If, as it is so positively asserted, his Majesty did make the speech, as reported, to the bishops, why did he accept the resignation of those who echo his sentiments? The rump of the Whigs now in power declare their intention of spoliating the church; his Majesty has declared his intention of supporting it inviolable. Why then does his Majesty accept the resignation of those who are on his side, and retain about him those who are opposed to him? Echo answers "Why?" from every nook and cranny in the kingdom. This is certain—either a very wise or a very foolish thing has been done. We have no right, indeed it would be presumptuous to impute motives; but we candidly confess, that in our opinion, the events will prove that it has been a very wise one; but our grounds for so believing we shall not at this moment explain.

We have already given our opinion upon Church Reform. We admit the right of Parliament to arrange the distribution of church property; we deny the right of appropriating it to any other uses than those for which it was originally intended. We know the danger of precedent. Precedent may be compared to a small hole made in a dam which confines a lake of water; at first, but a little escapes, but the hole is soon enlarged, and it ends in the entire mass of water pouring forth, to the ruin and destruction of all around. A precedent for the spoliation of one description of property, will soon be followed up by a disregard of all rights and of all property. Let the church be reformed: it requires it even for its own salvation, but respect its rights, or you will soon find that your own and all other rights will be invaded.

Lord John Russell is the main author of all this mischief; and we must here express our indignation at the present system of *bidding so high* for popularity, as practised by him, the Lord Chancellor, and many others. The consequence will be, that others will bid still higher; the true interests of the country will be sacrificed in this eager rush for individual and ephemeral reputation, and the bulwarks of our constitution broken down with flagitious rapidity. We are sincere friends to reform—we are enemies to all abuses; but when such serious questions are brought forward, questions of such moment as to demand caution, deep reflection, and fully weighing, previous to coming to a decision, and these questions are brought forward one after another with a rapidity which allows no time for consideration, we are disgusted with those who thus keep the nation in a constant state of ferment and agitation, and who, deaf to argument and reason, would carry every thing by acclamation. Is this nation never again to know the blessings of repose? Are we never to take breath again? Are we still to continue this forced march, which, fainting as we are under our heavy burdens, has almost destroyed our energies? If such is the march of intellect, we will no longer follow the drum; we will fall out of the ranks and rest ourselves a little by the way side in company with common sense.

After all the important questions which have been agitated; after all the violent discussions in the House, and the angry warfare of the press, which, for a space of three years, have shook the empire to its base; we have now a Church Commission appointed, with the intention of eventually blinking a question, which the ministry feel it is too dangerous to themselves to bring forward, or at least of putting it off for the present. Now we consider that this commission will have the very contrary effect to that anticipated by those who have proposed it; because a commission of investigation should have preceded the question, not the question have been brought forward, and then have receded into the commission. During the whole time that it proceeds, it will be a source of irritation and agitation. Mr. Sheil, who perhaps correctly supposes that the commission has been appointed to get rid of the question, has motioned for a definite period to be appointed for the conclusion of its labours; but whether it is to last for years, or to be brought to an early conclusion, it will, from the circumstances with which it is attended, be equally a source of mischief.

The question must again be brought forward, and after death comes the judgment.

The principal features in the character of the remaining Ministry, are its selfishness and want of union. "Every one for himself" is the motto, from Lord Grey downwards. They squabble and fight in the House and in the cabinet. It is singular that the fable of the bundle of sticks should be lost upon those who are metaphorically nothing but sticks themselves; but so it is, and by the retirement of Sir James Graham, Mr. Stanley, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon, they have been left in a state of imbecility and disorganization which is alarming to those who wish well to their country. We shall not dwell upon the merits of his Grace the Duke of Richmond and Earl Ripon, as they have not been placed in such prominent situations as Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley; but it must be conceded that they would both add weight and respectability to the filling up of every administration. Of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham we shall say more; for, although his Majesty's present ministers, in their fatuity, appear to have been ignorant of the fact, we can assure them that the co-operation of those two talented and high-minded gentlemen were the strongest security given to the nation that constitutional, although liberal principles, were not to be found wanting in the measures which might be brought forward. It is remarkable that the only judicious and effective bills brought into the House have emanated from these two individuals. Every one must recollect how successfully the unconstitutional violence of Mr. O'Connell was opposed by Mr. Stanley, and how beneficial were the results of the Coercion Bill brought forward by the latter gentleman. The effect of it was, for the time, miraculous; it was like oil poured upon the angry waves, almost instantaneously reducing them to a perfect calm. The Bill for the Emancipation of the Slaves was equally remarkable for decision and good sense. Mr. Stanley boldly grappled with the question, and finding that it was impossible to oppose the voice of a whole nation, he obtained the best terms which, in the present distressed state of the country, could be hoped for by the colonists, and wrung from the country a compensation which, in its necessity, it would have denied.

But of Sir James Graham, as First Lord of the Admiralty, we have much more to say. The merits of Mr. Stanley can be appreciated by every body, but those of Sir James Graham can only be duly estimated by the service over which he has so admirably presided. Sir James Graham has devoted his whole energies in the performance of his duty—in acquiring a knowledge of the profession he has been indefatigable. With talents of the highest order, he has not been too proud to listen to the suggestions of those around him who have been brought up in the profession; and the consequence has been, that he has far exceeded the expectations of even those who knew and appreciated his value. His eye and his ear appear to have been every where: in little more than three years he has done more for the service than his predecessors have for thirty, and he has quitted the Admiralty with the best wishes, the admiration, and the regret, of the whole navy.

That we may not appear to assert, without proof, we shall make a

few observations upon the improvements which have taken place during his short administration, too short unfortunately for the interests of the naval service, and the country whose existence depends upon its welfare.

We shall first observe, that in point of economy, the country is greatly indebted to him. In one estimate alone, we recollect a saving of 900,000*l.*; in another, he had 300,000*l.* at his command, independent of a saving of 180,000*l.* more; but it is not only in his reduction of unnecessary expenditure, but in the great saving in the expenditure which is absolutely necessary, and of which the advantage will always be in full operation. By the new and judicious system of labour carried on in the dock-yards, nearly twice the work is done for half the money, and much valuable timber saved to the country; for by the former arrangements, by job and task-work, there was actually a premium upon unnecessarily consuming, or in fact, destroying timber. By the new system introduced of building ships, there is also a saving made of about nine pounds per cent., no small sum, when it is considered what a number may hereafter be required for the exigencies of the nation.

Notwithstanding the great decrease in the naval estimates, we have now a greater supply of good timber in our dock-yards than we ever had at any time, and it is in better order. The dock-yard police established, has proved most effective and valuable, preventing those speculations which were formerly so prevalent.

Another arrangement, of which the value perhaps will only be duly estimated by naval men, is the classification of the masts, yards, sails, boats, &c., which has been made under the administration of Sir James Graham. Formerly every ship almost in the navy had its apparel of a different size and form, creating the greatest confusion, and the greatest expense. In future, there will be no difficulty, and a vessel will find all that she requires to enable her to proceed to sea at a moment's notice, without any alteration being required. The classes have been reduced from seventy-eight to nineteen. To the important point of ship building, Sir James Graham paid the greatest attention, and there is every promise of his efforts being crowned with success. It is much to be regretted that ship-building has become a question of party, arising from the appointment of that talented officer, Captain Symonds, in the place of Sir Robert Seppings, who was identified with the Tory administration; but such is the fact, and the fact is as injurious to the best interests of the service, as it is disgraceful to the officers who oppose the present surveyor, and who would sacrifice a fine ship to party feelings. The abolition of the round sterns, and the graceful one now substituted, with all the supposed advantages, has given great satisfaction to the navy in general. The *improved* mode of filling in ships has proved most effectual against the dry rot, which was making such alarming progress in our wooden walls. The war steamers have also been brought forward by the late lord, that in the event of a rupture we may not be found unprepared in this very important addition to our maritime power.

To the general improvement of the discipline of the service, and to the comforts of the seamen employed, Sir James Graham has been

equally attentive. This has been fully established by his excellent arrangements as to the practice of gunnery, in his additional advance of pay to seamen on foreign stations, and by various orders and regulations, which would occupy too much of our space, and of the reader's time, to detail; but we must not omit to mention his fair distribution of patronage, and his total disregard of making use of that patronage for the benefit of his own friends or relatives. We are told, and we believe it to be true, for it is so analogous with the character of Sir James Graham, that when his resignation was accepted, it was proposed that he should do as all other first lords have done upon their retirement, and for which they can hardly be blamed, make use of his patronage, by appointing his brother to the command of a ship. The answer of Sir James was short and characteristic. "He is the last captain in the navy to whom I would give a ship under existing circumstances."

But there are two measures of Sir James Graham's which must not be hastily passed over. One has been carried into effect—the other is still to be put in force. The one which has been effected is the abolition of the navy board; and if Sir James Graham had conferred no other benefit upon his country, this single act would never have been forgotten. It was an Herculean task to cleanse that Augean stable, to get rid of an *imperium in imperio* which shackled the Admiralty, and which, established as a source of patronage, was an incubus upon all decision and rapidity of execution. Sir James Graham was convinced that no improvements could take place so long as this board was permitted to exist, and exert an insolent interference with, if not controul over, their masters; and of all the reforms, there is none which has given such general satisfaction to all—with the exception of those who were sent about their business.

The other measure is still in progress, and perhaps there never was a bill brought forward which will eventually be attended with such important results to the country. We refer to the Bill for the registry of seamen, to supersede as much as possible the necessity of impressment. Impressment is a prerogative of the crown, which must still be permitted to exist. It is the duty of every man to serve his country when his services are required, and the same power which demands the services of the militia, is, although conveyed through another channel, not less a prerogative than the right of impressment for the manning of the navy; but acknowledging this, still when we consider the peculiar anomaly of the exercise of this prerogative with the liberty of the subject, we feel that until some other arrangement can be made, it will always be a source of angry discussion. How vitally important is it that this question should be fairly met, and that the seamen, who are equally bound with others to serve their country, should feel that they are not, unless absolute necessity requires it, dragged to their servitude, but have the same chance as the militia on shore, who are selected by the ballot; and also know, that, when they have served for the allotted period, they may quit the service, or receive further remuneration by remaining in it. It has been asserted, that if the seamen in his majesty's service were as well paid as in the merchant service, im-

pressment would not be necessary; but this we do not believe. We may here observe, that although the pay of a king's ship is not so good, the difference is almost made up to the men by the great expense attending the superior quality of the provisions, and the many comforts with which they are supplied. But an aversion to restraint is one of the principles of human nature, and the sailor, like other men, does not like the idea of discipline in the perspective, although he does not scruple, when under it, to acknowledge that he is more happy, and better provided for. To a certain limit, we always shall have voluntary service, but we never can expect to obtain it to the extent which our exigencies will demand, in the event of a war. We repeat, therefore, that this Registry Bill of Sir James Graham's, is one of the most important that has ever been brought forward, and we feel most anxious for its success, and we trust it will not be defeated by his retirement from office, which, we must say, that we deeply lament. It is still more unfortunate, that at the very same time his successor will lose the valuable advice and practical experience of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, who has been appointed to the hospital at Greenwich. Not that we do not rejoice in the appointment, as well as every officer in the navy. There is no one so well entitled to preside over those gallant and disabled veterans who were led on by Nelson to serve their country through a series of unexampled victories, as he who followed him in his career of glory—who was his friend, confidant, and companion, into whose arms the hero fell when he received his death-wound—who listened to his last injunctions—and watched the flight of his gallant spirit. The association is as beautiful, as it is complete—and long may he who has played so conspicuous a part in adding to a nation's laurels, preside over the proudest monument of a nation's gratitude.

But we must conclude. We have attempted to do our duty in pointing out to our readers the valuable services of Sir James Graham and Mr. Stanley. Their places have been filled up, but we must say, not very much to the satisfaction of the nation, if we may believe what we hear around us. When we reflect upon the causes which have led to these changes—upon the capabilities of those remaining in office, and the talents of those who have resigned, we cannot but feel, that unless there is something in the background concealed from the uninitiated, that in their resignations having been accepted, there may be exceptions to the general rule, in which it is asserted that the "King can do no wrong."

CHIT CHAT.

The Editor writing furiously. Enter Mr. Percy disconsolately, his eye falls upon the Editor's accompaniment, a bottle and glass. Mr. P. moves forward with more alacrity of spirit in his countenance, but instantly relapses into his former gloom on discovering the bottle innocent of inspiration, and the glass containing only water.

Percy. (Soliloquizing.) Whoever wrote well upon such a regimen? Does he not know that the luscious and exhilarating spirit was pressed from the grape before the playful fire of inspiration ever wantoned in the breast of the poet? Were expression permitted to the aborescent glories of nature, would not the vine be found to discourse in numbers, and stand confessed the Homer, the Virgil, and the Anacreon of the forest? And here he is, with his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," writing upon water. Penible indeed must be the act; but how much more so to be witness of it!

The Editor seeming to have caught the sense without hearing the words of the soliloquy, mechanically extracts from his waistcoat pocket the key of the claret closet, and pushes it across the table to Mr. Percy. With the assistance of Bill, the board becomes rich with the catch lights upon the glasses, and the decanters glorious with the liquids "tinted with the solar beams." The Editor writes on furiously, whilst the Sub. seems equally pleased with what he puts on the table, as does his Super. upon his page.

Ed. (Looking up.) Mr. Percy—holloa! why—what—in the name of Bacchus, Silenus, and all the potatory powers, for whom is all this preparation?

Percy. For whom is this preparation? Surely for you and for me. Shall we be outdone by the heathen? When Apicius, or Heliogabalus, or some other Roman, who made a temple of his inside for the reception of the refinement of the arts, ordered a dinner of some two or three hundred dishes, and was asked by his steward for how many he should prepare to receive, was there not, I say, something sublime in the answer, "Apicius sups with Apicius." Do you then ask for whom is all this? Does not the answer slip heroically from the tongue? "The Super. sips with his Sub."

Ed. Ah, Percy! I see that you like heroism at another's expense. Well, since you have put the bottles there, you may let them stand.

Percy. Indeed I shall not, but pass them very rapidly. (*Suits the action to the word; they fill and drink.*)

Ed. Now, Percy, what think you that I am writing?

Percy. What else but a farce? Oxford has set the whole nation the example, and nothing is now thought of but the getting up of farces.

Enter Sir John Franklin, in the full gown and flat cap of an LL.D., supported on one side by Captain O'Sullivan, and on the other by Doctor Punever. They march up to the Editor with suitable gravity.

Ed. Mercy on us, Sir John, what have they been doing to you?

Sir John. *Cedunt arma logæ.* I have been to the North Pole, and now I am a doctor. Let our conversation be grave and befitting. I have

taken the five declensions inwardly, and have been inoculated with the four conjugations. Latin and Greek are now mine by instinct, or diploma, *ex. gra.* The fourth conjugation, *audio, audivi*, I have heard, as we say in the navy.

O'S. In the navy!

Sir John. In the navy—our marine drummers are no longer to beat off tit, tat, too, but to thump the parchment to the tune of *hic, hæc, hoc*; and the key-note to the bugle at 4 A. M. is to be *horum, harum, horum*. It is to be hoped that we know something of Latin.

Doctor. Evidently by diploma.

Sir John. I am not quite certain of this—that every seaman is to carry an Eton Grammar in his jacket pocket, which is to be made an inch wider to receive it. I am not quite certain of that, but this I do know, that all the marines and small-arms' men's ball cartridges were to have been made up with pages out of "prosody," which has always been so famous for the cracking of skulls; and it would have been immediately carried into effect, had it not been for the opposition of a certain admiral, who, having never got any farther than *propria quæ maribus*, was very much averse to the going out of his depth and dabbling in prosody at all.

Doctor. Prudent man. Judging from the prosing of Althorp and Co. they are deep in prosody; but wanting prodigiously in the three concords.

O'S. Be aisy—be aisy—to want one concord is enough to destroy all iligance; but three, that must be worse than a discord; by the pipers, and 'tis a triscord. Name me the three concords, doctor.

Doctor. (*Very pedantically.*) The political concords are three in number, and essential to good government; and firstly, of the first, is that which should be preserved between the king and the ministry.

Ed. Good—give us the rule and the example.

Doctor. A sensible ministry concordat cum rege in cabinetto, in closetto, et everywhereelsetto, ut, Rex est patronus, est parens, si ille deserit, perimus.

O'S. That must be illustrious Latin, for I can understand it.

Doctor. Just the Latin that is coming into fashion. Now the second political concord is that between the ministry and the people, and every one knows how admirably, just now, that is preserved; and the third, and not the least important, is that of a ministry with itself. The rule of the last is to be found in the first chapter of common sense, and the example among the present incapables.

O'S. But where, dear doctor, is the Latin for it? Let us have it all in good dog Latin. I've quite a passion for learning.

Doctor. No; that sort of Latin has now become quite a naval accomplishment. Let Sir John Franklin continue the subject: he seems to flourish under his diploma.

Sir John. And so I do. The Duke of Wellington is very fond of the verb of the third conjugation, that hath *e* short before *re*, as *rego, regis, regere*.

Percy. There, I think that you have nobly asserted your right to the LL.D. You had better reserve some of your erudition for the next *soirée* at Apsley House, now that you are under the duke's command.

O'S. (*Perplexed.*) Ce—dunt—ar—ma—togæ. Well, what are you sneering at, Percy; faith now, d'ye think I don't understand Latin? let us hear your translation of it, however, and then perhaps I'll tell you if you're right.

Sir John. As Percy seems puzzled, I'll relieve him. I translate it thus:—"Down with the poker, up with the pudding-bag."

Doctor. Bad, bad, very bad, for an LL.D. Now hear me ; I'll give it you in a sort of an epigram, paraphrastically, thus—

He who conquer'd conqu'ring Nap,
A new ambition swells ;
He flings aside the warrior's garb,
As mountebank excels,
Oxford supplies him with a cap,
The Pension List—with belles.

Ed. Good, Doctor, and bitter. You've made something of the toga. Gentlemen, I was going to urge you to do honour to the entertainment that Mr. Percy has set before you ; but I see that any excitement of mine to the good deed were superfluous. Sir John, as you are now full blown, in all the dignity of robes and amplitude, perhaps you'll take the chair. We'll refill the decanters, and, as Macduff says,

“ Damned be he who first cries hold, enough ! ”

Enter Volage and Mr. Mortame. Mr. Mortame turns up his eyes in reprobation, hastily fills a bumper and drinks it off, then refills.

Mort. Monstrous ! what are we coming to at last ? These morning bibulations are equally offensive to morality, destructive of health, and abhorrent to good taste. (*Drinks off his glass.*)

O'S. Aye, let us drown the bitter reflection in wine. So, Mr. Editor, Lord Auckland is our first lord ?

Ed. Yes ; it was said that Lord Mulgrave was to have had that important appointment. He might claim it as an hereditary right.

Percy. What sort of a first lord would he have made ?

Ed. An excellent one, I'm well assured.

Doctor. At all events, we should have been certain of decision of character. He is a “ Yes and no ” sort of a man.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Mort. Half the success of life depends upon the proper use of those two monosyllables. Percy, pass the bottle. Came late—must work double tides. Let us hear what you have to say, Mr. Editor, about Pigot's Court Martial.

Ed. Let us hear what you've got to say !—your Chesterfieldian method, Mortame, of requesting information. However, I will endeavour to reform you, more by example than by precept, and very courteously acquaint you, that Walker was in an attorney's office before he entered the service ; and therefore it should excite no wonder that he proved such a sea-lawyer. Did you observe in the reports of the trial, that he threatened to throw up his brief.

Doctor. The members of the court, however, appeared inclined to be brief enough with him.

O'S. “ All's well that ends well.” Pigot was honourably acquitted of the black act.

Percy. What black act ?

Ed. Shoving coals into a man's cabin, to make room for a plenipo. “ Shall we carry coals,” as Shakspeare says. I never understood that expression before.

Percy. Well, I'm glad his majesty has sent Pigot the Guelphic order, by way of expressing his opinion of his merit, and of his services. We have now a dead set made at the naval and military authorities, by a pack of rascals, who would destroy all good discipline to further their own malignant purposes. Sneaking scoundrels ! who, if the services of that

navy were required, would be the very first to shelter themselves under the protection of its discipline and courage. They are now acting the part of the foolish sheep, who would have got rid of their dogs, and when the wolves came, cried out in vain for their protectors.

O'S. Dogs, yes, they would treat us as such, and, as such, we should now and then show our teeth. "We are seven millions," said delivering Dan. What we of the navy and army are, we will not say; and I trust that the destructives will not force us. So poor Sir James Cosway is gone.

Ed. Poor fellow! I recollect him in the Mediterranean, when secretary to Lord Collingwood. That's a most unfortunate coach. 'Twice upset, with great injury to the passengers, in less than six months; and, in each instance, no blame to be attached to the coachman. However, whether these misadventures happen from bad luck or bad management, I certainly shall not go by it.

O'S. I just disagree with you, darlint, entirely. I shall go by that same coach in preference to all others. As it has had its bad luck twice, 'tis ten to one just now in its favour, that the bad luck will fall to the share of the others.

Ed. Upon the same principle, Captain O'Sullivan, that your countryman put his head into the hole that the shot had made; the chances being immeasurably in his favour, that another ball would not visit the same place.

O'S. Exactly. By-the-by, that reminds me of a very dacent sort of a spill which I gave to Mrs. O'Sullivan and myself, four pledges of our loves, and two nursery maids, sweet preservers of those pledges.

Percy. Let us have it, O'Sullivan, with all the detail and particulars.

O'S. Nay, there are some details into which I do not wish to enter very particularly, for modesty's sake. I was at the helm of a phaeton, with two as pretty Irish mares as ever crossed the herring pond; and there was Mrs. O'Sullivan, and Miss O'Neil O'Sullivan in the front seat, by my side, and Miss Molly, Miss Judy, and Miss O'Hara O'Sullivan, all under twelve years, with an old nursemaid, and a young nurse maid, in the starn sheets, stowed away as comfortably and as close as pilchards in a cask. Off we set. There was a heavy strain upon the tackle I'll allow, but the mares whisked their tails, and arched their necks, which said, as plainly as necks and tails could speak, "The more the merrier." We had made about two leagues, and were going about twelve knots an hour, when all of a sudden, Miss Betty and Miss Polly——

Doctor. What! two more? I thought the phaeton pretty well loaded before.

O'S. Bother two more! ain't I speaking of the mares, doctor? and sure they have christian names as well as other people. Well, Miss Betsey and Miss Polly just saw an old woman in the hedge on our star-board bow. Ugly enough she was, and that's as sure as praties have peels; quite ugly enough to frighten a horse, so she quite consternated my two mares, and they shied into the edge over to port, and away went the craft on her beam ends, dismissing over her gunwale Captain O'Sullivan, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Misses O'Neil, O'Hara, Molly, and Judy O'Sullivan, besides the two nursemaids to boot, and the devil a single body left in my double-bodied phaeton.

Ed. Go on, we are all attention.

O'S. It was very kind and considerate of the poor dumb bastes, to put us all down in a very soft place; soft enough, for there was not less than a foot of mud, with two or three inches of water over all. And, now to tell you how affairs stood, that is, where we all lied. There was I, Captain O'Sullivan, still holding the reins in my hand, sated in a comfortable manner, and so fixed in the mud, that I officiated as a best bower anchor

and the reins as a good cable, for we brought up Betsey and Polly all standing; and so they stood still, and when they were quiet, I purchased my starn out of the mud, leaving a great hole, like a wash-hand basin, which filled with water as soon as I got out of it; and then I went up to Polly and Betsey, and having talked to the bastes a little, and examined to see whether they were hurt, poor things, I then went to look after Mrs. O'Sullivan and the rest of the party.

Ed. What! leave Mrs. O'Sullivan in the mud all that time?

O'S. To be sure—she could not run away, and the mares might. Leave her! If I hadn't come to her assistance, she would have remained there to all eternity. I pulled and pulled, and all to no purpose. At last I rolled her to port, and to starboard, as we do vessels aground, and got her free; but Mrs. O'Sullivan, who is none of the smallest, had made as great an impression on the soil, as her charms did upon me, when I first dauted with her at a funeral in Tipperary. Then I went to the little ones—Miss O'Neil O'Sullivan, who is my youngest *female* daughter, about three years old, had pitched out with her arms in advance to save herself, and thus had buried herself up to her shoulders, and there she was in regular bilboes; moreover, her dear little petticoats had flown up behind, and all that we could see of her fair proportions, was a round piece of her, looking in its purity, surrounded by mud like a handsome polished stone, set in a brooch; so I pulled the darlint out and set her upon the road-side. Judy had helped herself out of the scrape, and, although her pretty countenance was so blackened with mud, that I could not make her out, yet still I knew her squall, so all was right. Miss O'Hara, being flying light, had pitched into the hedge, head downwards, and a very pretty tulip did she look, as she stuck there kicking and squalling among the black thorns, which sartainly was not so very agreeable to her soft flesh; but as for poor Miss Molly O'Sullivan, it was a near go with her.

Doctor. Because she went with you.

O'S. I had lost so much time with the mares, and with the rest of the family, that I quite forgot that there was such a thing as dying for want of breath; and poor Miss Molly had her head buried in the mud, and when I pulled out the poor thing by her hind leg, there she was, doubly black in the face, first from mud, and secondly, from sification. However, I hooked out of her mouth a majority of the mud, with my forefinger, and then, with my little finger, bored a hole through the rest, so as to let air and daylight into her little inside, and, after a few minutes, I had the happiness to hear her squalling, as well as the rest of them.

Ed. Your family have all answered muster, O'Sullivan, but now for the old nursemaid and the young nursemaid.

O'S. O bother the maids! I gave the old one a couple of kicks behind, and she recovered from her swoon; and the young one was so exposed, that Mrs. O'Sullivan insisted upon my not going near her, so there she lay, with her legs and arms in the air, fixed by the behind, and crying out that she was kilt, until the people came to her assistance; and, having righted the craft, we all got in, and drove home to be washed.

Doctor. A mighty decent party! Ah, O'Sullivan! you should never drive females.

Percy. Do you mean human or equinine? Maids or mares—for the good captain appears to have driven both.

Mort. To the very verge of the grave. Perishable man——

O'S. O, stuff—you always grow pious and disagreeable in exact proportion to the plenty of the wine, and the pleasantness of the company. Volage, you have been unusually taciturn.

Vol. Taciturn is a good turn out for you, Captain; not equal, perhaps,

to the phaeton's—but still, for a word from you, a good turn out. “What shall I say?” as say the Musselmen.

Ed. Say what you have to say about the exhibition, which you left unsaid at our last re-union.

Vol. The subject is already stale. In London, the newest folly is old ere it be fully born, trifle pushes trifle off the stage of exhibition, and, what an hour ago was fresh with the perfume of novelty, is now stale in the nostrils, and is thrown by for the putrefaction of neglect.

O'S. I only know one way to meet the evil, and never to be out of date—and that is, by enjoying things before they happen—early enough in all conscience that.

Ed. I think so—but run the risk, Volage, of being behind the current of the world's vanities, and tell us what you think of Hilton's grand historical piece?

Vol. You mean No. 194, Editha and the monks searching for the body of Harold. It is a noble production, has almost every requisite for a good painting, and shows in a splendid manner the path to the sublimest elevation of the art.

Doctor. Well, that is praise from you. Mortame tells me almost daily, that I'm falling into “the sear and yellow leaf.” I shall never look better than I do now; probably, nay certainly, much worse. Shall posterity mourn in ignorance of the features of him who only wanted success to be great? No, forbid it, genius. Whose pencil, Volage, do you think is worthy to perpetuate this physiognomy, that the world honour so little, and I prize so much?

Vol. Why, if Turner would take to portraits, he would do you justice, for he is great in yellows. I'll try my hand myself. There is half a pot of ochre left, after I had finished my garden rails. You shall have the picture for nothing.

Doctor. Ah! I see you cannot help charging for more than its real value, but, as I remember the tale of the sign of the Maid and the Magpie, I shall decline the honour of your brush.

Vol. A base calumnation! not one word of it true. I never painted a sign in my life. It shall be said of me, when I am on my death-bed, as King Edward said of Cardinal Beaufort, “He dies, and makes no sign.”

O'S. We all know the merits of our friend, yet, we should like also to know this story. Come, Doctor, let us have it hot from your potato-trap. We know that it cannot refer to Volage.

Vol. If Dr. Punever dares to give utterance to that malignant scandal, I'll force a box of his own pills into what you are pleased to call his potato-trap.

Doctor. I will not drive you to that fatal necessity. If honest Boniface could, with so much equanimity, put up with the loss, in the affair alluded to, surely the company must be resigned under the loss of the story.

Vol. Worse and worse—“to hint a fault, and hesitate a scandal,” is much worse than actually telling it.

Percy. Doctor, do the better part, and let us have it.

Vol. If he dare! Gentlemen, you very well know that young artists must make many attempts before they succeed; if any, the very best, ever attain complete success, their ambition is likewise always greater than their ability; but that is a glorious fault, and indicative of genius. Now, since I have muzzled Dr. Punever—

Mort. What is that about the muzzled ox in Scripture? something about a beast of burthen.

Doctor. Use your bitters as you do your brandy bottle; keep them to your self. Go on, Volage.

Sir John. (*A little breezy.*) I think that I am in the chair; does it occur to any one that I am in my full diplomacals? It is mine to preserve order; if an LL.D. can't preserve order, then chaos is come again. Mr. Mortame, Sir, I call you to order; Dr. Punever, I call you to order; and, if that won't do, I'll call myself to order likewise.—Order, order! order! Silence for Mr. Volage's song.

Percy. No, his tale.

Vol. No, my fact. Now, since I've muzzled Dr. Punever, it is no more than fair that I should give you something in lieu. What I am going to relate is fact, and one of our first R. A.'s knows it to be true, for it is of him that I am going to speak. Well, at the commencement of his career he was very ambitious, and having a fine, flowery style of delivery, with great energy and eloquence of action, he almost persuaded a noble—a rich and a good-natured lord—that he, the artist, was almost as clever as he thought himself to be. As yet, no painting of his had been before the public. Indeed, he intended to take fame by storm, and win her by a *coup de main*. Seduced by his oratory, the peer gave him an order for a picture. The artist was to choose the subject—a cabinet picture—the price, two hundred guineas, if approved of. So he took a piece of pannel about three feet by two and a half, for he was not going to place his imperishable works upon perishable canvas.

Ed. Nobly resolved.

Vol. Well—he selected for his subject, Venus rising from the sea.

Doctor. A good subject for a rising genius.

Vol. So, he worked and he worked, but with all his self-love he found that no one was ever likely to fall in love with his Venus. He had the idea full-blown in his mind, but his hand—instead of giving him back his thought, gave only a vile coarse jade, that he would almost as soon have faced, when he had finished her, as he would the veriest scold in Billingsgate. My lord, and a connoisseur, looked in. They shook their heads, and our young artist readily confessed that he had attempted too high a flight.

Ed. Well, I like his candour; there was experience gained, and labour lost.

Vol. No—the labour was not wholly lost, or indeed lost at all. *Nil desperandum* was his motto, and he very complacently began to study—if it would not make a Venus, what would it make? So he turned the green sea into a green field—the foamy wave, from which the goddess was rising, into a washing-tub, the foam doing very well for the froth of the lather, and Venus herself into a highland lassie with her kilts tucked up, treading the clothes with her feet, after the manner of Scotland, in the said washing-tub.

Percy. He was certainly a youth of great resources.

Vol. He was; but still he could not then even manage his washing-woman—she was too much for him. In fact, she used him no better than his Venus; *nil desperandum*. My lord asked to see the metamorphose; the artist reluctantly consented. His lordship pronounced the pannel to be utterly spoiled, and he gave his opinion with a provoking degree of authoritativeness. However, the young artist went out on a stroll to ponder over the means of disproving his patron's prognostication. He got a couple of miles out of town, went into an ale-house to get a little refreshment, and casting up his eyes, he found himself under the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes; for so he understood it, more by means of the inscription than by the weather-worn, and almost obliterated, paint. He suggested to the landlord the necessity of a new sign; the landlord acquiesced, but remarked, he could not get it done properly, having tried several artists in that line, but they invariably made the cat like a red lion or a blue boar, and the bagpipes like anything the imagination might

be pleased to name it. Our artist offered, under the pledge of secrecy, to attempt the cat and accessories; was told to try, and home he went. Another alteration took place; the highland lassie was turned into a creditable cat, and the washing-tub into as creditable a set of bag-pipes. The artist pocketed ten guineas, and mine host was full of exultation. The sign still swings—an honourable testimony of industry and perseverance, and the artist is now among the first of the day.

Ed. Nor do I wonder at it; that is just the sort of mind that is sure to command success.

Vol. Now, gentlemen, will you give me leave to draw my moral from this anecdote? The only mistake the artist committed was, the not beginning with the sign first, and from that, working up to the Venus; and not from spoiling the Venus, descending to the sign. Therefore, if it had ever been once proved that *I had painted* a sign, pray where would have been the disgrace?

Mort. No—none at all, as nobody ever heard of your painting a Venus.

Vol. (*Aside.*) Confound the fellow. (*Aloud*) Let us change the subject.

Percy. Aye, and the atmosphere too, if we can, for really, though out of doors is oppressive, in-doors I find is intolerable.

Ed. Well, you may, after the best part of a couple of bottles. Sir John, I see that you have christened your gown. No—don't try to speak—it will be quite sufficient if you accomplish a walk. We will see you to your cab—had not you better leave your inky honours behind? [*They divest him of his doctor's robes and lead him away. Exeunt omnes.*]

TO A LADY,

WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO CALCULATE HER NATIVITY.

WHY, fairest dost thou bid me turn
My gaze to that blue arch, where gleaming
Th' eternal stars unchanging burn,
Some shedding death—with love some beaming,
And strive with too presumptuous eye,
To scan thy future destiny.

Far brighter orbs upon me rise,
So glorious, that I dare not gaze—
I'd read thy fate—within thine eyes,
Could I endure their dazzling blaze;
More strong their influences are,
Than those of any worshipp'd star.

And like th' unfailing fires above,
Still unconsumed though still they glow,
Their beams at once with death and love
On the rash gazers blended flow,
Whilst thou as cold and pure as they,
Hold'st over all unconscious sway.

Then ask me not, lest whilst I try,
Thy fate t' unravel by my art,
Despite my cold philosophy,
I madly play the lover's part.
Cease then to wish thy fate made known,
Lest, seeking it—I find mine own.

AWAY!

BY JOHN FRANÇOIS, ESQ.

AWAY! the chain I deem'd of gold
 Hath work'd a hot and festering sore,
 The spirit of my youth is cold,
 The fervour of my love is o'er;
 My heart is like the prophet's gourd,
 Wither'd in freshness and in prime;
 Thy falsehood be its own reward,
 I seek another, fairer clime!

Away! all broken is the spell
 Which made us, even apart, as one;
 Which woe, or distance, could not quell—
 The word is breath'd—the deed is done—
 I stand to bid a last adieu;
 We meet, we meet no more on earth;
 Seek something fresher, fairer—*new*,
 To soothe thy false, proud spirit's dearth!

Away! I deemed thou wert the flower
 Whose bloom would breathe of golden peace;
 I deemed thou wert a star, whose power
 Of happiness could never cease;
 Thou art a flower—thou art a star—
 But false thy ray—and foul thy bloom;
 Thou shinest—but thy light is far—
 Its goal, the earth-worm, and the tomb!

Away! I deem'd thou wert a bird
 To fold thy wings within my breast,
 With looks of softness, tones which stirr'd
 To yield my heart undying rest:
 Thy voice was music, but its tone
 Is harsh and grating to me now;
 My spirit is alone—alone,
 And I am blighted heart and brow.

Away! I deemed that thou wouldst prove
 E'en as the angel guest of yore,
 With messages of peace and love
 Upon a wounded heart to pour;
 If angel, fallen art thou now,
 As they who by ambition fell,
 There is a brand upon thy brow
 Not all the deep sea's waves could quell!

I deem'd thou wert the cov'nant bow
 Of changeless peace and love to me;
 The spring whence all my joys would flow,
 The stream where all my flowers would be;
 Alas! thou art the flaming sword—
 The Eden of thy sex to keep;
 But be that Eden aye abhorr'd
 Which bids me ever wake to weep.

Away!

SICILIAN FACTS.—No. VIII.¹

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

THE Baron di B——, of the ancient city of S——, when a young man, fell in love with a girl of condition inferior to his own, and after a courtship of some continuance made a promise of private marriage, refusing at the same time to accept a young lady of rank and fortune chosen for him by his father. As the old baron was in the habit of residing a great part of the year in Palermo, his son only waited his departure for that capital to execute his intention; but before this took place, to his utter surprise and consternation, the object of his affection disappeared in a mysterious manner from her paternal residence. Nothing was heard of her for several days, during which the baron, half distracted, and struggling between hope and despair, made fruitless researches and inquiries, until one morning a letter was left for him by a person in disguise, acquainting him that his mistress had eloped with a more favoured lover. The shock was so severe, that he was attacked by a fit of illness which endangered his life; but pride coming to his assistance, he resolved to make every effort to overcome a passion so unworthily returned. Accordingly, to divert his intention, he made a journey to several parts of the island, and returning after some time, immediately married the lady his father had selected for him.

Several months elapsed, the old baron had quitted S—— for Palermo, leaving the family mansion, which had been repaired and enlarged, for the residence of his son. One night the family steward, who occupied the floor under the new apartments, which were not yet inhabited, was alarmed by footsteps, and a noise like that of people struggling overhead, which was followed by groans, and cries of a female voice, but suppressed and indistinct, as if the mouth of the person who uttered them were forcibly stopped. His first idea was to ascend by a private communication from his own apartments; but reflecting that the baron only had keys of the room in question, he conceived, however improbable the conjecture, that it could be no other, and that he had some extraordinary disagreement with his lady. Under this impression he inquired of the servants in the morning, if any dispute had occurred overnight between his master and mistress; but was told that so far from that being the case, the baroness had been unwell, and had retired to rest at an early hour, and that the baron himself had followed soon after. At night the same noises were again heard by the steward and his family, who now thought it his duty to report the affair to his master, by whose direction the apartments were examined, but nothing was found to indicate their having been lately in any way disturbed. After this the noises ceased for some time, although Don Guiseppe, the steward,

¹ Continued from p. 215.

fancied he still heard them occasionally, but fainter than before, which the baron treated as the mere effect of imagination.

In the course of a few weeks the baron's father returned from Palermo, and chose to occupy the new apartments. On the first night of his arrival, he was awakened by a slight noise, and found the chamber light extinguished; at the same time he heard a sound like the turning of a key, and a few minutes after footsteps in the room, with sobs and violent efforts to call out, like those of a person under suffocation. Being advanced in years, and fearful of the consequences of leaving his bed, he judged it most prudent to remain quiet. After a time every thing was again silent. In the morning he attributed what had passed to a dream, and made no mention of it to any one; he did not, however, as may be imagined, feel very easy on going to bed that night, and could not sleep. Whilst he lay in this state, the door of the apartment which he had carefully locked, opened, and a man muffled up in a great coat, so as to hide his face, walked deliberately up to the light and blew it out. The same sound of the key, as on the preceding night, followed, the same footsteps, the same impeded breathing and suppressed cries. Every thing being now too clear to admit of a doubt, he lay in an agony of terror and confusion until morning. Fearful of its reaching the ears of the baroness, and causing some disagreeable consequences, he said nothing of the occurrence to his son; but thought it sufficient to order his valet, a stout fellow, to sleep next night well armed in his room. At the usual hour was heard the usual noise, on which the baron called loudly and repeatedly for his servant—but in vain, no reply was made. The same person, as on the foregoing night, made his appearance, and extinguished the light; and the accustomed sounds were again heard. In the morning the valet was found in his bed, totally unconscious of what had happened, in a species of lethargy, from which he did not recover for several days.

The affair was now truly alarming, and the baron could no longer conceal it from his sons, for he had two in the house. They thought it would be better to keep it secret, and to inspect the apartments themselves, to discover if there were any secret means of entering them, which could hardly be suspected, from their having been, as has been before observed, but lately built, and under their own inspection. After a minute search, nothing was found that in any way tended to the elucidation of the mystery. The young men began to treat the matter as a strange effect of fancy and apprehension on the part of their father and the steward; but the eldest, the baron of whom we have been speaking, determined to pass the night in the chamber with his father; accordingly, when the hour arrived, having provided himself with a brace of pistols and his sword, he sat with a book in his hand, waiting the mysterious visitor; nor was he disappointed: a little after midnight the door opened, and a person muffled as described, walked boldly up to the table and blew out one of the lights; the baron instantly seized a pistol, and snapped it at him, but it missed fire; not a little surprised, he presented and drew the trigger of the other with the like success, whilst the strange intruder, without appearing to take the least notice of his attempts,

extinguished the remaining candle. Alarmed and confounded, he was about to have recourse to his sword, when he found himself held forcibly from behind, pinioned, and tied to his chair. In the mean time the sound of the key, the steps, the female cries, were all repeated as on the preceding night.

No further violence was offered, but the baron was obliged to remain in this disagreeable situation until daylight, not thinking it safe to permit his father to call the domestics, who were in another wing of the mansion. After this the apartments were shut up, it being considered advisable to keep the matter concealed from the servants, for so superstitious are the lower orders in Sicily, that if the report of the house being haunted once got abroad, they would not afterwards have found a person to enter their service, besides which, rumours discreditable to the honour of the family would without fail have been disseminated, had the story been made public. Under pretence of a change of air, the baron removed his family to a villa which he possessed near the Tonnara di Santa Bonaccia, leaving the palace empty. A few days after he returned in the evening to S——, and having arranged his plan with some friends, they entered the house unperceived in the dark, and posted themselves in the apartment subject to the nightly visitations. At the wonted hour, the door was opened, people crossed the room, the key was turned in the lock as usual, and a minute after the struggling and subdued female cries were heard. At this decisive moment the baron and his companions opened their dark lanterns, and to their astonishment and horror, discovered that the intruders were the baron's own brother and his servant, who between them forcibly carried an unhappy female, into whose mouth they had thrust a handkerchief to stifle her cries ; but what was the increased surprise and indignation of the baron when he recognized this unfortunate person as the object of his affection, whose supposed elopement had been the source of so much misery to him ; but for his friends, he would have sacrificed this unworthy brother on the spot. That young man, who had not completed his twenty-first year, had been occasionally employed by the baron in delivering letters and messages to his mistress, with whom, in executing his commission, he too fell desperately in love ; finding her affections immutably fixed, he conceived and executed the daring plan of carrying her off. It happened that the improvements were at the time going on at the palace ; he took the opportunity of privately directing the workmen to make a winding stair-case, which led to a small dark room, or rather hole, as, to avoid discovery, but little space could be spared from the other apartments. To this uncomfortable place he conveyed his victim ; as there was no room for a bedstead, a mattrass was all she had to lay on : at night he regularly visited and brought her food, and generally with the assistance of his servant carried her to his own chamber. It is impossible to recount the brutality with which she was treated ; prayers, tears, threats, resistance were alike unheeded, although he offered to release her, provided she would consent to marry him, and swear to keep the secret ; both which conditions she resolutely refused. Her sufferings, mental and bodily, had in the mean time ruined her health, and reduced her to

a skeleton. The young man offered every reparation in his power, and even his brother, seeing that the evil admitted of but one remedy, entreated her to forgive and marry him. All solicitations were fruitless; she rejected him with constant loathing and disdain, declaring it to be her intention, if she got over her confinement, to spend the remainder of her days in a convent; her exhausted frame proved too weak to support that event, which she survived but a few hours. The wretched author of her misery and ruin, stung by remorse and shame, and still a prey to his violent and unlimited passion, fell into a rapid decline, and outlived his victim only three months.

No. IX.

THE BURNT CONVENT.

A YOUNG lady, of one of the first families of Catania, was on the point of marriage with a Sicilian officer, but before the time appointed for the ceremony arrived, the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Naples, on service. It was thought advisable to defer their union until the return of the officer from the expedition. A few weeks only had elapsed after his departure, when the news arrived of his death; he was reported to have fallen in action with the French. The young lady, for several months, indulged the fond hope that the disastrous tidings might be contradicted; but not receiving any letters, she could no longer refuse her belief, and, notwithstanding the opposition of her friends, insisted on retiring into a convent. On the expiration of the year of her noviciate, she bade adieu to the world for ever, and took the vows. Three months after the execution of this fatal resolution, her lover returned to Catania; he had been wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to France; of his many letters unfortunately not one had been received. On hearing that his intended bride had, on the supposition of his death, taken the veil, without reflecting that it would have been more prudent to have kept the fact of his being alive a secret from her, his first step was to obtain permission to see her in the parlour of the convent. Dreadful were the emotions of the unfortunate nun; she tore the hated veil from her head, rent her hair, and uttered a thousand imprecations on her precipitation. It is believed that her lover, to calm the violence of her anguish and disappointment, promised, if she could escape, to receive and carry her with him to some place of security and concealment. The convent was situated in the country, at a short distance from the city: the officer took up his residence in the neighbourhood. In the mean time the unhappy girl made various, but fruitless, efforts to escape. At length, unable to withstand the violence of her passion, and agitated at once by love, hope, rage, despair, and disappointment, she introduced herself into the magazines of the convent, which at the time contained the provision of wood for the consumption of several years; this she set on fire, in the hope

in vain, they might as soon have moved mount Etna; in vain they lugged and tugged from before, and pushed and shoved from behind; in vain the populace wept, the priests prayed, the porters swore; the saint would have seen them severally blind, hoarse, and broken-winded, before he would have budged. The contest was plainly unequal, and a reinforcement of twenty broad-backed Capuchins advanced to put their herculean shoulders to the task; but the saint, more indignant than ever, as if to show his contempt at this assistance, now absolutely retrograded, stern foremost, on the procession which followed at his heels, overthrowing and rolling porters, priests, and populace, men, women, and children, promiscuously in the mire. How long matters would have continued in this state there is no saying; the pertinacious saint resolutely maintained his ground, and would probably have kept it to this day, had not one of the priests shrewdly conjectured that the saint was displeased with some one in the neighbourhood, when another fortunately recollected the vow of Maestro Guiseppe. Great was the clamour and indignation of the pious populace; Saint Sebastian was allowed on all hands to have reason on his side; a thousand tongues called at once on Maestro Guiseppe to pay the saint his due, and his door was already yielding to the hands and feet of the zealous multitude, when the dismayed and astonished votary came trembling forth with a bag of money in his hand, which, having first demanded pardon of his offended patron for the shortness of his memory, he reverently consigned to the priest. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful; the saint, a moment before heavier than lead, became at once light as a feather, and to make up for lost time was observed to move down the street at double his ordinary pace, smiling, as many of the spectators are ready to swear, as he went; whilst the applauding populace followed, shouting, "A miracle! a miracle!"

No. XII.

THE NUNS AND THE CHILD.

THE following story was related to me by Baron C——, as having occurred in the Convent of San Guiliano, in Catania.

The nuns in most Catholic countries, are famous among their other virtues for their manufacture of preserves and sweetmeats, which they distribute in abundance to their friends on the principal festivals of the church. It happened a little before Easter that the younger sisters were employed as usual in this occupation: having prepared the quantity directed by the abbess, there still remained a portion of the paste unemployed—what to do with it was the question: it was at length decided to form in effigy what they could not hope to possess in reality, and to make with the residue nothing less than a child as large as life, which, to add to the novelty of the idea, was to be

of the masculine gender. Delighted with their scheme, these female Phidiases set to work, and in the course of a short time a fine boy grew under their plastic hands, so perfect in every respect as to excite wonder how such mere novices could have succeeded in imitating nature with such minuteness. But this production of their art not exhausting all their paste, with the remainder they framed a little figure of Father Nicholas, the vicario, or superintendent of the convent, who happened to be a great favourite with them. These figures, being their joint property, were passed from hand to hand among the sisters, who were highly diverted with their work, especially the child, which was as much caressed as if it had been real flesh and blood.

In a few days the season for confession came round; the first nun who attended having, in the usual form, thrown herself on her knees, commenced the history of her peccadilloes. What nuns may usually have to acknowledge, I know not; I suppose rarely more than an improper thought now and then, or occasionally a glance, perhaps stolen, at some handsome youth passing at the time, under the iron gratings of the windows. Be that as it may, with whatever Suor Teresa commenced the catalogue of her offences, she finished by signifying in hesitating accents, as if loth to reveal, yet afraid to conceal, the truth that she had a child.*

"A child!" roared the horrified priest, "incredible! where?"

"In the convent," whispered the trembling penitent, her alarm increasing at the indignation of the confessor.

"Horrible scandal! how long since?"

"Last Saturday night," stammered out Suor Teresa, in an agony of terror.

"And the father—profane creature—the father, who was he?" ejaculated the confessor, anxious to elicit the whole story.

"Father Nicholas," sobbed the weeping nun, recollecting the little figure of the worthy vicario.

"Father Nicholas!" reiterated the other; "sacrilegious wretch! but hence—pollute my ears no longer with the disgraceful recital, I cannot absolve you—begone this instant."

Terrified beyond description, Suor Teresa withdrew in confusion. But what must have been the good father's astonishment, when he heard her companions all in succession confess the same offence. Seventeen times were his ears scandalized with the repetition—and seventeen times was the unfortunate Nicholas denounced as the father. Having driven the guilty sisterhood from his presence, he remained in silent horror to meditate on what he had heard; and as the laws of the church forbid the revelation of any crime whatever, communicated under the sacred seal of confession, he sat big with the important secret, ruminating how best to remove the scandal. What most excited his surprise was the extraordinary prowess of Father Nicholas, a spare, weak-looking man of sixty-five; besides, how did

* The story loses some of its point in English, we have no phrase to express in this instance the double sense of the verb *fare*; "*no fatto un bambino*," cannot be exactly rendered into English.

he obtain such frequent opportunities of repeating the offence? there was something mysterious in the story. He resolved on recalling one of the sisters, and inquiring how Father Nicholas was introduced so often into the convent; he was told, they always kept him there. "Always here! what, at present?" "Yes, he was concealed in the dormitory." The good man's eyes sparkled with pious rage at the intelligence, and in the hope of detecting the audacious offender in his lurking place, he insisted on being instantly conducted to the spot. Come forth, thou disgrace of the clergy, thou scandal of the church, exclaimed the zealous priest, his lips quivering with emotion, whilst his penitents, pulling a basket from under one of the beds, discovered to the surprised confessor, the redoubted Father Nicholas, carefully packed up in the bottom of it, together with the child which had so innocently given rise to his extraordinary mistake. Not a little pleased at finding matters rather better than he had imagined, he again heard the nuns all round, and after reprobating in proper terms their profane skill in modelling the forbidden sex, and having condemned their unfortunate productions to the flames, he concluded by enjoining a suitable penance, and giving them the usual absolution.

TO A TEAR.

SWEET child of pity, or of wounded pride,
 Of sorrow, onions, drunkenness, or love,
 Pure as the most unsullied French kid glove
 That e'er adorn'd a young, reluctant bride!
 At times thou fallest silent, large, and clear,
 O'er a lost infant's tomb, or the new grave
 Of her we gladly would have died to save,
 And sometimes thou dost flow from gin and beer.
 Thy glist'ning drop suffuses many an eye,
 For silk or virtue stain'd, or lap-dog fled,
 And many a dewy lid would soon be dry
 Were some dear spouse to die, or keep his bed:
 But whatsoe'er thy source, we can't deny,
 Thou turnest—vegetable blues to red.

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.¹—No. XIV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

ON the ensuing day the Pasha was sitting at his divan, according to his custom, Mustapha by his side, lending his ear to the whispers of divers people who came to him in an attitude of profound respect. Still they were most graciously received, as the purport of their intrusion was to induce the vizier to interest himself in their behalves when their cause came forward to be heard and decided upon by the Pasha, who in all cases was guided by the whispered opinion of Mustapha. Mustapha was a good-hearted man: he was always grateful, and if any one did him a good turn, he never forgot it. The consequence was, that an intimation that a purse of so many sequins would be laid at his feet if the cause to be heard was decided in the favour of the applicant, invariably interested Mustapha in favour of that party; and Mustapha's opinion was always coincided in by the Pasha, because he had (or supposed that he had) half of the sequins so obtained. True, the proverb says, "you should be just before you are generous;" but Mustapha's arguments, when he first proposed to the Pasha this method of filling the royal treasury, were so excellent, that we shall hand them down to posterity. "In the first place," said Mustapha, "it is evident that in all these causes the plaintiffs and defendants are both rascals. In the second place, it is impossible to believe a word on either side. In the third place, exercising the best of your judgment, you are just as likely to go wrong as right. In the fourth place, if a man happens to be wronged by our decision, he deserves it as a punishment for his other misdeeds. In the fifth place, as the only respectability existing in either party consists in their worldly wealth, by deciding for him who gives most, you decide for the most respectable man. In the sixth place, it is our duty to be grateful for good done to us, and in so deciding, we exercise a virtue strongly inculcated by the Koran. In the seventh place, we benefit both parties by deciding quickly, as a loss is better than a lawsuit. And in the eighth and last place, we want money."

On this day a cause was being heard, and, although weighty reasons had already decided the verdict, still, *pro forma*, the witnesses on both sides were examined; one of these, upon being asked whether he witnessed the proceedings, replied, "That he had no doubt, but there was doubt on the subject; but that he doubted whether the doubts were correct."

"Doubt—no doubt—what is all this? do you laugh at our beards?" said Mustapha sternly, who always made a show of justice. "Is it the fact or not?"

¹ Continued from p. 171.

"Your Highness, I seldom met a fact, as it is called, without having half a dozen doubts hanging to it," replied the man; "I will not, therefore, make any assertion without the reservation of a doubt."

"Answer me plainly," replied the vizier, "or the ferashes and bamboo will be busy with you very shortly. Did you see the money paid?"

"I believe as much as I can believe any thing in this world, that I did see money paid; but I doubt the sum, and I doubt the metal, and I have also my other doubts. May it please your Highness, I am an unfortunate man, I have been under the influence of doubts from my birth; and it has become a disease which I have no doubt will only end with my existence. I always doubt a fact, unless——"

"What does the ass say? What is all this but Bosh?—nothing. Let him have a fact."

The Pasha gave the sign—the ferashes appeared—the man was thrown, and received fifty blows of the bastinado. The Pasha then commanded them to desist. "Now, by our beard, is it not a fact that you have received the bastinado? If you still doubt the fact, we will proceed?"

"The fact is beyond a doubt," replied the man, prostrating himself. "But excuse me, your sublime Highness, if I do continue to assert that I cannot always acknowledge a fact, without such undeniable proofs as your wisdom has been pleased to bring forward. If your Highness was to hear the history of my life, you will then allow that I have cause to doubt."

"History of his life! Mustapha, we shall have a story."

"Another fifty blows on his feet would remove all his doubts, your Highness," replied Mustapha.

"Yes; but then he will be beaten out of his story. No, no; let him be taken away till the evening, and then we shall see how he will make out his case."

Mustapha gave directions, in obedience to the wish of the Pasha. In the evening, as soon as they had lighted their pipes, the man was ordered in, and in consideration of his swelled feet, was permitted to sit down, that he might be more at ease when he narrated his story, which was as follows.

Most sublime Pasha, allow me first to observe, that, although I have latterly adhered to my own opinions, I am not so intolerant as not to permit the same licence to others: I do not mean to say that there are not such things as facts in this world, nor to find fault with those who believe in them. I am told that there are also such things as flying dragons, griffins, and other wondrous animals, but surely it is quite sufficient for me, or any one else, to believe that these animals exist, when it may have been our fortune to see them; in the same manner, I am willing to believe in a fact, when it is cleared up from the mists of doubt; but up to the present, I can safely say that I seldom have fallen in with a fact, unaccompanied by *doubts*, and every year adds to my belief, that there are few genuine facts in existence. So interwoven in my frame is doubt, that I sometimes am unwilling to admit as a fact that I exist. I believe it to be the case, but I feel that I have no right to assert it, until

I know what death is, and may from thence draw an inference, which may lead me to a just conclusion.

My name is Hudisi. Of my parents I can say little. My father asserted that he was the bravest janissary in the sultan's employ, and had greatly distinguished himself. He was always talking of Rustam, as being a fool compared to him; of the number of battles he had fought, and of the wounds which he had received in leading his corps on all desperate occasions; but as my father often bathed before me, and the only wound I could ever perceive was one in his rear, when he spoke of his bravery, I *very much doubted the fact*.

My mother fondled and made much of me, declared that I was the image of my father, a sweet pledge of their affections, a blessing sent by heaven upon their marriage; but as my father's nose was aquiline, and mine is a snub, or aquiline reversed; his mouth large, and mine small; his eyes red and ferrety, and mine projecting; and, moreover, as she was a very handsome woman and used to pay frequent visits to the cave of a sainted man in high repute, of whom I was the image, when she talked of his paternity, I *very much doubted the fact*.

An old mollah taught me to read and write, and repeat the verses of the Koran—and I was as much advanced as any boy under his charge—but he disliked me very much for reasons which I never could understand, and was eternally giving me the slipper. He declared that I was a reprobate, an unbeliever, a son of Jehanum, who would be impaled before I was much older; but here I am, without a stake through my body at the age of forty-five; and your Highness must acknowledge that when he railed all this in my ears, I was justified in *very much doubting the fact*.

When I was grown up, my father wanted me to enrol myself in the corps of janissaries, and become a lion-killer like himself; I remonstrated, but in vain; he applied, and I was accepted, and received the mark on my arm, which constituted me a janissary. I put on the dress, swaggered and bullied with many other young men of my acquaintance, who were all ready, as they swore, to eat their enemies alive, and who curled their mustachios to prove the truth of what they said. We were dispatched to quell a rebellious Pasha—we bore down upon his troops with a shout, enough to frighten the devil, but the devil a bit were they frightened, they stood their ground; and as they would not run, we did, leaving those who were not so wise to be cut to pieces. After this, when any of my companions talked of their bravery, or my father declared that he should be soon promoted to the rank of a Spahi, and that I was a lion's whelp, I *very much doubted the fact*.

The Pasha held out much longer than was at first anticipated; indeed, so long as to cause no little degree of anxiety in the capital. More troops were dispatched to subdue him; and success not attending our efforts, the vizier, according to the custom, was under the disagreeable necessity of parting with his head, which was demanded because we turned tail. Indeed, it was to oblige us, that the sultan consented to deprive himself of the services of a very able man; for we surrounded the palace, and insisted that it was all his fault, but, considering our behaviour in the field of battle, your Highness must admit that there was reason to *doubt the fact*.

We were again dispatched against this rebellious Pasha, who sate upon the parapets of his strong hold, paying down thirty sequins for the head of every janissary brought to him by his own troops, and I am afraid a great deal of money was spent in that way. We fell into an ambuscade, and one half of the corps to which my father belonged were cut to pieces, before we could receive any assistance. At last the enemy retired. I looked for my father, and found him expiring; as before, he

had received a wound on the wrong side, a spear having transfixed him between the shoulders. "Tell how I died like a brave man," said he, "and tell your mother that I am gone to paradise." From an intimate knowledge of my honoured father's character, in the qualities of thief, liar, and coward, although I promised to deliver the message, *I very much doubted these facts.*

That your Highness may understand how it was that I happened to be left alone and alive on the field of battle, I must inform you, that I inherited a considerable portion of my father's courageous temper, and not much liking the snapping of the pistols in my face, I had thrown myself down on the ground, and had remained there very quietly, preferring to be trampled on, rather than interfere with what was going on above.

"By the sword of the Prophet, there is one fact—you were a very great coward," observed the Pasha.

"Among my other doubts, your Highness, I certainly have some doubts as to my bravery."

"By the beard of the Pasha, I have no doubts on the subject," observed Mustapha.

"Without attempting to defend my courage, may I observe to your Highness, that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether the Sultan or the Pasha was victorious; and I did not much admire hard blows, without having any opportunity of putting a few sequins in my pocket. I never knew of any man, however brave he might be, who fought for love of fighting, or amusement; we all are trying in this world to get money; and that is, I believe, the secret spring of all our actions."

"Is that true, Mustapha?" inquired the Pasha.

"May it please your sublime Highness, if not the truth, it is not very far from it. Proceed, Hudusi."

The ideas which I have ventured to express before your sublime Highness, were running in my mind, as I sat down among the dead and dying, and I thought how much better off were the Pasha's soldiers than those of our sublime Sultan, who had nothing but hard blows, while the Pasha's soldiers received thirty sequins for the head of every one of our corps of janissaries; and one idea breeding another, I reflected that it would be very prudent, now that the Pasha appeared to be gaining the advantage, to be on the right side. Having made up my mind upon this point, it then occurred to me, that I might as well get a few sequins by the exchange, and make my appearance before the Pasha, with one or two of the heads of the janissaries, who were lying dead close to me. I therefore divested myself of whatever might give the idea of my belonging to the corps, took off the heads and rifled the pockets of three janissaries, and was about to depart, when I thought of my honoured father, and turned back to take a last farewell. It was cruel to part with a parent, and I could not make up my mind to part with him altogether, so I added his head, and the contents of his sash, to those of the other three, and smearing my face and person with blood, with my scimitar in my hand, and the four heads tied up in a bundle, made my way for the Pasha's strong-hold; but the skirmishing was still going on outside of the walls, and I narrowly escaped a corps of janissaries, who would have recognized me. As it was, two of them followed me as I made for the gate of the fortress; and, encumbered as I was, I was forced to turn at bay. No man fights better, and even a man who otherwise would not

fight at all, will fight well when he can't help it. I never was so brave in my life. I cut down one, and the other run away, and this in the presence of the Pasha, who was seated on the embrasure at the top of the wall; and thus I gained my entrance into the fort. I hastened to the Pasha's presence, and laid at his feet the four heads. The Pasha was so pleased at my extraordinary valour, that he threw me a purse of five hundred pieces of gold, and ordered me to be promoted, asking me to what division of his troops I belonged. I replied that I was a volunteer. I was made an officer, and thus did I find myself a rich man and a man of consequence by merely changing sides.

"That's not quite so uncommon a method of getting on in the world as you may imagine," observed Mustapha, drily.

I have heard it observed, continued Hudusi, that the sudden possession of gold will make a brave man cautious, and he who is not brave, still more dastardly than he was before. It certainly was the case with me; my five hundred pieces of gold had such an effect, that every thing in the shape of valour oozed out at my fingers' ends. I reflected again, and the result was, that I determined to have nothing more to do with the business, and that neither the Sultan nor the Pasha should be the better for my exertions. That night we made a sally, and as I was considered a prodigy of valour, I was one of those who were ordered to lead on my troop. I curled my mustachios, swore I would not leave a janissary alive, flourished my scimitar, marched out at the head of my troop, and then took to my heels, and in two days arrived safely at my mother's house. As soon as I entered, I tore my turban, and threw dust upon my head in honour of my father's memory, and then sat down. My mother embraced me—we were alone.

"And your father? Is it for him that we are to mourn?"

"Yes," replied I, "he was a lion, and he is in paradise."

My mother commenced a bitter lamentation; but of a sudden recollecting herself, she said, "But, Hudusi, it's no use tearing one's hair and good clothes for nothing. Are you sure that your father is dead?"

"Quite sure," replied I. "I saw him down."

"But he may only be wounded," replied my mother.

"Not so, my dearest mother, abandon all hope, for I saw his head off."

"Are you sure it was his body that you saw with the head off?"

"Quite sure, dear mother, for I was a witness to its being cut off."

"If that is the case?" replied my mother, "he never can come back again, that's clear. Allah acbar—God is great. Then must we mourn." And my mother ran out into the street before the door, shrieking and screaming, tearing her hair and her garments, so to draw the attention and the sympathy of all her neighbours, who asked her what was the matter? "Ah! Wahi, the head of my house is no more," cried she, "my heart is all bitterness—my soul is dried up—my liver is but as water; ah! wahi, ah! wahi," and she continued to weep and tear her hair, refusing all consolation. The neighbours came to her assistance; they talked to her, they reasoned with her, restrained her violence, and soothed her into quietness. They all declared it was a heavy loss, but that a true believer had gone to paradise; and they all agreed that no woman's conduct could be more exemplary, that no woman was ever more fond of her husband. I said nothing, but I must acknowledge that, from the previous conversation with me, and the quantity of pilau which she devoured that evening for her supper, I *very much doubted the fact*.

I did not remain long at home, as, although it was my duty to acquaint

my mother with my father's death, it was also my duty to appear to return to my corps. This I had resolved never more to do. I reflected that a life of quiet and ease was best suited to my disposition, and I resolved to join some religious sect. Before I quitted my mother's roof, I gave her thirty sequins, which she was most thankful for, as she was in straitened circumstances. "Ah!" cried she, as she wrapped up the money carefully in a piece of rag, "if you could only have brought back your poor father's head, Hudusi!" I might have told her that she had just received what I had sold it for—but I thought it just as well to say nothing about it—so I embraced her and departed.

There was a sort of dervishes, who had taken up their quarters about seven miles from the village where my mother resided, and as they never remained long in one place, I hastened to join them. On my arrival, I requested to speak with their chief, and imagining that I was come with the request for prayers to be offered up on behalf of some wished-for object, I was admitted.

"Khoda shefa midehed—God gives relief," said the old man. "What wisheth thou, my son? Khosh amedeed—you are welcome."

I stated my wish to enter into the sect, from a religious feeling, and requested that I might be permitted.

"Thou knowest not what thou askest, my son. Ours is a hard life, one of penitence, prostration, and prayer—our food is but of herbs and the water of the spring; our rest is broken, and we know not where to lay our head. Depart—Yaha Bibi, my friend, depart in peace."

"But, father," replied I, (for to tell your Highness the truth, notwithstanding the old man's assertions, as to their austerities of life, I very much doubted the fact,) "I am prepared for all this, if necessary, and even more. I have brought my little wealth to add to the store, and contribute to the welfare of your holy band; and I must not be denied." I perceived that the old man's eyes twinkled at the bare mention of gold, and I drew from my sash, five-and-twenty sequins, which I had separated from my hoard, with the intention of offering it. "See, holy father," continued I, "the offering which I would make."

"Barik Allah—praise be to God," exclaimed the dervish, "that he hath sent us a true believer. Thy offering is accepted; but thou must not expect yet to enter into the austerities of our holy order. I have many disciples here, who wear the dress, and yet they are not as regular as good dervishes should be; but there is a time for all things, and when their appetite to do wrong fails them, they will (Inshallah, please God,) in all probability, become more holy and devout men. You are accepted." And the old man held out his hand for the money, which he clutched with eagerness, and hid away under his garment. "Ali," said he, to one of the dervishes, who had stood at some distance during my audience, "this young man,—what is your name?—Hudusi—is admitted into our fraternity. Take him with thee, give him a dress of the order, and let him be initiated into our mysteries; first demanding from him the oath of secresy. Murakhas, good Hudusi—you are dismissed."

I followed the dervish through a narrow passage, until we arrived at a door, at which he knocked; it was opened, and I passed through a courtyard, where I perceived several of the dervishes stretched on the ground in various postures, breathing heavily and insensible.

"These," said my conductor, "are holy men, who are favoured by Allah. They are in a trance, and during that state, are visited by the Prophet, and are permitted to enter the eighth heaven, and see the glories prepared for true believers." I made no reply to his assertion, but as it was evident that they were all in a state of beastly intoxication, I *very much doubted the fact.*

I received my dress, took an oath of secresy, and was introduced to my

companions; who I soon found to be a set of dissolute fellows, indulging in every vice, and laughing at every virtue; living in idleness, and by the contributions made to them by the people, who firmly believed in their pretended sanctity. The old man, with the white beard, who was their chief, was the only one who did not indulge in debauchery. He had outlived his appetite for the vices of youth, and fallen into the vice of age—a love for money, which was insatiable. I must acknowledge that the company and mode of living were more to my satisfaction than the vigils, hard fare, and constant prayer, with which the old man had threatened me, when I proposed to enter the community, and I soon became an adept in dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a great favourite with my brethren.

I ought to have observed to your sublimity, that the sect of dervishes, of which I had become a member, were then designated by the name of *howling* dervishes; all our religion consisted in howling like jackalls or hyenas, with all our might, until we fell down in real or pretended convulsions. My howl was considered as the most appalling and unearthly that was ever heard, and of course my sanctity was increased in proportion. We were on our way to Scutari, where was our real place of residence, and only lodged here and there on our journey to fleece those who were piously disposed. I had not joined more than ten days, when they continued their route, and after a week of very profitable travelling, passed through Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and regained their place of domiciliation, and were received with great joy by the inhabitants, to whom the old chief and many others of our troop were well known.

Your sublime Highness must be aware that the dervishes are not only consulted by, but often become the bankers of the inhabitants, who entrust them with the care of their money. My old chief (whose name I should have mentioned before was Ulu-bibi) held large sums in trust for many of the people with whom he was acquainted; but his avarice inducing him to lend the money out on usury, it was very difficult to recover it when it was desired, although it was always religiously paid back. I had not been many months at Scutari, before I found myself in high favour, from my superior howling and the duration of my convulsions. But during this state, which by habit soon became spasmodic, continuing until the vital functions were almost extinct, the mind was as active as ever, and I lay immersed in a sea of doubt which was most painful. In my state of exhaustion I doubted every thing, I doubted if my convulsions were convulsions or only feigned; I doubted if I was asleep or awake; I doubted whether I was in a trance, or in another world, or dead, or——”

“Friend Hudusi,” interrupted Mustapha, “we want the facts of your story, and not your doubts. Say I not well, your Highness? What is all this but bosh—nothing?”

“It is well said,” replied the Pasha.

“Sometimes I thought that I had seized possession of a fact, but it slipped through my fingers like the tail of an eel.”

“Let us have the facts, which did not escape thee, friend, and let the mists of doubt be cleared away before the glory of the Pasha,” replied Mustapha.

One day I was sitting in the warmth of the sun, by the tomb of a true believer, when an old woman accosted me. “You are welcome,” said I.

“Is your humour good,” said she.

“It is good,” replied I.

She sat down by me, and after a quarter of an hour she continued. "God is great," said she.

"And Mahomet is his prophet," replied I. "In the name of Allah, what do you wish?"

"Where is the holy man? I have money to give into his charge. May I not see him?"

"He is at his devotions—but what is that? Am not I the same? Do I not watch when he prayeth—Inshallah—please God, we are the same. Give me the bag."

"Here it is," said she, pulling out the money; "seven hundred sequins, my daughter's marriage portion; but there are bad men, who steal, and there are good men, whom we can trust. Say I not well?"

"It is well said," replied I, "and God is great."

"You will find the money right," said she. "Count it."

I counted it, and returned it into the goat's-skin bag. "It is all right. Leave me, woman, for I must go in."

The old woman left me, returning thanks to Allah that her money was safe, but from certain ideas running in my mind, I very much doubted the fact. I sat down full of doubt. I doubted if the old woman had come honestly by the money; and whether I should give it to the head dervish. I doubted whether I ought to retain it for myself, and whether I might not come to mischief. I also had my doubts——

"I have no doubt," interrupted Mustapha, "but that you kept it for yourself. Say—is it not so?"

Even so did my doubts resolve into that fact. I settled it in my mind, that seven hundred sequins, added to about four hundred still in my possession, would last some time, and that I was tired of the life of a howling dervish. I therefore set up one last long final howl, to let my senior know that I was present, and then immediately became absent. I hastened to the bazaar, and purchasing here and there—at one place a vest, at another a shawl, and at another a turban—I threw off my dress of a dervish, hastened to the bath, and after a few minutes under the barber, came out like a butterfly from its dark shell. No one would have recognized in the spruce young Turk, the filthy dervish. I hastened to Constantinople, where I lived gaily, and spent my money; but I found that to mix in the world, it is necessary not only to have an attaghan, but also to have the courage to use it; and in several broils which took place, from my too frequent use of the water of the Ghiaour, I invariably proved, that although my voice was that of a lion, my heart was but as water, and the finger of contempt was but too often pointed at the beard of pretence. One evening, as I was escaping from a coffee-house, after having drawn my attaghan, without having the courage to face my adversary, I received a blow from his weapon which cleft my turban, and cut deeply into my head. I flew through the streets upon the wings of fear, and at last ran against an unknown object, which I knocked down, and then fell alongside of, rolling with it in the mud. I recovered myself, and looking at it, found it to be alive, and, in the excess of my alarm, I imagined it to be Shitan himself; but if not the devil himself, it was one of the sons of Shitan, for it was an unbeliever, a ghiaour, a dog to spit upon; in short, it was a Frank Hakim—so renowned for curing all diseases, that it was said he was assisted by the devil.

"Lahnet be shitan! Curses on the devil," said Mustapha, taking his pipe out of his mouth and spitting.

"Wallab Thaib! It is well said," replied the Pasha.

I was so convinced that it was nothing of this world, that as soon as I

could recover my legs, I made a blow at him with my attaghan, fully expecting that he would disappear in a flame of fire at the touch of a true believer; but on the contrary, he had also recovered his legs, and with a large cane with a gold top on it, he parried my cut, and then saluted me with such a blow on my head, that I again fell down in the mud, quite insensible. When I recovered, I found myself on a mat in an outhouse, and attended by my opponent, who was plastering up my head. "It is nothing," said he, as he bound up my head; but I suffered so much pain, and felt so weak with loss of blood, that in spite of his assertions, I very much doubted the fact. Shall I describe this son of Jehanum. And when I do so, will not your highness doubt the fact? Be chesm, upon my head be it, if I lie. He was less than a man, for he had no beard. He had no turban, but a piece of network, covered with the hair of other men in their tombs, which he sprinkled with the flour from the bakers, every morning, to feed his brain. He wore round his neck a piece of linen, tight as a bowstring, to prevent his head being taken off by any devout true believer, as he walked through the street. His dress was of the colour of hell, black, and bound closely to his body, yet must he have been a great man in his own country, for he was evidently a Pasha of two tails, which were hanging behind him. He was a dreadful man to look upon, and feared nothing; he walked into the house of pestilence—he handled those whom Allah had visited with the plague—he went to the bed, and the sick rose and walked. He warred with destiny; and no man could say what was his fate until the Hakim had decided. He held in his hand the key of the portal, which opened into the regions of death; and—what can I say more? he said live, and the believer lived; he said die, and the houris received him into paradise.

"A yesedi! a worshipper of the devil," exclaimed Mustapha.

"May he and his father's grave be eternally defiled!" responded the Pasha.

I remained a fortnight under the Hakim's hands before I was well enough to walk about; and when I had reflected, I doubted whether it would not be wiser to embrace a more peaceful profession. The Hakim spoke our language well, and one day said to me, "Thou art more fit to cure, than to give, wounds. Thou shalt assist me, for he who is now with me will not remain." I consented, and putting on a more peaceful garb, continued many months with the Frank physician, travelling every where, but seldom remaining long in one place; he followed disease instead of flying from it, and I had my doubts whether, from constant attendance upon the dying, I might not die myself, and I resolved to quit him the first favourable opportunity. I had already learnt many wonderful things from him; that blood was necessary to life, and that without breath a man would die, and that white powders cured fevers, and black drops stopped the dysentery. At last we arrived in this town, and the other day, as I was pounding the drug of reflection in the mortar of patience, the physician desired me to bring his lancets, and to follow him. I paced through the streets behind the learned Hakim, until we arrived at a mean house, in an obscure quarter of this grand city, over which your highness reigns in justice. An old woman, full of lamentation, led us to the sick couch, where lay a creature, beautiful in shape as a houri. The Frank physician was desired by the old woman to feel her pulse through the curtain, but he laughed at her beard, (for she had no small one,) and drew aside the curtains, and took hold of a hand so small and so delicate, that it were only fit to feed the prophet himself near the throne of the angel Gabriel, with the immortal pillau prepared for true believers. Her face was covered, and the Frank desired the veil to be removed. The old

woman refused, and he turned on his heel to leave her to the assaults of death. The old woman's love for her child conquered her religious scruples, and she consented that her daughter should unveil to an unbeliever. I was in ecstasy at her charms, and could have asked her for a wife; but the Frank only asked to see her tongue. Having looked at it, he turned away with as much indifference as if it had been a dying dog. He desired me to bind up her arm, and took away a bason full of her golden blood, and then put a white powder into the hands of the old woman, saying, that he would see her again. I held out my hand for the gold, but there was none forthcoming.

"We are poor," cried the old woman, to the Hakim, "but God is great."

"I do not want your money, good woman," replied he; "I will cure your daughter." Then he went to the bedside and spoke comfort to the sick girl, telling her to be of good courage, and all would be well.

The girl answered in a voice sweeter than a nightingale, that she had but thanks to offer in return, and prayers to the Most High. "Yes, said the old woman, raising her voice, a scoundrel of a howling dervish robbed me at Scutari of all I had for my subsistence, and of my daughter's portion, seven hundred sequins, in a goat's-skin bag;" and then she began to curse. May the dogs of the city howl at her ugliness! How she did curse! She cursed my father and mother—she cursed their graves—flung dirt upon my brothers and sisters, and filth upon the whole generation. She gave me up to Jehanum, and to every species of defilement. It was a dreadful thing to hear that old woman curse. I pulled my turban over my eyes, that she might not recognize me, and lifted up my garment to cover my face, that I might not be defiled with the shower of curses which were thrown at me like mud, and sat there watching till the storm was over. Unfortunately in lifting up my garment, I exposed to the view of the old hag the cursed goat's-skin bag, which hung at my girdle, and contained not only her money, but the remainder of my own. "Mashallah—how wonderful is God!" screamed the old beldame, flying at me like a tigress, and clutching the bag from my girdle. Having secured that, she darted with her ten nails, and scored down my face, which I had so unfortunately covered in the first instance, and so unfortunately uncovered in the second. What shall I say more? The neighbours came in—I was hurried before the Cadi, in company with the old woman and the Frank physician. The money and bag were taken from me—I was dismissed by the Hakim, and after receiving one hundred blows from the ferashes, I was dismissed by the Cadi. It was my fate—and I have told my story. Is your slave dismissed?

"No," replied the Pasha; "by our beard we must see to this, Mustapha; say, Hudusi, what was the decision of the Cadi? Our ears are open."

The Cadi decided as follows:—That I had stolen the money, and therefore I was punished with the bastinado; but as the old woman stated that the bag contained seven hundred sequins, and there were found in it upwards of eleven hundred, that the money could not belong to her. He therefore retained it until he could find the right owner. The physician was fined fifty sequins for looking at a Turkish woman, and fifty more for shrugging up his shoulders. The girl was ordered into the Cadi's harem, because she had lost her dowry; and the old woman was sent about her business. All present declared that the sentence was wisdom itself; but, for my part, *I very much doubted the fact.*

"Mustapha," said the Pasha, "send for the Cadi, the Frank phy-

sician, the old woman, the girl, and the goat's-skin bag ; we must examine into this affair."

The officers were dispatched, and in less than an hour, during which the Pasha and his vizier smoked in silence, the Cadi with the others made their appearance.

"May your Highness's shadow never be less !" said the Cadi, as he entered.

"Mobarek ! may you be fortunate !" replied the Pasha. "What is this we hear, Cadi ? there is a goat's-skin bag, and a girl, that are not known to our justice. Are there secrets like those hid in the well of Kashan—speak ! What dirt have you been eating ?"

"What shall I say ?" replied the Cadi ; "I am but as dirt ; the money is here, and the girl is here. Is the Pasha to be troubled with every woman's noise, or am I to come before him with a piece or two of gold—Min Allah—God forbid ! Have I not here the money, and *seven more purses* ? Was not the girl visited by the angel of death ; and could she appear before your presence lean as a dog in the bazaar ? Is she not here ? Have I spoken well ?"

"It is well said, Cadi. Murakas—you are dismissed."

The Frank physician was then fined one hundred sequins more ; fifty for feeling the pulse, and fifty more for looking at a Turkish woman's tongue. The young woman was dismissed to the Pasha's harem, the old woman to curse as much as she pleased, and Hudusi with full permission to *doubt* any thing but the justice of the Pasha.

TO THE DISSYLLABLE "FAREWELL."

Most sympathetic sound ! the marble heart
Of man by thee is rendered soft as dough,
And women, breathing thee in murmurs low,
Oft break their laces with hysteric start ;
For when, at parting, with pale lips they seek
An utterance to the grief they feign, or feel,
Thine are the accents chosen to reveal
The endless woe that lasts—perhaps a week.
Sweet word ! 'mid trembling tears and broken sighs,
Thou stealest on the lover's ear, a spell
That chains him to the spot. What dreams arise
Of future bliss ! what soft emotions swell
His agitated breast ! To love's surprise,
Why does he go ?—He hears the dinner-bell.

ON THE HISTORY AND CHARACTER OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

BY M. GUIZOT, MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE, &c.

I PROPOSE occupying the present paper with a concise review of "The history of European civilization, its origin, its progress, its aim, and character."

I use the term European civilization: it is evident that such a civilization exists; that a certain unity is observable in the civilization of the different European states; that it proceeds in all from very similar causes, though affected by certain diversities of time, place, and circumstances; that it is, in short, every where based on the same principles, and, with little variation, tends to the same results. But though this be true, it is, on the other hand, equally so, that the history of this civilization cannot be fully gathered from that of any one particular state. Its distinctive features are scattered far and wide: we must search for them at different periods, and in different countries—at one time in France, at another in England, and again in Germany and Spain.

It has been said, (and with reason,) that history should be confined to facts; that it should offer nothing more than a relation. But it must be remarked, that there is a far greater number of facts, and a greater variety in their nature, than most persons apprehend. There are material and visible facts, as wars, battles, the acts of parties, of individuals, and of governments. There are also moral facts, which are not less real than the former, though not often so palpable. Again, there are facts we may term individual, which we can refer to by names; and further, there are those of a general nature, to which it is impossible to give a precise name, or assign an exact date. We cannot say they occurred on such a day, or in such a year, we cannot confine them to such narrow limits; yet they are nevertheless as much facts as those before mentioned, they belong essentially to history, and cannot be excluded from it, without mutilation. That which is usually designated as the philosophy of history;—the relations existing between facts, the bonds which unite them, the causes and the effects of events,—all these are as much a part of history, as the recitals of battles, or of any other material circumstances. That facts of this nature are more difficult to deal with, is readily allowed; we are more often deceived in them; it is not easy to define them with clearness and precision: their vague and complex characters will frequently baffle all our attempts to analyze them. Still, all this changes nothing of their nature; they do not, on that account, constitute a less essential part of history.

Now civilization is precisely a fact of this sort: that it is general, vague, hidden, complex, and difficult to delineate, I admit; but it does not for that the less exist, or less merit attention and recital. Numberless questions may be raised on this interesting fact. It may be, it has indeed been, asked, whether it be in itself an evil, or a good. While some have exulted in, others have lamented, its existence. It has been demanded if its nature be universal—if there be a civilization common to the human race; the accumulated bequests of successive generations to which all must contribute, and which must go on increasing to the end of time. For my part, I believe that such a civilization, the immortal fruits of a constantly augmenting intelligence, exists, and by consequence, the history of such a civilization may be written. But not to raise questions so difficult to resolve, it is plain, that when we confine our views

within ascertained limits, both of time and place, when we confine ourselves to the history of a certain series of ages, or of certain nations, that the civilization observable in these limits, is a fact which may be defined and related, which has, in effect, its own appropriate history. Let me add, that this history is the most important of all, for, in truth, it comprehends every other. Do you not see, that this fact of civilization is the most general of all—that all others tend to, and are absorbed in it, and, again emerging from it, receive as it were a new existence? Look at the facts which compose the history of a nation, those which we are accustomed to regard as the elements of its being; take its institutions, its commerce, and industry; its wars, and the detail of its government;—when we take all these in their *ensemble*, when we wish to appreciate and decide on them, what is it that we ask concerning them? Do we not inquire in what they have contributed to the civilization of the people, what part they have taken in it, what has been the value and extent of their influence? It is by this reference that we judge of these facts, by this standard that we fix their real value and utility; they are rivers from which we demand an account of the waters they should bring to the ocean. Civilization is the ocean which contains the riches of a nation; in it are centered all the elements of its existence, there all its vital energies are assembled to unite themselves. This is so true, that even those facts which in their nature are revolting and abhorrent—for instance anarchy and despotism—even these, if they have contributed, in any remarkable degree, towards the advancement of civilization, if they have given to it an impetus or an acceleration, stand in a measure excused; their former injuries forgotten, and their noxious and evil nature to a certain degree forgiven: insomuch, that wherever we recognize civilization and the facts by which it has been enriched, no matter how intrinsically injurious in themselves, we are always willing to forget the price it has cost.

There are still to be mentioned facts of a nature which cannot, with propriety, be termed social; facts which seem to address themselves to our minds, rather as individuals, than as members of the commonwealth. Such are religious creeds, philosophical systems, the sciences, letters, and the arts. Still it is in their connexion with civilization, that even these are principally to be regarded. In all ages, it has been the highest boast of religion, to have civilized the people; the sciences, letters, the arts, with all occupations of an intellectual or moral nature, have at all times claimed their part in this glory; and in recognizing these pretensions, we allow to them the highest honour of which they are capable. Thus, facts the most important, the most sublime in themselves, and independent of exterior circumstances, increase their importance, and elevate still more their sublimity, solely by their connexion with civilization. We may go yet further, and assert, that the extent and nature of their influence on civilization must ever be regarded as the principal test of their intrinsic merit and value.

What then, (before entering on its history,) let me ask, is this great, this all-important, and comprehensive fact, which embodies (as it were) in itself, the universal history of nations? But before we attempt a definition of the substance, let us look, for a moment, at the term by which it is represented.

The word civilization is of frequent use and long standing in all countries. The ideas attached to it are, perhaps, in different places more or less defined and extended, but, in effect, it is sufficiently understood. There is nearly always more of truth in the usual acceptation of general terms, than in definitions, however rigorous and precise they may appear. The common signification of a word forms itself by degrees, and in the presence of facts. As a fact offers itself which ought to be contained in

the sense of a known term, it is instantly adopted ; the sense of the term enlarges itself, and thus, by degrees, is that collection of facts, which ought to be represented by the same word, brought under its comprehension. When, on the other hand, the sense of a term is determined by science, such determination, the decision of an individual, or at best of a few, is, in most cases, the effect of some particular facts which have forcibly struck them. Thus are scientific definitions much more restrained, and, by consequence, less true in substance, than general and popular terms. In endeavouring to ascertain the meaning of the term *civilization*, and in searching for the ideas comprised in it, according to its common acceptation, we shall make much greater advances in the knowledge of the fact itself, than by attempting to apply to it any scientific definition, however clear and concise it may at first appear.

As a commencement of this examination, I shall state for consideration a few hypothetical cases. We will suppose certain phases of society, and then inquire if the common sense of mankind recognizes in any of them the condition of a civilized people,—if we can detect in them, the meaning which men naturally attach to the word *civilization*.

Let us suppose a people whose physical condition is easy and agreeable. They pay few taxes, feel no privations ; justice, as regards individuals, is fairly administered ; in a word, their material existence is well and happily regulated. But the moral and intellectual existence of this nation is kept, with watchful jealousy, in the lowest state of debasement, we will not say of oppression, for of that there is no feeling. Such a state is by no means without example. There have been a great number of petty aristocratical republics, in which the people, as a body, have been treated as goodly cattle, their material wants plentifully provided for, but their intellectual activity has been either not excited or repressed. Do you call that civilization—or is it cultivated among such a people ?

Take another case. Here is a people whose existence is less comfortable, less pleasant than the former, but nevertheless supportable. On the other hand, their moral and intellectual wants have been less neglected ; elevated sentiments are cultivated amongst them, religion and morals have received a certain development ; but care has been taken to stifle in them every principle of liberty ; the same provision is made for moral and intellectual wants, as in the former case for material ones ; a proportion of truth is in a manner allotted to each, but no one is permitted to cultivate it for himself. The character of their moral state is immobility ; it is precisely the condition of the Asiatic states, where humanity is subjected to theocratical dominion. I repeat the question—is this a civilized condition ?

Suppose now a state entirely different from either of the preceding. Imagine a people in the enjoyment of an unusual degree of individual liberty, but exposed to the extremes of disorder and inequality. You behold the empire of force and chance. Every one who is powerless is oppressed—succumbs, and perishes. Violence is the predominant character of such a condition of society. Every one knows that Europe has passed through this state. Is this a condition of civilization ? It contains unquestionably the principles of civilization, which will hereafter develop themselves ; but assuredly such a state of society is not what we should understand by the word *civilization*.

I will suppose a fourth and last case. Individual liberty is extreme ; there are few marks of inequality, even these are temporary. Each does as he chooses, and finds himself, in respect to power, on a level with his neighbours. But there are few general interests ; there is a want of public ideas, of public feelings ; in a word, there is little of what may be called society. The existence of individuals glides away without effect—their talents and energies are exerted in an isolated manner—they exercise no

influence upon others—leave behind them no traces: successive generations pass, and society is left stationary at the same point. It is the condition of the savage tribes; liberty and equality are there, but certainly, *civilization* is not.

It would be easy to multiply such hypothetical cases, but those stated are sufficient to indicate what is meant by *civilisation*, in its natural and popular sense. You will see that no one of these instances corresponds with the general import of the term. What is the principal idea comprised in the word *civilization*? Is it not that of progress—of development? It impresses the idea of a people constantly advancing, a people whose social condition is ever extending and ameliorating itself. The fundamental idea of civilization, I repeat, is always that of a system of progress and development. The very expression of the term presents us, on the instant, with the idea of extension, of unceasing activity, and the most advantageous organization of the social relations. On the one hand, a constantly increasing production of the means which constitute the wealth and happiness of society; on the other, an equitable distribution of the wealth and happiness produced.

But is that all? Have we exhausted the meaning of the term? Does it contain nothing more? As well might we ask if the world is nothing more than a huge ant-nest—a society, where there is no question of any thing beyond order and an easy existence; where the greater the produce of labour, and the more equitable its distribution, the more the purposes of society are answered. We turn instinctively from so contracted a view of the destiny of humanity. We look for something more in *civilization*, than the mere perfection of the social relations, and the material condition of society. Facts, public opinion, and the received sense of the term, are in accordance with this feeling.

Look at Rome in the noblest time of the Republic, after the second Punic war, the period when her virtues were in their fullest blossom, when she was advancing towards the empire of the world, and when her social condition was evidently in a state of progress. Compare her with that same Rome under the empire of Augustus, when the period of her decadence had commenced, or at least, when the principles which occasioned it were beginning to prevail: there is no one who does not think and affirm, that the civilization of that splendid age did not infinitely surpass that which existed in the times of Fabricius and Cincinnatus.

But let us look elsewhere,—take France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is clear, that in a social point of view, as far as respects the amount and distribution of wealth, France was at that period inferior to some other countries in Europe—for example, to Holland and England. Yet appeal to public opinion, and it will tell you, that the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was indisputably the most civilized country in Europe. It would be easy to point out similar instances, to show other states, of which the civilization is decidedly of a more elevated character to that of others, which, nevertheless, in a purely social view, enjoy over them great and manifest advantages. What do we gather from this? What is it which gives to those countries that boast of their civilization *par excellence*, their title to this distinction? What is it that compensates so largely, in the opinion of the world, for their admitted deficiencies in other respects?

A higher development than that of the merely social relations here asserts its claim: it is that of individual and private existence, the development of man himself, of his faculties, his feelings, and his ideas. If, where this appears, the constitution of society is at the same time more imperfect than elsewhere, humanity derives from the contrast a greater semblance of grandeur and power. There yet remain many social conquests to be effected, but immense intellectual and moral conquests have

been achieved. Great advantages and rights are wanting to numbers of the people, but a multitude of great men flourish, and shed a lustre around them. Letters, the sciences, and the arts, display their glories. Wherever men behold these resplendent creations, these glorious trophies of humanity, wherever they discover the faculty of producing these sublime enjoyments, there they recognize and proclaim *civilization*.

This great fact, then, comprises in itself two others from which it is inseparable. Without them it cannot exist; by their presence it reveals itself: the development of social, and that of individual life; the progress of society and of humanity. Wherever the external condition of man enlarges, strengthens, and ameliorates itself, while, at the same time, his intrinsic faculties display themselves in their native lustre; wherever these two circumstances appear in conjunction, there, (notwithstanding the possibly great imperfections of the social state,) the unanimous voice of mankind will pronounce that civilization exists.

Such I apprehend is the sense intended to be conveyed in common parlance, by the word *civilization*. I do not say that, as a fact, it has been defined, but its nature has been stated, if not minutely, at least as regards its general features. We have thus before us its two principal concurrent elements. I say concurrent, for if they do not always simultaneously present themselves, the appearance of one is ever certain to induce the other. The arguments for establishing this important and interesting fact may be gathered from three different sources. They are the testimony of history, the common consent of mankind, and the nature of the elements themselves. I shall confine myself solely to the arguments drawn from the latter.

When any moral change is effected in the mind of an individual, when he acquires an idea, a virtue, or a faculty, which he had not before; in a word, when his individual nature develops itself, what is the desire, the passion, by which he is instantly swayed? It is the wish to give this idea an existence in the material world around him, to realize it beyond the confines of his own thoughts. From that moment his being receives a new development; an extraordinary importance attaches to it, in his own eyes, that inspires him with the idea of a mission. He is urged by an instinctive feeling, by a voice from within, to extend, to give effect beyond himself, to the change he has experienced. To no other cause are we indebted for the greatest reformers. The men who have effected a change in the aspect of the world, having themselves been the first objects of its operation, were impelled by no other feeling, urged by no other motive than this. So much for that change which is first conceived and perfected in the mind of the individual. Let us look at the operation of the same cause developing itself in society. A revolution is accomplished in the social state. It is better regulated, wealth is, as well as rights are, more generally and impartially distributed; that is to say, society assumes a nobler aspect, in proportion as the course of government becomes more purified and elevated. Do you believe that such a spectacle can be regarded by us, without producing a corresponding effect on our individual nature? All that has ever been said of the authority of example, of habits, of noble models, is based upon nothing but the simple conviction, that an exterior state of things, palpable and easily comprehended, will infallibly produce, sooner or later, a corresponding internal one of the same worth and nature. Yes, reason and experience alike assure us, that as society or government becomes more just and equitable, man himself becomes so; that the interior reforms itself from the communicated influence of the exterior, as does the latter from that of the former; that these two elements of civilization are strictly allied to each other; that time and obstacles of every sort may intervene between them, that they may undergo a thousand transformations before they do,

but that, sooner or later, they infallibly must rejoin each other ; that such is the law of their nature, attested by the general voice of history, and the instinctive belief of humanity.

In this concise description of what we understand by civilization, though much that might fairly be introduced has been purposely omitted, yet it is conceived that the fundamental principles on which it is based have been sufficiently stated. Here, then, I might be contented to rest, were it not that at this point I am encountered by a question, rather conjectural than historical ; one of those which we can never hope to grasp at both ends, never expect to view but on one side ; but which we cannot avoid, and which, in spite of our reluctance to entertain it, forces itself every moment upon our attention. It is this : of the two developments which constitute the substance of civilization, that of society, and that of individuals, which is the end, and which are the means ? Is it for the benefit of the social state, for its improvement, its perfection, that man entirely develops himself, his faculties, his feelings, his whole being ? or is the amelioration of the social condition, its improvement, its advancement ? is society itself only the theatre, the occasion, the instrument of man's development ? in a word, is society made for the individual, or the individual for society ? A man, whom I feel it an honour to mention as my friend, has (according at least to his own conviction) answered this question. In his speech on the question of the law of sacrilege, M. Royer Collard exclaimed, " Human societies have their origin, their being, and their extinction, in this world ; here their destinies are accomplished ; but they do not absorb man entire. After devoting to society all it can demand, the noblest portion of him yet remains ; those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, and the unknown glories of an invisible world We, as beings strictly individual, and identical, endowed with immortality, have a destiny beyond social conditions." I shall not attempt to treat this question : to remark it is sufficient. We shall meet it again at the close of the history of civilization. When this present existence shall have passed, men will vehemently demand if all is consummated ? if every thing is at an end ? This is the last and great problem, the most dread and sublime of all to which the history of civilization can lead us. It is enough that I have indicated its place and importance.

After what has been advanced, it is evident that the history of civilization may be treated in two different methods, may be viewed under two different aspects. The historian having selected a certain people, may accurately trace the acquisitions, the transformations, and the revolutions, which, during a certain period, are effected in the minds of individuals, and in so doing, he will depict the history of the civilization of the age and nation he has chosen. Or instead of describing the growth of the ideas and feelings of individuals, he may record the material facts, the events and changes of the social system ; and he will arrive precisely at the same point. These two modes are intimately allied ; they image and reflect each other. Nevertheless they may be kept distinct ; and to avoid the danger of repetition and tediousness, I shall confine myself solely to the history of the social state.

It is necessary we should commence our search for the elements of European civilization, in its cradle, at the fall of the Roman empire. We must consider, with attention, society as it existed in the midst of those celebrated ruins. I shall endeavour to place its elements by the side of each other, and when we have them fairly before us, we will trace their successive developments through the fifteen centuries that have elapsed since that memorable epoch.

We shall not proceed far in this course, without acquiring the conviction, that civilization is yet young, and that the world has still to witness

the nobler part of her career; that in spite of the eminence she has attained, sublimer conquests are yet to be achieved. That, however, will not diminish the interest with which we shall contemplate our own actual condition. In reviewing the painful march of European civilization, during fifteen centuries, we shall see how severe and gloomy has been the condition of the human race up to the present hour; and that, not merely in the social relations, but in the destiny of man's individual nature. For nearly fifteen centuries has the mind of man suffered equally with the material world around him. We shall see that, for the first time, even in modern days, the human mind has at length reached a state, which, though extremely imperfect, yet presents some symptoms of harmony and peace. It is the same with society; it has advanced immensely; the condition of human life is far more supportable than what it anciently was. In talking of our ancestors, we may apply to them the language of Lucretius:—

“ Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.”

We may even say, without excess of pretension, with Sthenelus in Homer:—

“ Ἡμεῖς τοὶ πατέρων μὲν ἀμείνωνες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.”

We must, nevertheless, beware of abandoning ourselves to a feeling of the security of our condition. We may repose too great a confidence in the power of the human mind, and the extent of our actual lights; and, in the mean time, suffer ourselves to be enervated by the agreeableness of our condition. A vain confidence, with an easy and effeminate habit of yielding to difficulties, are the opposite dangers that beset us. We possess a susceptibility of mind, an unbounded ambition in thought and imagination, a restless eagerness of desire: but when we come to the realities of life, when it is necessary to take laborious pains, to submit to sacrifices, to make strenuous and persevering efforts for the attainment of our end, our arms relax and fall by our sides. To guard against these dangers, we must accustom ourselves to measure our objects with our strength, our intelligence, and our means; to undertake nothing which we cannot honestly and honourably accomplish, with a religious regard to the principles on which our civilization reposes. We sometimes appear to be tempted to recur again to principles we affect to despise;—to the principles and means of Europe in its barbarism—to force, to violence, and fraud. And when we have yielded to this base desire, we find in ourselves neither the perseverance, nor the savage energy of the men of those times, who, suffering severely, and impatient at the wretchedness of their condition, toiled incessantly to emerge from its horrors. To avoid this reproach, we must cease to indulge in vague desires, and exaggerated views, for the accomplishment of which, neither is our strength equal, nor the proper season arrived. Posterity will hereafter take a severe review of our conduct; governments, societies, and individuals, all must alike undergo its scrutiny, and abide its decree. Let us attach ourselves firmly to the principles of our civilization, to justice, legality, publicity, and liberty; and let us not forget, that, if we demand with reason, that every thing shall be laid open to our view, we are ourselves under the eye of the world, and that, in our turn, we shall be sifted and judged.

THE SPUNGING-HOUSE.

Among the provisions made by an all-bountiful and all-foreseeing Providence, we find, that to remove from the face of nature corrupting and putrescent bodies, there are various obscene and rapacious animals, useful, though abhorred; and, though they generally rank among that class that we designate by the degrading term of vermin, while decomposition goes forward, the world could not very well do without them. In the body politic, and among the genus homo, the like ordination takes place. When a man meets with misfortune,—when he becomes broken—ruined; when a moral decomposition is going forward, both as to his estate and as to his integrity, then flock around him the human vermin. See! he is down. He is prostrate upon the earth. The lawyer vulture is upon him, and gorges. His feast has been full; now come the meaner devourers in the shape of tipstaves and bailiffs; but these are muzzled—they may not consume him utterly; but, jackall-like, they drag him to the den of the sheriff's officer, where the carcass is to be picked, and the very bones polished clean as the handle of a lady's ivory fan.

The opportunity for this last scientific operation will soon be no more. Imprisonment for helping another to carry on his business, will speedily cease. The den will be deserted, and the presiding ogre having no more carcasses upon which to fatten, will come before the tribunal of the nation for compensation—for what? The reader will soon learn.

The note, written in the delicate female hand, which is always opened with so much respect, and read with so much eagerness, is before me. The lines are uneven, and the letters so unequally formed, that I doubt the autograph. I cast my eyes rapidly down for the signature, and am re-assured. Yet there are strange slurs upon the writing, so unlike the usual propriety and delicacy that have ever distinguished my friend's letters. The mystery is soon unravelled. The tottering characters are evidences of the tremor of anguish—the slurs are desiccated tears. I am entreated to repair to No. 99, Black Unicorn Square, to see the lady's husband, who is alone, in despair, and—in a spunging-house. Much commiseration, a little indignation, and some curiosity, are the predominant feelings during my hasty walk. I am determined to befriend, to lecture, and to observe.

Arrived in Black Unicorn Square, I needed not much search to discover the mansion of mesne process. It is the very best house, and a superb one, but the barred windows added a stern look to its elegance, of which, the iron blinds of the Duke of Wellington is but an exaggerated imitation. Why will his Grace make his princely residence so much of a spunging-house without? The absorber, the sucker-up of so many thousands, acts but impolitically in hanging his sign outside of his house. But, as it appears to be a mere matter of taste, we will leave the great captain to an undisturbed enjoyment of his great reputation, his great fortune, and his iron blinds.

The knocker at No. 99, grinned at me, and bade me “ring the bell.” There are forms to be observed in these matters, and grades even in the appendages of doors. The aristocratic knocker looks as fiercely at you as, and much more sensibly than, the mustached military exclusive, and refers you to the plebeian bell. His iron nose is not to be wrung by every hand. I took the knocker's advice. The outer door was unclosed by a hybrid sort of animal, half waiter, half jailer, with a rich roguish eye, and an enormous bunch of keys; another door, and then another was

The Spunging-House.

opened each door only looked after me, and then behold me, like the wretched prisoner in the *carcer* Perez, *pris comme un rat dans une ratière*.

It was as large as the human species, the place into which I was thrown would have been too confined to have lodged them with any thing like comfort. It was not only walled on two sides, but there also intervened between the bare sky and the prisoner, an iron grating. The other two sides were occupied, one by what great courtesy permitted you to call the coffee-room, and the other, by iron bars—through which you looked into a dark dock, that contained about seventy blades of jaundiced grass, three white flower pots and seven broken ones, and a few obstinate weeds, that even a London atmosphere cannot kill; all which were just enough to remind the incarcerated that there were such things as vegetation and green fields, and to make him have a sickly feeling of despair of ever again enjoying them.

In this cage I found my friend Fielding, pacing to and fro, like a tiger in his menagerie, two steps and a turn. His countenance was clouded with care and the smoke of his cigar. He received me with that impassioned eagerness that my feelings towards him deserved, and we immediately entered into an earnest debate, in which the *liberty of the subject* was much more strongly dwelt and insisted upon, and with infinitely more of sincerity, than in that house which arrogates to itself the title of the citadel of English freedom.

It is not my province to tell the tale of young Fielding. My affair is with the spunging-house and the spunger, and only with my friend in the character of a spongee. This was the second day of his victimization. He was the scion of a noble house, imbued with aristocratic feelings and tastes, to whom, till lately, luxuries had never been denied by others, or by himself. He had a keen sense of the degradation of his situation, a nervous impatience at his confinement, and a perfect horror at the supercilious impudence of the lockers-up and the waiters. He was almost destitute, and could not purchase for himself the extravagant comforts of the front house. But credit, to a certain degree, was at his option. In the description of his person in the writ, it was noted that he was a near relative to one of the proudest of our earls, and they speculated upon the assistance of his connexions.

Well, we retired from the iron cage into the coffee-room, for so the proprietor is pleased to have the narrow hole called, and, as I wished to bring to my friend both moral and physical relief, I sent for a bottle of wine and a lawyer. Let there be no surprise expressed at the apparent absurdity in sending for a lawyer in order to bring relief; it is in this matter, as in medicine, one poison expels another, and the most violent drugs, when properly applied, may be rendered beneficial. The wine and the lawyer came; the wine was good, and the lawyer—*O mirabile dictu*—better. He stood erect in bright relief from the chaos of chicanery of which his profession is principally composed. The poet has said that

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

If this be true, what a phenomenon of nobility must there be in an honest lawyer! To see a well-made man walk *upright*, excites no astonishment; but we gaze with a feeling of the deepest admiration when we see a reptile moving with his face heaven-wards.

As Prawnton the lawyer, Fielding, and myself, were debating on the aspect of affairs, and considering whether it would not be advisable to surrender into the Bench at once, and go through the courts, the turnkey-waiter, seeing how matters were tending, grew more indifferently contemptuous. The noble or the rich relative came not with the requested aid. It was only a common pigeon to be plucked, not a golden and well-feathered bird of paradise. The prospect to poor Fielding was gloomy.

Our conversation flagged, the bottle was low, and depression of spirits at length fell down to zero—and to silence. It was now five o'clock; the following day was Sunday, and we felt a horror at leaving our friend to his own thoughts and to solitude, during the whole of what ought to be the sabbath of the mind as well as of the week.

At this moment there entered an elderly, weather-worn, dark visaged man; of a dry, hard look—one evidently used to command, and unused to contradiction. But this imperious and positive air might have been the effect of an uncontrolled domestic tyranny over an abject wife and unresisting children; indeed, that was our impression, as his outward man was anything but fashionable. As he walked up the narrow room, we nodded to each other, as much as to say, "here's another rat caught in the rat-trap." But that vicious triumph, which is such a disgrace to our nature, at seeing our fellows tumble into the same slough in which we are floundering, gave place to astonishment, when he came and made a party quarre of our miserable three, seating himself directly opposite to poor Fielding, and alongside of myself; and seeing the almost exhausted decanter, and a spare wine glass that happened to be by, he coolly filled his glass, and then pouring the remainder of the dregs into Fielding's glass, which was no more than half full, touched rims of the wine-glasses, nodded familiarly to Fielding, and tossed off his own bumper.

Now, Fielding, who might be tracked wherever he went, by a volume of ascending light-coloured vapour, as you track a steam-boat on its course, and who was trying to cure his nose into something similar to a well smoked ham in miniature, blew a whole volume of the pungent vapour full into the eyes and face of the intruder, exclaiming at the same time "Cool."

"Cool," exclaimed the fumigated, "by all the tornadoes of the tropics, I call this both hot and unhandsome." (It was in the beginning of last June.)

"He's in a passion," said Fielding, very quietly.

"Smoke him," said the lawyer.

"He'll soon *smoke* of himself," said I, "for don't you see that he is already *fired*?"

Fielding again enveloped him in well-directed and thick volumes of smoke. The little man started on his feet, ground his knuckles into the table, thrust his head over nearly into Fielding's face, whilst his two fiery eyes glistened through the vapour like live coals in a smoky grate; and when he could fetch breath, at last shrieked out, "D——n it, you undutiful puppy, what do you mean?"

There was an uproar in a moment. Fielding made a grab at the protruding nose. I seized the little man and held him back in my arms. I had caught hold of the word "undutiful." The lawyer exerted himself to hold Fielding from the object of his ire, and to save the glass.

"Come out," vociferated Fielding, boiling with indignation.

"Come out," cried I, bursting with laughter, half forcing, half carrying my frantic captive

"Let us remove the venue into another court," said Prawnton, still restraining his client. However, with much clatter and noise, we all bundled into the iron cage that I have before described. The riot brought two very notable personages to add to the interest of the scene.

I must here pause in my narrative, to do the very contrary to what is done by all tale writers. They take every means that they can invent to persuade the reader that what they relate, is true—wholly true; or, at least, founded on fact. I am quite as earnest to make my readers believe that it is fiction—all fiction, and nothing but fiction. I assert, that there is in London no Black Unicorn Square. No Fielding: he does not exist—he never had an existence any more than myself, or an *honest lawyer*.

As we were reading the last chapter of Exodus in such a tumultuous manner, and had fairly got into the promised land, where we had more room, to come either to *viva voce*, or *vi et armis*, in swaggered the great sheriff's officer—even himself, in all the majesty of office, fat, and in shabby black. Figure to yourself the carcass of a slaughtered prize-ox, redundant in rolls of fat, placed upon two beer barrels, with a red cabbage on the top of the whole. Then you have a good notion of the head, body, and legs of Mr. Shavemsharp. The prominent, and *nobly* arched protuberance in front was clothed in the most greasy, soiled, over-worn waistcoat that ever made its presence perceptible, as much to the nose as the eyes; coat to correspond; smalls, ditto. But your truly great men can afford to be shabby. There certainly was a good-humoured expression in the face, but the good-humour was not so much the reflection of benevolence as of the triumphant cunning that has attained the summit of its ambition. He, Shavemsharp the elder, was closely attended by Shavemsharp the younger, whom, appropriately to describe, I should use a pen plucked from the tail of the peacock, and a dissolved emerald for ink. How green was that young gentleman! All but the face, which was very white, and the hair, which was of the most intense red, and the boots, which were of the most brilliant black. Thin, small, undersized, weazel-faced, and cock-sparrow-built, was this fictitious green creature of my imagination, that I have merely embodied to fill up the scene. He, and his father, were very insolent.

"If," said Shavemsharp the elder, "Gemmen, as vos gemmen, couldn't behave, vy I be necessitated, and obligated, to tell em they're no gemmen votsumever." And then he muttered something about the *laar*, a strong room, and locking up. The insolence of the little thing in green was still more offensive. He pulled up his olive-green trowsers, he pulled down his velvet green waistcoat, he pulled open his grass-green frock-coat, he adjusted his pea-green silk neckerchief, and opened and shut most awfully his glassy green eyes. I have omitted to state that his fingers were ruddled with rings like the mainmast of a cutter; he carried a whole tray of jewelry in his breast, and his body was loaded with gold chains athwart, and athwart, like the street of a barricaded town. He was certainly particularly insolent, and prated of his papa's house, its high character, and its high inmates,—how the green-finch chirped!

In the mean time, Fielding was looking round for somebody to fight—the lawyer for somebody to indict—the intruder for somebody to smite—and I, how best to keep all quiet. I had been endeavouring to soothe the irritated stranger by all the means that occurred to me. I thought I discovered in his appearance something more than met the eye. He grew more calm, but, at the same time, more crabbed; and, when at last a lull in the storm permitted him to speak, he said, with much agitation, "I came here with the best intentions, but I have found insult instead of thanks; I—I—I,—never mind, Fielding, you'll rue this day. I leave you to your fate and to your reflections, for I dare say by this time my carriage is at the door."

"Carriage!" said Shavemsharp, the elder. Off flew his hat, and down went his head as far as his obesity would permit it. The green-finch put himself into the second position, dangled one of his chains prettily, and ducked his bundle of carrots with a grace that he himself thought ineffable. The waiter at this moment came to announce Mr. Seymour's carriage.

"Can it be my uncle?" exclaimed the astonished Fielding.

"Aye, nephew, just arrived from the West Indies, and just going back again. There I have no relations that will first put out my eyes by smoking into them, and then attempt to pull my nose for taking offence at it."

Fielding dashed down his cigar and trod it out upon the pavement. He could not have done better. It was worth a thousand worded apologies. Mr. Seymour had half turned to depart. His nephew lifted up his hat to him in silent respect. No one spoke or moved. There was repentance and deep sorrow, which were fast changing into a shade of intense anguish, but no humiliation in the countenance of the young man. At that moment I could have sworn that he thought of his young and beautiful and bereaved wife, for his eyes filled with tears. His uncle could not stand it. He hurried up to him,—laid his two hands upon his shoulders, and exclaimed with half a sob, "Fielding, you're a fool!"

"You make me feel that I am something worse," was the convulsive reply. Their hands were strained in each other's grasp in a moment. But it was evident that Mr. Seymour did not like scenes. He turned fiercely round, and shouted, "Another bottle of wine."

Green-finch almost tumbled over his own toes in his importunate haste to see the order executed. "Dinner for four, in the front house?" said Shavemsharp confidently. Mr. Seymour nodded his assent. The intelligent and benevolent Prawnton was dispatched to bring the arresting creditors, after we had hastily discussed the wine, which, by-the-by, was very good, and I, in the mean time, when the solicitor had departed, paced up and down the cage whilst the two relatives communed together.

But the man in green did not think it advisable to let us remain too long without benefiting by his conversation. It is an opportunity that people seek but too seldom, and he argued that it ought not to be lost. I had again joined my companions, and neither saw nor heard his advance. "Who," said I, "is that little fiery-pated blackguard? he looks like a green stick with the end in a blaze." I turned round and beheld the now obsequious object of my inquiries, standing very respectfully at my elbow. It was not now his cue to take offence. His father, afterwards, soon joined us. As, apparently, they thought that we did not hold them in sufficient reverence, the old gentleman said to the young one, "Bob, who dines with us to-morrow?" "Oh, I've only asked Sir Charles M——; are you to have the Duke of ——?" said the son. "No, he'll take pot-luck with us Sunday week; but we shall have Lord A——, the Marquis of B——, and C——, the great banker. A rum set, Bob, aint em?" "Aye, you may say that, father; and they'll sweat my wine properly." "Silver forks, and French rolls," said the elated father; "we never uses no knives never at our table in the front house, only to eat our wittels, though we does in the back.—All our champagne hiced."

I thought I saw the son blush. "You must not notice father too particularly," said he, "the schoolmaster was not so much abroad in his day. He has, you see, acquired the inveterate habit of aspiring all his *vs*, and vociferating all his *hes*. But, perhaps, gentlemen, you will do me the honour to walk down and see my cellar, and taste my wine; and the champagne father spoke of."

I was now, for the first time, made aware that the spacious mansion above could boast of cellars equally spacious beneath. If the father's spunging above made you thirsty, there was the son's wine beneath to quench that thirst—provided you could pay for it. It is an excellent arrangement. Well, to the cellars we went, and found them well and scientifically arranged, and the wines choice. Uncle Seymour's heart was open, and he gave the green-vested wine-merchant, who was anything but green in his business, a very handsome order. It now became Fielding's turn to lord it, and he used his turn most lordly. He ordered and counter-ordered; tasted and criticised; made green-finch hop here, and duck there; in fact, he repaid the insolence of the morning with interest—himself still a prisoner.

We will pass over the arrangement with the creditors, who now,

through the instrumentality of Prawnton, had arrived ; were paid, had all animosity washed down their throats with brimming tumblers of wine, and had departed. This done, fees discharged, and Fielding no longer a prisoner, we were then conducted up to the drawing-room—a very elegant apartment, of magnificent proportions, but so filled with the *spolia opima*, that Rome in the time of the Cæsars, or the Louvre in the plenitude of Napoleon's glory, were here absurdly imitated upon a small scale. It was difficult to wend your way through the alabaster and agate tables, loaded with all manner of bijouterie. Statues, pictures, bronzes, articles of vertu ; all things that had a real or fictitious value were here piled up in tasteless confusion. Where are now the former possessors of this world of knick-knackery ? What anguish, what groans, what tears, must the loss of them have cost their owners ! What sums they must have cost in the purchasing, and for how little they must have been sold ! Is it saying too much to call this room the warehouse of Extortion, where is garnered up the wealth of Improvidence ?

After we had admired a good deal, extolled a little, and bought nothing, we descended into the dining-room. Being in the *front house*, of course there were silver forks and French rolls. The dinner did honour to the cook, and the wines to the *green-bottle* fly, who buzzed most obsequiously about us, and sipped and talked, and talked and sipped ; but, though the cherished companion of dukes and lords, could not be induced, through his sense of humility, to sit with us. Being in a lock-up house, we were determined to unlock all our animal spirits, and the mirth grew “fast and furious.” The old uncle told warm stories about the West Indies, properly cayenned for the occasion ; Fielding was very grateful and very garrulous ; the lawyer was deep in a case—of excellent wine ; and I fell into a calculation of how many thousands this house had diverted from the hands of the creditor, without benefiting the debtor, or any others but the Messrs. Shavemsharp and Sons. Just at that nice point, when we each began to suspect that the others were drunk, and felt doubly assured of his own sobriety, we separated in high glee ; but may we often meet again, but never under the same roof, except on one occasion, and that will be, when the Bill for abolishing Imprisonment for Debt shall have passed into a law, and No. 99, Black Unicorn Square, shall be converted into an hotel, and we may then gloriously rattle old Shavemsharp's silver forks, and his son's champagne bottles to the toast, that “may the honest debtor hereafter find relief and sympathy, and imprisonment be the fate only of swindlers and scoundrels !”

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
 I learnt a bit to row;
 And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

It was on the Sunday after the pic-nic party, that feeling I had neglected Captain Turnbull, and that he would think it unkind of me not to go near him, that after having accompanied Mary to church, I set off on foot to his villa near Brentford. I rang at the porter's lodge, and asked whether he was at home. "Yes, sir," replied the old woman at the lodge, who was very communicative, and very friendly with me, "and missus be at home too." I walked up the carriage drive of one hundred yards, which led to the entrance door, and when I rang, it was opened by a servant I had not seen before as belonging to the service. "Where is Mr. Turnbull?" inquired I. "He is in his own room, sir," replied the man; "but you must send up your name, if you please, as every one is not admitted." I must observe to the reader that I was not dressed in jacket and trowsers. The money I earned was more than sufficient to supply all my expenses, and I had fitted on what are called at sea, and on the river, *long togs*; i. e. I was dressed as most people are on shore. The servant evidently took me for a gentleman; and perhaps, as far as dress went, I was entitled to that distinction. Many people are received as such in this world with less claims than I had. I gave my name, the man left me at the door, and soon returned, requesting that I would follow him. I must say that I was rather astonished; where were *Mr. Mortimer* and the two men in flaunting liveries, and long cotton epaulettes with things like little marling spikes hanging to the ends of them? Even the livery was changed, being a plain brown coat, with light blue collar and cuffs. I was, however, soon made acquainted with what had taken place on my entering the apartment of Mr. Turnbull, (his study as Mrs. T. called it,) although Mr. Turnbull insisted upon calling it his cabin, a name certainly more appropriate, as it contained but two small shelves of books, the remainder of the space being filled up with favourite harpoons, porpoise skulls, shark's jaws, corals, several bears' skins, brown and white, and one or two models of the vessels which had belonged to his brother and himself, and had been employed in the Greenland fishery. It was, in fact, a sort of museum of all he had collected during his voyages. Esquimaux implements, ornaments, and dresses, were lying about in corners; and skins of rare animals killed by himself, such as black foxes, &c. were scattered about the carpet. His sea-chest, full of various articles, was also one of the ornaments of the room, much to the annoyance of Mrs. T., who had frequently exerted her influence to get rid of it, but

NOTE.—That the story may not be broken off in an awkward manner, we have been obliged to give a few more pages than usual of Jacob Faithful.

¹ Continued from p. 203.

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in vain. The only articles of furniture were two sofas, a large table in the centre, and three or four heavy chairs. The only attempt at adornment consisted in a dozen coloured engravings, framed and glazed, of walrus shooting, &c., taken from the folio works of Captains Cook and Mulgrave; and a sketch or two by his brother, such as the state of the William pressed by an iceberg on the morning of the 25th of January, lat. —, long. —.

Captain T. was in his morning gown, evidently not very well, at least he appeared harassed and pale. "My dear Jacob, this is very kind of you. I did mean to scold you for not coming before; but I'm too glad to see you to find the heart now. But why have you kept away so long?"

"I have really been very well employed, sir. Stapleton has given me up the wherry, and I could not neglect his interests, even if I did my own."

"Always right, boy; and how are you getting on?"

"I am very happy, sir; very happy indeed."

"I'm glad to hear it, Jacob. May you always be so. Now take the other sofa, and let us have a long palaver, as the Indians say. I have something to tell you. I suppose you observed a change—heh?"

"Yes, sir; I observed that *Mr.* Mortimer was not visible."

"Exactly. Well, *Mr.* Mortimer, or John Snobbs, the rascal is at present in Newgate for trial; and I mean to send him out on a voyage for the good of his health. I caught the scoundrel at last, and I'll show him no more mercy than I would to a shark that has taken the bait. But that's not all. We have had a regular mutiny, and attempt to take the ship from me; but I have them all in irons, and ordered for punishment. Jacob, money is but too often a curse, depend upon it."

"You'll not find many of your opinion, sir," replied I laughing.

"Perhaps not; because those who have it are content with the importance which it gives to them, and won't allow the damnable fact; and because those who have it not, are always sighing after it, as if it were the only thing worth looking after in this world. But now I will just tell you what has happened since I last saw you, and then you shall judge."

As, however, Captain T.'s narrative ran to a length of nearly three hours, I shall condense the matter for the information of the reader. It appeared that Mrs. T. had continued to increase the lengths of her drives in her carriage, the number of her acquaintances, and her manifold expenses, until Mr. T. had remonstrated in very strong terms. His remonstrances did not, however, meet with the attention which he had expected; and he found out by accident, moreover, that the money with which he had constantly supplied Mrs. T. to defray her weekly bills, had been otherwise appropriated; and that the bills for the two last quarters had none of them been paid. This produced an altercation, and a desire on his part to know in what manner these sums had been disbursed. At first, the only reply from Mrs. T., who considered it advisable to brazen it out, and, if possible, gain the ascendancy which was necessary, was a contemptuous toss

of her head, which undulated the three yellow ostrich feathers in her bonnet, as she walked out of the room and entered her carriage. This, to Mr. T., who was a matter-of-fact man, was not very satisfactory: he waited per force until the carriage returned, and then demanded an explicit answer. Mrs. T. assumed the highest ground, talked about fashionable expenses, her knowledge of what was due to his character, &c. Mr. T. rejoined about necessary expenses, and that it was due to his character to pay his tradesmen's bills. Mrs. T. then talked of good breeding, best society, and her *many plaisers*, as she termed them. Mr. T. did not know what *many pleasures* meant in French; but he thought she had been indulged in as many as most women since they had come down to this establishment. But to the question; why were not the bills paid, and what had she done with the money. Spent it in *pin money*. *Pin money*! thirty pounds a week in *pins*! it would have bought harpoons enough for a three years' voyage. She must tell the truth. She wouldn't tell any thing, but called for her salts, and called him a *brute*. At all events, he wouldn't be called a *fool*. He gave her till the next morning to consider of it. The next morning the bills were all sent in as requested, and amounted to six hundred pounds. They were paid and receipted. "Now, Mrs. T., will you oblige me by letting me know what you have done with this six hundred pounds?" Mrs. T. would not, she was not to be treated in that manner. Mr. T. was not on board a whaler now to bully and frighten as he pleased. She would have justice done her. Have a separation, *halimony*, and a divorce. She might have them all if she pleased, but she should have no more money, that was certain. Then she would have a fit of hysterics. So she did, and lay the whole of the day on the sofa, expecting Mr. T. would pick her up. But the idea never came into Mr. T.'s head. He went to bed: feeling restless, he had risen very early; had seen out of his window a cart drive up to the wall, and the parties who came with it leap over and enter the house, and return carrying to it two large hampers. He snatched up one of his harpoons, walked out the other way, and arrived at the cart just as the hampers had been put in, and they were about to drive off; challenged them, and instead of being answered, the horse was flogged, and he nearly run over. He then let fly his harpoon into the horse, which dropped, and pitched out the two men on their heads insensible; secured them, called to the lodge for assistance, sent for constables, and gave them in charge. They proved to be hampers forwarded by Mr. Mortimer, who had been in the habit of so doing for some time. These hampers contained his best wine, and various other articles, which also proved that Mr. Mortimer must have had false keys. Leaving the culprits and property in charge of two constables, Mr. T. returned to the house in company with the third constable; the door was opened by Mr. Mortimer, who followed him into his study, told him he should leave the house directly, had always lived with *gentlemen* before, and requested that he might have what was due to him. Mr. T. thought the request but reasonable, and therefore gave him in charge of the constable. Mr. Snobbs, rather confounded at such ungentlemanly behaviour, was with the others marched off to Bow Street. Mr. T. sends for the other two servants

in livery, and assures them that he has no longer any occasion for their services, having the excessive vulgar idea that this peculation must have been known to them. Pays them their wages, requests they will take off their liveries, and leave the house. Both willing. *They* also had always lived with *gentlemen* before. Mr. T. takes the key of the butler's pantry, that the plate may not consider him too vulgar to remain in his house, and then walks to the stables. Horses neigh, as if to say, they are all ready for their breakfasts, but the door locked. Hails the coachman, no answer. Returning from the stables, perceives coachee rather dusty coming in at the lodge gate; requests to know why he did not sleep at home, and take care of his horses. He was missus's coachman not master's, and could satisfy her, but could not satisfy Mr. T.; who paid him his wages, and deducting his liveries, sent him after the others. Coachee also very glad to go—had always lived with *gentlemen* before. Meets the lady's maid, who tells him Mrs. T. is much too ill to come down to breakfast. Rather fortunate, as there was no breakfast to be had. Dresses himself, gets into a pair-horse coach, arrives at the White Horse Cellar, swallows his breakfast, goes to Bow Street, commits Mr. Mortimer *alias* Snobbs, and his confederates, for trial. Hires a job man to bring the horses up for sale, and leaves his carriage at the coachmaker's. Obtains a temporary footman, and then Mr. T. returns to his villa. A very good morning's work. Finds Mrs. T. up and in the parlour, very much surprised and shocked at his conduct—at no Mr. Mortimer—at no servants, and indebted to her own maid for a cup of tea. More recriminations—more violence—another threat of *halimony*, and the carriage ordered that she may seek counsel. No coachman—no carriage—no horses—no nothing, as her maid declares. Mrs. T. locks herself up in her room, and another day is passed with as little matrimonial comfort as can be expected.

In the mean time the news flies in every direction. Brentford is full of it. Mr. T. had been living too fast—is done up—had been had up to Bow Street—creditors had poured in with bills—servants discharged—carriage and horses seized. Mrs. T., poor creature, in hysterics, and—nobody surprised at it; indeed, every body expected it. The Peters, of Petercumb Hall, heard it, and shook their heads at the many upstarts there were in the world. Mr. Smith requested the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton never to mention to his father the Right Honourable Marquis of Springguns, that he had ever been taken to see the Turnbells, or that he, Mr. Smith, would infallibly lose his situation in *esse*, and his living in *posse*; and Monsieur and Madame Tagliabue were even more astounded; but they felt deeply, and resolved to pay a visit the next morning, at least Monsieur Tagliabue did, and Madame acknowledged to the propriety.

The next morning some little order had been restored; the footman hired had been given in charge of a sufficient quantity of plate, the rest had been locked up. The cook was to stay her month; the housemaid had no wish to leave; and as for the lady's maid, she would remain as long as she could, to console her poor mistress, and accept what she was inclined to give her in return, in the way of clothes, dresses, &c. although, of course, she could not hurt her character by

remaining too long in a family where there was no carriage, or gentleman out of livery. Still Mrs. T. did obtain some breakfast, and had just finished it when Monsieur Tagliabue was announced, and was received.

"Ah! Monsieur T., I hope madame is better. Madame Tagliabue did noting but cry all last night when she heard the very bad news about de debt, and all dat."

"Very much obliged to madame," replied Turnbull, gruffly; "and now, pray sir, what may be your pleasure?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, I feel very much for you; but suppose a gentleman no lose his *honour*, what matter de money?" (Mr. Turnbull stared.) "You see, Monsieur Turnbull, honour be every thing to a gentleman. If a gentleman owe money to one rascally trades-fellow, and not pay him, dat no great matter; but he always pay de debt of honour. Every gentleman pay dat. Here, Monsieur Turnbull," (and the little Frenchman pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket,) "be a leetle note of Madame Turnbull, which she give to Madame Tagliabue, in which she acknowledged she owe two hundred pounds for money lost at *écarté*. Dat you see, Monsieur Turnbull, be what gentlemen call debt of honour, which every gentleman pay, or else he lose de carактер, and be called one blackguard by all de world. Madame Tagliabue and I too much fond of you and Madame Turnbull not to save your character, and so I come by her wish to beg you to settle this leetle note—this *leetle* debt of *honour*;" and Monsieur Tagliabue laid the note on the table, with a very polite bow.

Mr. Turnbull examined the note, it was as described by Monsieur Tagliabue. So, thought he, now's the whole story out; she has been swindled out of her money by this rascally French couple. "Now, Monsieur Tagliabue," said he, "allow me to put a question or two, before I pay this money; and if you answer me sincerely, I shall raise no objection. I think Mrs. T. has already lost about six hundred pounds at *écarté* before?" (Monsieur T., who presumed that Mrs. Turnbull had made him acquainted with the fact, answered in the affirmative.) "And I think that two months ago she never knew what *écarté* was."

"Dat is true; but the ladies are very quick to learn."

"Well, but now, do you think that, as she knew nothing about the game, and you and your wife are well acquainted with it, it was honourable on your part to allow her to lose so much money?"

"Ah! Monsieur, when a lady say she will play, *comment faire*, what can you do?"

"But why did you never play at this house, Monsieur Tagliabue?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, it is for de lady of de house to propose de game."

"Very true," replied Mr. Turnbull, writing a cheque for the two hundred pounds; "there is your money, Mr. Tagliabue, and now that you are paid, allow me to observe that I consider you and your wife a couple of swindlers; and beg that you will never enter my doors again."

"Vat you say, sar? *Swind-lare!* God dam! Sar, I will have satisfaction."

"You've got your money, is that sufficient; or do you want any thing else?" replied Mr. T., rising from his chair.

"Yes, sar, I do want more—I will have more."

"So you shall then," replied Mr. Turnbull, kicking him out of the room, along the passage, and out of the front door.

Monsieur Tagliabue turned round every now and then, and threatened, and then tried to escape, as he perceived the upraised boot of Mr. Turnbull. When fairly out of the house he turned round, "Monsieur Turnbull, I will have de satisfaction, de terrible satisfaction for this. You shall pay. By God, sar, you shall pay—de money for this." That evening Mr. Turnbull was summoned to appear at Bow Street on the following morning for the assault. He met Monsieur Tagliabue with his lawyer, and acknowledged that he had kicked him out of his house for swindling his wife, refused all accommodation, and was prepared with his bail. Monsieur Tagliabue stormed and blustered, talked about his acquaintance with the nobility; but the magistrate had seen too much of foreigners to place much reliance on their asseverations. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"Sar, I am a gentleman."

"What profession are you, sir?"

"Sar, a gentleman has no profession."

"But how do you live, Monsieur Tagliabue?"

"As a gentleman always does, sar."

"You mentioned Lord Scrope just now as your particular friend, I think?"

"Yes, sar, me very intimate with Lord Scrope; me spend three months at Scrope Castle with mi Lady Scrope; mi Ladi Scrope very fond of Madame Tagliabue."

"Very well, Monsieur Tagliabue; we must proceed with another case until Mr. Turnbull's bail arrives. Sit down for a little while, if you please."

Another case was then heard, which lasted about half an hour; but previous to hearing it, the magistrate, who knew that Lord Scrope was in town, had despatched a runner with a note to his lordship, and the answer was now brought back. The magistrate read it and smiled; went on with the other case, and when it was finished, said, "Now M. Tagliabue, you have said that you were very intimate with Lord Scrope."

"Yes, sir, very intimate."

"Well, Lord Scrope I have the pleasure of knowing, and as he is in town, I wrote a note to him, and here is his answer. I will read it. M. Tagliabue turned pale as the magistrate read the following:

"DEAR SIR,—A fellow of the name you mention came from Russia with me as my valet. I discharged him for dishonesty; after he left, Lady Scrope's attendant, who it appeared was, unknown to us, married to him, left also, and then I discovered their peculations to have been so extensive, that had we known where to have laid hold of them, I should certainly have brought them before you. Now the affair is forgotten; but a greater scoundrel never existed.

"Yours, SCROPE."

"Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" continued the ma-

gistrate, in a severe tone. M. Tagliabue fell on his knees, and begged for mercy from the magistrate, from Lord Scrope, and lastly from Mr. Turnbull, to whom he proffered the draft for £200. The magistrate seeing that Mr. Turnbull did not take it, said to him, "Make no ceremony of taking your money back again, Mr. Turnbull; the very offer of it proves that he has gained it dishonestly; and £600 is quite enough to have lost." Mr. Turnbull then took the cheque and tore it in pieces, and the magistrate ordered M. Tagliabue to be taken to the alien office, and he was sent to the other side of the channel, in company with his wife, to play *écarté* with whomever he pleased; thus ended this episode of Monsieur Tagliabue.

"And now you see, Jacob, what a revolution has taken place; not very pleasant, I grant, but still it was very necessary. I have since been paying all my bills, for the report of my being in difficulty has brought them in fast enough; and I find that in these last five months my wife has spent a whole year's income, so it was quite time to stop."

"I agree with you, sir; but what does Mrs. Turnbull say now—has she come to her senses?"

"Pretty well, I expect, although she does not quite choose to acknowledge it. I have told her that she must dispense with a carriage in future; and so she shall, till I think she deserves it. She knows that she must either have *my company* in the house, or none at all. She knows that the Peterses, of Petercomb Hall, have cut her, for they did not answer a note of hers, sent by the gardener; and Mr. Smith has written a very violent answer to another of her notes, wondering at her attempting to push herself into the company of the aristocracy. But what has brought her to her senses more than all, is the affair of Monsieur Tagliabue. The magistrate, at my request, gave me the note of Lord Scrope, and I have taken good care that she should read the police report as well; but the fact is, she is so much mortified, that I say nothing to her. She has been following the advice of these French swindlers, who have led her wrong, to be able to cheat her of her money. I expect she will ask me to sell this place, and go elsewhere; but at present, we hardly exchange a word during the whole day."

"I feel very sorry for her, sir, for I believe her to be really a very good, kind-hearted person."

"Like you, Jacob—and so she is. At present she is in a state to be pitied. She would throw a share of the blame upon other people, and cannot—she feels it is all herself. All her bubbles of grandeur have burst, and she finds herself not half so respectable as she was before her vanity induced her to cut her former acquaintance, and try to get into the society of those who laughed at her, and at the same time were not half so creditable. But it's that cursed money which has proved her unhappiness—and I may add, mine."

"Well, sir, I see no chance of its ever adding to my misfortunes, at all events."

"Perhaps not, Jacob, even if you ever should get any; but at all events, you may take a little to-morrow, if you please. I cannot ask you to dine here, it would not be pleasant to you, and show a want of

feeling to my wife ; but I should like you to come up with the wherry to-morrow, and we'll take a cruize."

" Very well, I shall be at your orders—at what time?"

" Say ten o'clock, if the weather is fine ; if not, the next day."

" Then, sir, I'll now wish you good-by, as I must go and see the Domine."

Mr. Turnbull shook my hand, and we parted. I was soon at Brentford, and was continuing my course through the long, main street, when I met Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the former head clerk, who had charge of the Brentford Wharf. " I was intending to call upon you, sir, after I had paid a visit to my old master."

" Very well, Jacob ; and recollect, we dine at half-past three—fillet of veal and bacon—don't be too late for dinner."

I promised that I would not, and in a few minutes more arrived at the Grammar School. I looked at its peaked, antiquated front, and called to mind my feelings, when, years back, I had first entered its porch. What a difference between the little, uncouth, ignorant, savage, tricked out like a harlequin, and now tall, athletic, well dressed youth, happy in his independence, and conscious, although not vain, of his acquirements ; and I mentally blessed the founders. But I had to talk to the Domine, and to keep my appointment with the veal and bacon at half-past three, so I could not spare any time for meditation. I therefore unfolded my arms, and making use of my legs, entered the wicket, and proceeded to the Domine's room. The door was ajar, and I entered without being perceived. I have often been reminded by Flemish paintings which I have seen since, of the picture which presented itself. The room was not large, but lofty. It had but one window, fitted with small, diamond-shaped panes, in heavy wood-work, through which poured a broad, but subdued stream of light. On one side of the window was an ancient armoire, containing the Domine's library, not gilt and lettered, but well thumbed and worn. On the other his huge chest of drawers, on which lay, alas ! for the benefit of the rising generation, a new birch rod, of large dimensions. The table was in the centre of the room, and the Domine sat at it, with his back to the window, in a dressing-gown, once black, having been a surplice, but now brown with age. He was on his high and narrow-backed chair, leaning forwards, with both elbows on the table, his spectacles on his luxuriant nose, and his hands nearly meeting on the top of his bald crown, earnestly poring over the contents of a book. A large bible, which he constantly made use of, was also on the table, and had apparently been shoved from him to give place to the present object of his meditations. His pipe lay on the floor, in two pieces, having evidently been thrown off without his perceiving it. On one side of him was a sheet of paper, on which he evidently had been writing extracts. I passed by him without his perceiving me, and, gaining the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder. The work he was so intent upon was " Ovid's Remedy of Love."

It appeared that he had nearly finished reading through the whole, for in less than a minute he closed the book, and laying his spectacles down, threw himself back in his chair. " Strange," soliloquized the Domine. " Yet verily, is some of his advice important, and I should

imagine recommendable, yet do I not find my remedy therein. 'Avoid idleness,'—yes, that is sage counsel—and employment to one that hath not employed himself, may drive away the thought; but I have never been idle, and mine hath not been love in idleness. 'Avoid her presence,'—that must I do; yet doth she still present herself to mine imagination, and I doubt whether the tangible reality could be more clearly perceptible. Even now doth she stand before me in all her beauty. 'Read not Propertius and Tibullus,'—that is easily refrained from; but read what I will, in a minute the type passeth from my eyes, and I see but her face beaming from the page. Nay, cast my eyes in what direction I may wist, it is the same. If I look at the stained wall, the indistinct lines gradually form themselves into her profile; if I look at the clouds, they will assume some of the redundant outlines of her form; if I cast mine eyes upon the fire in the kitchen grate, the coals will glow and cool until I see her face; nay, but yesterday, the shoulder of mutton upon the spit, gyrated until it at last assumed the decapitated head of Mary. 'Think of her faults, and magnify them,'—nay, that were unjust and unchristian. Let me rather correct mine own. I fear me, that when Ovid wrote his picture, he intended it for the use of young men, and not for an old fool like me. Behold! I have again broken my pipe—the fourth pipe that I have destroyed this week. What will the dame say? already hath she declared me demented, and God knows she is not very far from the truth;" and the Domine covered up his face in his hands. I took this opportunity to step to the door, and appear to enter it, dropping the latch, and rousing the Domine by the noise, who extended to me his hand. "Welcome, my son—welcome to thine old preceptor, and to the walls which first received thee, when thou wert cast on shore as a tangle weed from the river. Sit, Jacob; I was thinking of thee and thine."

"What, sir! of old Stapleton and his daughter, I suppose."

"Even so; ye were all in my thoughts at the moment that thou madest thy appearance. They are well?"

"Yes, sir," replied I. "I see but little of them; the old man is always smoking, and as for the girl—why, the less one sees of her, the better, I should say."

"Nay, Jacob, this is new to me; yet is she most pleasant."

I knew the Domine's character, and that if any thing could cure his unfortunate passion, it would be a supposition on his part, that the girl was not correct. I determined at all events to depreciate her, as I knew that what I said would never be mentioned by him, and would therefore do her no harm. Still I felt that I had to play a difficult game, as I was determined not to state what was not the fact. "Pleasant, sir; yes, pleasant to every body; the fact is, I don't like such girls as she is."

"Indeed, Jacob; what, is she light?" I smiled, and made no answer. "Yet I perceived it not," replied the Domine.

"She is just like her mother, sir," observed I.

"And what was her mother?"

I gave a brief account of her mother, and how she met with her death in trying to escape from her husband. The Domine muscd.

"Little skilled am I in women, Jacob, yet what thou sayest not only surpriseth, but grieveth me. She is fair to look upon."

"Handsome is that handsome does, sir. She'll make many a man's heart ache yet, I expect."

"Indeed, Jacob, I am full of marvel at what thou hast already told me."

"I have seen more of her, sir."

"I pray thee tell me more."

"No, sir, I had rather not. You may now imagine all you please."

"Still she is young, Jacob; when she becometh a wife she would alter."

"Sir, it is my firm opinion, (and so it was,) that if you were to marry her to-morrow, she would run away from you in a week."

"Is that thy candid opinion, Jacob?"

"I would stake my life upon her so doing, although not upon the exact time."

"Jacob, I thank thee—thank thee much; thou hast opened mine eyes—thou hast done me more good than Ovid. Yes, boy; even the ancients, whom I have venerated, have not done me so kind an act as thou, a stripling, whom I have fostered. Thou hast repaid me, Jacob—thou hast rewarded me, Jacob—thou hast protected me, Jacob—thou hast saved me, Jacob—thou hast saved me, both from myself and from her; for know, Jacob—know—that mine heart did yearn toward that maiden; and I thought her even to be perfection. Jacob, I thank thee; now leave me, Jacob, that I may commune with myself, and search out my own heart, for I am awakened—awakened as from a dream, and I would fain be quite alone."

I was not sorry to leave the Domine, for I also felt that I would fain be in company with the fillet of veal and bacon, so I shook hands, and thus ended my second morning call. I was in good time at Mr. Tomkins's, who received me with great kindness. He was well pleased with his new situation, which was one of respectability and consequence, independent of profit; and I met at his table one or two people, who, to my knowledge, would have considered it degrading to have visited him when only head clerk to Mr. Drummond. We talked over old affairs, not forgetting the ball, and the illuminations, and Mr. Turnbull's *bon-mot* about Paradise; and after a very pleasant evening, I took my leave, with the intention of walking back to Fulham, but I found old Tom waiting outside, on the look out for me.

"Jacob, my boy, I want you to come down to my old shop one of these days. What day will you be able to come? The lighter will be here for a fortnight at least, I find from Mr. Tomkins, as she waits for a cargo coming by canal, and there is no other craft expected above bridge, so tell me what day will you come and see the old woman, and spend the whole day with us. I want to talk a bit with you, and ax your opinion about a good many little things."

"Indeed!" replied I, smiling. "What, are you going to build a new house?"

"No, no—not that; but you see, Jacob, as I told you last winter, it was time for me to give up night-work up and down the river. I'm not so young as I was about fifty years ago, and there's a time for all

things. I do mean to give up the craft in the autumn, and go on shore for a *full due*; but at the same time, I must see how I can make matters out, so tell me what day you will come."

"Well, then, shall we say Wednesday?"

"Wednesday's as good a day as any other day; come to breakfast, and you shall go away after supper, if you like, if not, the old woman will sling a hammock for you."

"Agreed, then; but where's Tom?"

"Tom, I don't know; but I think he's gone after that daughter of Stapleton's. He begins to think of the girls now, Jacob; but as the old buffer her father says, 'its all human natur.' Howsomever, I never interferes in these matters; they seems to be pretty well matched, I think."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, as for good looks, they be well enough matched, that's sure; but I don't mean that, I mean, he is quite as knowing as she is, and will shift his helm as she shifts hers. 'Twill be a long running fight, and when one strikes, t'other won't have much to boast of. Perhaps they may sheer off, after all—perhaps they may sail as consorts. God only knows; but this I knows, that Tom's sweetheart may be as tricky as she pleases, but Tom's wife won't be,—'cause why? he'll keep her in order. Well, good night, I have a long walk."

When I returned home, I found Mary alone. "Has Tom been here?" inquired I.

"What makes you ask that question?" replied Mary.

"To have it answered—if you have no objection."

"O no! Well, then, Mr. Jacob, Tom has been here, and very amusing he has been."

"So he always is," replied I.

"And where may you have been?" I told her. "So you saw the old Domine. Now, tell me, what did he say about me?"

"That I shall not tell," replied I; "but I will tell you this, that he will never think about you any more; and you must not expect ever to see him again."

"But you recollect that he promised."

"He kept his promise, Mary."

"O he told you so, did he? did he tell you all that passed?"

"No, Mary, he never told me that he had been here; neither did he tell me what had passed; but I happen to know all."

"I cannot understand that."

"Still it is true; and I think, on the whole, you behaved pretty well, although I cannot understand why you gave him a kiss at parting."

"Good heavens! where were you? you must have been in the room. And you heard every word that passed?"

"Every word," replied I.

"Well," said Mary, "I could not have believed that you could have done so mean a thing."

"Mary, rather accuse your own imprudence; what I heard was to be heard by every one in the street, as well as by me. If you choose to have love scenes in a room not eight feet from the ground, with the

window wide open, you must not be surprised at every passer-by hearing what you say."

"Well, that's true; I never thought of the window being open; not that I would have cared if all the world had heard me, if *you* had not."

It never occurred to me till then, why Mary was annoyed at my having overheard her, but at once I recollected what she had said about me. I made no answer. Mary sat down, leaned her forehead against her hands, and was also silent; I therefore took my candle and retired. It appeared that Mary's pride was much mortified at my having heard her confession of being partial to me—a confession which certainly made very little impression on me, as I considered that she might a month afterwards confess the same relative to Tom, or any other individual who took her fancy; but in this I did not do her justice. Her manners were afterwards much changed towards me; she always appeared to avoid, rather than seek, further intimacy. As for myself, I continued as before, very good friends, kind towards her, but nothing more. The next morning I was up to Mr. Turnbull's by the time agreed, but before I set off, rather a singular occurrence took place. I had just finished cleaning my boat, and had resumed my jacket, when a dark man, from some foreign country, came to the hard, with a bundle under his arm.

"How much for to go to the other side of the river—how much pence?"

"Two-pence," replied I; but not caring to take him, I continued, "but you only pay one penny to cross the bridge."

"I know very well—but suppose you take me?"

He was a well looking, not very dark man; his turban was of coloured cloth—his trowsers not very wide; and I could not comprehend whether he was a Turk or not; I afterwards found out that he was a Parsee, from the East Indies. He spoke very plain English. As he decided upon crossing, I received him, and shoved off; when we were in the middle of the stream, he requested me to pull a little way up. "That will do," said he, opening his bundle, and spreading a carpet on the stern flooring of the wherry. He then rose, looking at the sun, which was then rising in all its majesty, bowed to it with his hands raised, three times, then knelt on the carpet, and touched it several times with his forehead, again rose on his feet, took some common field flowers from his vest, and cast them into the stream, bowed again, folded up his carpet, and begged me to pull on shore.

"I say my prayers," said the man, looking at me with his dark, piercing eye.

"Very proper; who did you say them to?"

"To my God."

"But why don't you say them on shore?"

"Can't see sun in house; suppose I go out, little boys laugh and throw mud. Where no am seen, river very proper place."

We landed, and he took out three-pence, and offered it to me. "No, no," said I, "I don't want you to pay for saying your prayers."

"No take money?"

"Yes, take money to cross river, but not take money for saying

prayers. If you want to say them any other morning come down, and if I am here, I'll always pull you into the stream."

"You very good man—I thank you."

The Parsee made me a low salaam, and walked away. I may here observe, that the man generally came down at sun-rise two or three days in the week, and I invariably gave him a pull off into the stream, that he might pursue his religious ceremony. We often conversed, and at last became very intimate.

Mr. Turnbull was at the bottom of the lawn, which extended from his house to the banks of the river, looking out for me, when I pulled up. The basket with our dinner, &c., was lying by him on the gravel-walk.

"This is a lovely morning, Jacob; but it will be rather a warm day I expect," said he; "come let us be off at once, lay in your sculls, and let us get the oars to pass."

"How is Mrs. Turnbull, sir?"

"Pretty well, Jacob, more like the Molly Bacon that I married, than she has been for some years. Perhaps, after all, this affair may turn out one of the best things that ever happened. It may bring her to her senses—bring happiness back to our hearth; and if so, Jacob, the money is well spent."

We pulled leisurely up stream, talking, and every now and then resting on our oars, to take breath; for, as the old captain said, "Why should we make a toil of pleasure. I like the upper part of the river best, Jacob, because the water is clear, and I love clear water. How many hours have I, when a boy on board ship, hung over the gunnel of a boat, lowered down in a calm, and watched the little floating objects on the dark blue unfathomable water beneath me; objects of all sizes, of all colours, and of all shapes—all of them beautiful, and to be admired; yet of them, perhaps, not one in hundreds of millions ever meet the eye of man. You know, Jacob, that the North Seas are full of these animals—you cannot imagine the quantity of them; the sailors call them blubbers, because they are composed of a sort of transparent jelly, but the real name I am told is *Medusæ*, that is, the learned name. The whale feeds on them, and that is the reason why the whale is found where they are."

"I should like very much to go a voyage to the whale fishery," replied I; "I've heard so much about it from you."

"It is a stirring life, and a hard life, Jacob; still it is an exciting one. Some voyages will turn out very pleasant, but other are dreadful, from their anxiety. If the weather continues fine, it is all very well; but sometimes, when there is continuance of bad weather, it is dreadful. I recollect one voyage which made me show more grey hairs than all the others, and I think I have been twenty-two in all. We were in the drift ice, forcing our way to the northward, when it came on to blow—the sea rose, and after a week's gale, it was tremendous. We had little daylight, and when it was daylight, the fog was so thick that we could see but little; there we were tossing among the large drift ice, meeting immense icebergs which bore down all with the force of the gale, and each time we narrowly escaped perishing: the rigging was loaded with ice; the bows of the ship were cased in a sheet; the men were more than half frozen, and we could

not move a rope through a rope-block, without pouring boiling water through it first, to clear it out. But then the long, dreary, dreadful nights, when we were rising on the mountain wave, and then pitching down into the trough, not knowing but that at each send we might strike upon the ice below, and go to the bottom immediately afterwards. All pitchy dark—the wind howling, and as it struck you, cutting you to the back-bone with its cold searching power, the waves dancing all black around you, and every now and then perceiving, by its white colour and the foam encircling it, a huge mass of ice borne upon you, and hurled against you as if there were a demon, who was using it as an engine for your destruction. I never shall forget the *turning* of an iceberg, during that dreadful gale, which lasted for a month and three days.”

“I don't know what that means, sir.”

“Why you must know, Jacob, that the icebergs are all fresh water, and are supposed to have been detached from the land by the force of the weather and other causes. Now although ice floats, yet it floats deep; that is, if an iceberg is five hundred feet high above the water, it is generally six times as deep below the water—do you understand?”

“Perfectly, sir.”

“Now, Jacob, the water is much warmer than the air, and in consequence the ice under the water melts away much faster; so that if an iceberg has been some time afloat, at last, the part that is below is not so heavy as that which is above; then it turns, that is, it upsets and floats in another position.”

“I understand you, sir.”

“Well, we were close to an iceberg, which was to windward of us, a very tall one indeed, and we reckoned that we should get clear of it, for we were carrying a press of sail to effect it. Still all hands were eagerly watching the iceberg, as it came down very fast before the storm. All of a sudden it blew twice as hard as before, and then one of the men shouted out—‘*turning, turning,*’—and sure enough it was. There was its towering summit gradually bowing towards us, until it almost appeared as if the peak was over our heads. Our fate appeared inevitable as the whole mountain of ice was descending on the vessel, and would of course have crushed us into atoms. We all fell on our knees, praying mentally, and watching its awful descent; even the man at the helm did the same, although he did not let go the spokes of the wheel. It had nearly half turned over, right for us, when the ice below being heavier on one side than on the other, gave it a more slanting direction, and it shifted the direction of its fall, and plunged into the sea about a cable's length astern of us, throwing up the water to the heavens in foam, and blinding us all with the violence with which it was dashed into our faces. For a minute, the run of the waves was checked, and the sea appeared to boil and dance, throwing up peaked pointed masses of water in all directions, one sinking, another rising; the ship rocked and reeled as if she were drunk; even the current of the gale was checked for a moment, and the heavy sails flapped and cleared themselves of their icy varnishing—then all was over. There was an iceberg of another shape astern of us. The

gale recommenced, the waves pressed each other on as before, and we felt the return of the gale, awful as it was, as a reprieve. That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and turned one-third of my hair grey; and what made it worse was, that we only had three fish on board on our return. However, we had reason to be thankful, for eighteen of our vessels were lost altogether, and it was the mercy of God that we were not among the number."

"Well, I suppose you told me that story to prevent my going a voyage?"

"Not a bit, Jacob; if it should chance that you find it your interest to go to the North Pole, or anywhere else, I should say go by all means; let neither difficulty nor danger deter you; but do not go merely from curiosity, that I consider foolish. It's all very well for those who come back, to have the satisfaction to talk of such things, and it is but fair that they should have it; but when you consider how many there are who never come back at all, why then it's very foolish to push yourself into needless danger and privation. You are amused with my recollections of arctic voyages, but just call to mind how many years of hardship, of danger, cold, and starvation, I have undergone to collect all these anecdotes, and then judge whether it is worth any man's while to go for the sake of mere curiosity."

I then amused Mr. Turnbull with the description of the picnic party, which lasted until we had pulled far beyond Kew Bridge. We thrust the bow of the wherry into a bunch of sedges, and then we sat down to our meal, surrounded by hundreds of blue dragon-flies, that flitted about as if to inquire what we meant by intruding upon their domiciles. We continued there chatting and amusing ourselves till it was late, and then shoved off and pulled down with the stream. The sun was down, and we had yet six or seven miles to return to Mr. Turnbull's house, when we perceived a slight handsome young man, in a small skiff, who pulled towards us.

"I say, my lads," said he, taking us both for watermen, "have you a mind to earn a couple of guineas, with very little trouble?"

"O yes," replied Mr. Turnbull, "if you can show us how. A fine chance for you, Jacob," continued he, aside.

"Well then, I shall want your services, perhaps, for not more than an hour, it may be a little longer, as there is a lady in the question, and we may have to wait. All I ask is, that you pull well and do your best. Are you agreed?"

We consented; and he requested us to follow him, and then pulled for the shore.

"This is to be an adventure, sir," said I.

"So it seems," replied Mr. Turnbull; "all the better. I'm old now, but I'm fond of a spree."

The gentleman pulled into a little boat-house by the river's side, belonging to one of the villas on the bank, made fast his boat, and then stepped into ours.

"Now, we've plenty of time; just pull quietly for the present." We continued down the river, and after we had passed Kew Bridge, he directed us in-shore, on the right side, till we came to a garden sweeping down to the river from a cottage *ornée*, of large dimensions,

about fifty yards from the bank. The water was up to the brick wall, which rose from the river about four or five feet. "That will do, st— st—, not a word," said he, rising in the stern sheets, and looking over. After a minute or two reconnoitring, he climbed from the boat on to the parapet of the wall, and whistled two bars of an air which I had never heard before. All was silent. He crouched behind a lilac bush, and in a minute he repeated the same air in a whistle as before; still there was no appearance of movement at the cottage. He continued at intervals to whistle the portion of the air, and at last a light appeared at an upper window; it was removed, and re-appeared three times. "Be ready now, my lads," said he. In about two minutes afterwards, a female, in a cloak, appeared, coming down the lawn, with a box in her hand, panting with excitement.

"Oh! Edward, I heard your first signal, but I could not get into my uncle's room for the box; at last he went out, and here it is."

The gentleman seized the box from her, and handed it to us in the boat.

"Take great care of that, my lads," said he, "and now, Cecilia, we have no time to lose; the sooner you are in the boat the better."

"How am I to get down there, Edward?" replied she.

"O, nothing more easy. Stop, throw your cloak into the boat, and then all you have to do is, first to get upon the top of the wall, and then trust to the watermen below and to me above for helping you."

It was not, however, quite so easy a matter; the wall was four feet high above the boat, and, moreover, there was a trellised work of iron, about a foot high, which ran along the wall. Still she made every effort on her own part, and we considered that we had arranged so as to conquer the difficulty, when the young lady gave a scream. We looked up and beheld a third party on the wall. It was a stout, tall, elderly man, as far as we could perceive in the dark, who immediately seized hold of the lady by the arm, and was dragging her away. This was resisted by the young gentleman, and the lady was relinquished by the other, to defend himself; at the same time that he called out,

"Help, help! Thieves, thieves!"

"Shall I go to his assistance?" said I, to Mr. Turnbull, "one must stay in the boat."

"Jump up then, Jacob, for I never could get up that wall."

I was up in a moment, and gaining my feet, was about to spring to the help of the young man, when four servants with lights and with staves in their hands, made their appearance, hastening down the lawn. The lady had fainted on the grass; the elderly gentleman and his antagonist were down together, but the elderly gentleman had the mastery, for he was uppermost. Perceiving the assistance coming, he called out, "Look to the watermen, secure them." I perceived that not a moment was to be lost. I could be of no service, and Mr. Turnbull might be in an awkward scrape, I sprang into the boat, shoved off, and we were in the stream and at thirty yards distance before they looked over the wall to see where we were.

"Stop, in that boat! stop," they cried.

"Fire, if they don't," cried their master.

We pulled as hard as we could. A musquetoon was discharged, but the shot fell short; the only person who fell was the man who fired it. To see us, he had stood upon the coping bricks of the wall, and the recoil tumbled him over into the river: we saw him fall, and heard the splash; but we pulled on as hard as we could, and in a few minutes the scene of action was far behind us. We then struck across to the other side of the river, and when we had gained close to the shore, we took breath.

"Well," said Mr. Turnbull, "this is a spree I little looked for; to have a blunderbuss full of shot sent after me."

"No," replied I, laughing, "that's carrying the joke rather too far on the river Thames."

"Well, but what a pretty mess we are in! here we have property belonging to God knows whom; and what are we to do with it?"

"I think, sir, the best thing we can do is, for you to land at your own house with the property, and take care of it until we find out what all this is about; and I will continue on with the sculls to the hard. We shall hear or find out something about it in a day or two, they may still follow up the pursuit and trace us."

"The advice is good," replied Mr. Turnbull, "and the sooner we cut over again the better, for we are nearly abreast of my place."

We did so; Mr. Turnbull landed in his garden, taking with him the tin-box, (it was what they call a deed box,) and the lady's cloak. I did not wait, but boating the oars, took my sculls and pulled down to Fulham as fast as I could. I had arrived, and was pulling gently in, not to injure the other boats, when a man with a lantern came into the wherry.

"Have you any thing in your boat, my man?" said he.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. The man examined the boat, and was satisfied.

"Tell me, did you see a boat with two men in it as you came along?"

"No, sir," replied I, "nothing has passed me."

"Where do you come from now?"

"From a gentleman's place near Brentford."

"Brentford; O then you were far below them. They are not down yet."

"Have you a job for me, sir?" said I, not wishing to appear anxious to go away.

"No, my man, no; nothing to-night. We are on the look-out, but we have two boats in the stream, and a man at each landing-place."

I made fast my boat, shouldered my oars and sculls, and departed, not at all sorry to get away. It appeared that as soon as it was ascertained that we were not to be stopped by being fired at, they saddled horses, and the distance by the road being so much shorter, had, by galloping as hard as they could, arrived at Fulham some ten minutes before me. It was, therefore, most fortunate that the box had been landed, or I should have been discovered. That the

contents were of value was evident, from the anxiety to secure them; but the mystery was still to be solved. I was quite tired with exertion and excitement when I arrived at Stapleton's. Mary was there to give me my supper, which I ate in silence, complaining of a headache, and went to bed. That night I dreamed of nothing but the scene over and over again, and the two bars of music were constantly ringing in my ears. As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I set off to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him what had occurred.

"It was, indeed, fortunate that the box was landed," said he, "or you might have now been in prison. I wish I had had nothing to do with it; but as you say, 'what's done can't be helped.' I will not give up the box, at all events, until I know which party is entitled to it, and I cannot help thinking that the lady is. But, Jacob, you will have to reconnoitre, and find out what this story is. Tell me, do you think you could remember the tune, which he whistled so often?"

"It has been running in my head the whole night, and I have been trying it all the way as I pulled here. I think I have it exact. Hear, sir." I whistled the two bars.

"Quite correct, Jacob, quite correct; well take care not to forget them. Where are you going to-day?"

"No where, sir."

"Suppose then you pull up the river, and find out the place where we landed, and when you have ascertained that, you can go on and see whether the young man is with his skiff; at all events, you may find out something—but pray be cautious."

I promised to be very careful, and departed on my errand, which I undertook with much pleasure, for I was delighted with any thing like adventure. I pulled up the river, and in about an hour and a quarter came abreast of the spot. I recognized the cottage *ornée*, the parapet wall, even the spot where we lay, and perceived that several bricks were detached and had fallen in the river. There appeared to be no one stirring in the house, yet I continued to pull up and down looking at the windows; at last one opened, and a young lady looked out, who, I was persuaded, was the same that we had seen the night before. There was no wind, and all was quiet around. She sat at the window, leaning her head on her hand. I whistled the two bars of the air. At the first bar she started up, and looked earnestly at me as I completed the second. I looked up, she waved her handkerchief once, and then shut the window. In a few seconds she made her appearance on the lawn, walking down towards the river. I immediately pulled in under the wall. I laid in my sculls, and held on, standing up in the boat.

"Who are you? and who sent you?" said she, looking down on me, and discovering one of the most beautiful faces I had ever witnessed.

"No one sent me, ma'am," replied I, "but I was in the boat last night. I'm sorry you were so unfortunate; but your box and cloak are quite safe."

"You were one of the men in the boat. I trust no one was hurt when they fired at you?"

"No, ma'am."

"And where is the box?"

"In the house of the person who was with me."

"Can he be trusted? for they will offer large rewards for it."

"I should think so, ma'am," replied I, smiling; "the person who was with me is a gentleman of large fortune, who was amusing himself on the river. He desires me to say that he will not give up the box until he knows to whom the contents legally belong."

"Good heavens, how fortunate! Am I to believe you?"

"I should hope so, ma'am."

"And what are you then? You are not a waterman?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

She paused, looking earnestly at me for a little while, and then continued, "How did you learn the air you whistled?"

"The young gentleman whistled it six or seven times last night before you came. I tried it this morning coming up, as I thought it would be the means of attracting your attention. Can I be of any service to you, ma'am?"

"Service—yes, if I could be sure you were to be trusted—of the greatest service. I am confined here—cannot send a letter—watched as I move—only allowed the garden, and even watched while I walk here. They are most of them in quest of the tin-box to-day, or I should not be able to talk to you so long." She looked round at the house anxiously, and then said, "Stop here a minute, while I walk a little." She then retreated, and paced up and down the garden walk. I still remained under the wall, so as not to be perceived from the house. In about three or four minutes, she returned and said, "It would be very cruel—it would be more than cruel—it would be very wicked of you to deceive me, for I am very unfortunate and very unhappy." The tears started in her eyes. "You do not look as if you would. What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful, ma'am, and I will be true to my name, if you will put your trust in me. I never deceived any one that I can recollect; and I'm sure I would not you—now that I've seen you."

"Yes, but money will seduce every body."

"Not me, ma'am; I've as much as I wish for."

"Well, then, I will trust you, and think you sent from heaven to my aid; but how am I to see you? To-morrow my uncle will be back, and then I shall not be able to 'speak to you one moment, and if seen to speak to you, you will be laid in wait for, and perhaps shot."

"Well, ma'am," replied I, after a pause, "if you cannot speak, you can write. You see that the bricks on the parapet are loose here. Put your letter under this brick—I can take it away, even in day-time, without being noticed, and can put the answer in the same place, so that you can secure it, when you come out."

"How very clever! Good heavens, what an excellent idea!"

"Was the young gentleman hurt, ma'am, in the scuffle last night?" inquired I.

"No, I believe not much, but I wish to know where he is, to write to him; could you find out?" I told her where we had met

him, and what had passed. "That was Lady Auburn's," replied she, "he is often there—she is our cousin; but I don't know where he lives, and how to find him I know not. His name is Henry Talbot. Do you think you could find him out?"

"Yes, ma'am, with a little trouble it might be done. They ought to know where he is at Lady Auburn's."

"Yes, some of the servants might—but how will you get to them?"

"That, ma'am, I must find out. It may not be done in one day, or two days, but if you will look every morning under this brick, if there is any thing to communicate you will find it there."

"You can write and read then?"

"I should hope so, ma'am," replied I, laughing.

"I don't know what to make of you. Are you really a water-man?"

"Really and——" She turned her head round at a noise of a window opening.

"You must go—don't forget the brick;" and she disappeared.

I shoved my wherry along by the side of the wall, so as to remain unperceived until I was clear of the frontage attached to the cottage; and then taking my sculls, pulled into the stream; and as I was resolved to see if I could obtain any information at Lady Auburn's, I had to pass the garden again, having shoved my boat down the river instead of up, when I was under the wall. I perceived the young lady walking with a tall man by her side; he speaking very energetically, and using much gesticulation, she holding down her head. In another minute they were shut out from my sight. I was so much stricken with the beauty and sweetness of expression in the young lady's countenance, that I was resolved to use my best exertions to be of service to her. In about an hour and a-half, I had arrived at the villa, abreast of which we had met the young gentleman, and which the young lady had told me belonged to Lady Auburn. I could see no one in the grounds, nor indeed in the house. After watching a few minutes, I landed as near to the villa as I could, made fast the wherry, and walked round to the entrance. There was no lodge, but a servant's door at one side. I pulled the bell, having made up my mind how to proceed as I was walking up. The bell was answered by an old woman, who, in a snarling tone, asked me, what did I want?

"I am waiting below, with my boat, for Mr. Talbot; has he come yet?"

"Mr. Talbot. No—he's not come; nor did he say that he would come; when did you see him?"

"Yesterday. Is Lady Auburn at home."

"Lady Auburn—no; she went to town this morning; everybody goes to London now, that they may not see the flowers and green trees, I suppose."

"But I suppose Mr. Talbot will come," continued I, "so I must wait for him."

"You can do just as you like," replied the old woman, about to shut the gate in my face.

"May I request a favour of you, ma'am, before you shut the gate

—which is, to bring me a little water to drink, for the sun is hot, and I have had a long pull up here :” and I took out my handkerchief and wiped my face.

“ Yes, I’ll fetch you some,” replied she, shutting the gate, and going away.

“ This don’t seem to answer very well,” thought I to myself. The old woman returned, opened the gate, and handed me a mug of water. I drank some, thanked her, and returned it.

“ I am very tired,” said I, “ I should like to sit down and wait for the gentleman.”

“ Don’t you sit when you pull ?” inquired the old woman.

“ Yes,” replied I.

“ Then you must be tired of sitting, I should think, not of standing ; at all events, if you want to sit, you can sit in your boat, and mind it at the same time.” With this observation she shut the door upon me, and left me without any more comment.

After this decided repulse on the part of the old woman, I had nothing to do but to take her advice, viz. to go and look after my boat. I pulled down to Mr. Turnbull’s, and told him my good and bad fortune. It being late he ordered me some dinner in his study, and we sat there canvassing over the affair. “ Well,” said he, as we finished, “ you must allow me to consider this as my affair, Jacob, as I was the occasion of our getting mixed up in it. You must do all you can to find this young man, and I shall hire Stapleton’s boat by the day until we succeed ; you need not tell him so, or he may be anxious to know why. To-morrow you go down to old Beazeley’s ?”

“ Yes, sir ; you cannot hire me to-morrow.”

“ Still I shall, as I want to see you to-morrow morning before I go. Here’s Stapleton’s money for yesterday and to-day, and now good night.”

I was at Mr. Turnbull’s early the next morning, and found him with the newspaper before him. “ I expected this, Jacob,” said he ; “ read that advertisement.” I read as follows : “ Whereas, on Friday night last, between the hours of nine and ten, a tin box, containing deeds and papers, was handed into a wherry, from the grounds of a villa between Brentford and Kew, and the parties who owned it were prevented from accompanying the same, This is to give notice, that a reward of twenty pounds will be paid to the watermen upon their delivering up the same to Messrs. James and John White, of No. 14, Lincoln’s Inn Fields. As no other parties are authorized to receive the said tin box of papers, all other applications for it must be disregarded. An early attention to this advertisement will oblige.” “ There must be papers of no little consequence in that box, Jacob, depend upon it,” said Mr. Turnbull ; “ however, here they are, and here they shall remain until I know more about it, that’s certain. I intend to try what I can do myself with the old woman, for I perceive the villa is to be let for three months—here is the advertisement in the last column, I shall go to town to-day, and obtain a ticket from the agent, and it is hard but I’ll ferret out something. I shall see you to-morrow. Now you may go, Jacob.” I hastened away, as I had promised to be down to old Tom’s to breakfast ; an hour’s smart pulling brought me to the landing place opposite to his house.

The house of old Tom Beazeley was situated on the verge of Battersea Fields, about a mile and a half from the bridge bearing the same name; the river about twenty yards before it—the green grass behind it, and not a tree within half a mile of it. There was nothing picturesque in it but its utter loneliness; it was not only lonely, but isolated, for it was fixed upon a delta of about half an acre, between two creeks, which joined at about forty yards from the river, and ran up through the fields, so that the house was, at high water, upon an island, and at low water was defended by a more impassable barrier of mud, so that the only advances to it could be made from the river, where a small *hard*, edged with posts worn down to the conformation of decayed double teeth, offered the only means of access. The house itself was one story high; dark red bricks, and darker tiles upon the roof; windows very scarce and very small, although built long before the damnable tax upon light, for it was probably built in the time of Elizabeth, to judge by the peculiarity of the style of architecture observable in the chimneys; but it matters very little at what epoch was built a tenement which was rented at only ten pounds per annum. The major part of the said island was stocked with cabbage plants; but on one side, there was half a boat set upright, with a patch of green before it. At the time that old Beazeley hired it, there was a bridge, rudely constructed of old ship plank, by which you could gain a path which led across the Battersea Fields; but as all the communications of old Tom were by water, and Mrs. Beazely never ventured over the bridge, it was gradually knocked away for fire-wood, and when it was low-water, one old post, redolent of mud, marked the spot where the bridge had been. The interior was far more inviting; Mrs. Beazeley was a clean person and frugal housewife, and every article in the kitchen, which was the first room you entered, was as clean and as bright as industry could make them. There was a parlour also, seldom used; both of the inmates, when they did meet, which was not above a day or two in three weeks, during the time that old Beazeley was in charge of the lighter, preferring comfort to grandeur. In this isolated house, upon this isolated spot, did Mrs. Beazeley pass a life of almost isolation.

And yet perhaps there never was a more lively or more happy woman than Mrs. Beazeley, for she was strong, in good health, and always employed. She knew that her husband was following up his employment on the river, and laying by a provision for their old age, while she herself was adding considerably to it by her own exertions. She had married old Tom long before he had lost his legs, at a time that he was a prime active sailor, and the best man of the ship. She was a net-maker's daughter, and had been brought up to the business, at which she was very expert. The most difficult part of the art, is that of making large *seines* for taking sea fish; and when she had no order for those to complete, the making of casting-nets beguiled away her time as soon as her household cares had been disposed of. She made money and husbanded it, not only for herself and her partner, but for her son, young Tom, upon whom she doated. So accustomed was she to work hard and be alone, that it was difficult to say whether she was most pleased or most annoyed when her husband and son made their

appearance for a day or two, and the latter was alternately fondled and scolded during the whole of his sojourn; Tom, as the reader may suppose from a knowledge of his character; caring about as much for the one as the other.

I pulled into the *hard*, and made fast my boat. There was no one outside the door when I landed; on entering, I found them all seated at the table, and a grand display of fragments in the shape of herring-bones, &c. "Well, Jacob, come at last—thought you had forgot us; piped to breakfast at eight bells—always do, you know," said old Tom, on my making my appearance.

"Have you had your breakfast, boy?" said Mrs. Beazeley.

"No," replied I, "I was obliged to go up to Mr. Turnbull's, and that detained me."

"No more sodgers, Jacob," said Tom, "father and I eat them all."

"Have you," replied Mrs. Beazeley, taking two more red herrings out of the cupboard and putting them on the fire to grill; "no, no, master Tom, there's some for Jacob yet."

"Well, mother, you make nets to some purpose, for you've always a fish when it's wanted."

I dispatched my breakfast, and as soon as all had been cleared away by his wife, old Tom, crossing his two timber legs, commenced business, for it appeared, what I was not aware of, that we had met on a sort of council of war.

"Jacob, sit down by me; old woman, bring yourself to an anchor in the high chair. Tom, sit any where, so you sit still."—"And leave my net alone, Tom," cried his mother, in parenthesis.—"You see, Jacob, the whole long and short of it is this, I feel my toes more and more, and flannel's no longer warm. I can't tide it any longer, and I thinks it high time to lie up in ordinary and moor abreast of the old woman. Now, there's Tom, in the first place, what's to do with he? I think that I'll build him a wherry, and as I'm free of the river, he can finish his apprenticeship with my name on the boat; but to build him a wherry will be rather a heavy pull for me."

"If you mean to build it yourself, I think it will prove a *heavy pull* for me," replied Tom.

"Silence, Tom; I built you, and God knows you're light enough."

"And Tom, leave my net alone," cried his mother.

"Father made me light-fingered, mother."

"Aye, and light-hearted too, boy," rejoined the dame, looking fondly at the son.

"Well," continued old Tom, "supposing that Tom be provided for in that way; then now I comes to myself. I've an idea that I can do a good bit of work in patching up boats, for you see I always was a bit of a carpenter, and I know how the builders extortionate the poor waterman when there's a trifle amiss. Now, if they knew I could do it, they'd all come to me fast enough; but then there's a puzzle; I've been thinking this week how I can make them know it. I can't put out a board and say, Beazeley, *Boat-builder*, because I'm no boat-builder, but still I want a sign."

"Lord, father, hav'n't you got one already," interrupted young Tom, "you've half a boat stuck up there, and that means you're half a boat-builder."

" Silence, Tom, with your frippery ; what do you think, Jacob ?"

" Could not you say, ' Boats repair'd here ?' "

" Yes, but that won't exactly do ; they like to employ a builder—and there's the puzzle."

" Not half so puzzling as this net," observed Tom, who had taken up the needle, unobserved by his mother, and began to work ; " I've made only ten stitches, and six of them are long ones."

" Tom, Tom, you good for nothing—why don't you let my net alone?" cried Mrs. Beazeley, " now 'twill take me as much time to undo ten stiches as to have made fifty."

" All right, mother."

" No, Tom, all's wrong ; look at these meshes?"

" Well, then, all's fair, mother."

" No, all's foul, boy ; look how it's tangled."

" Still, I say, all's fair, mother, for it is but fair to give the fish one or two chances to get away, and that's just what I've done ; and now, father, I'll settle your affair to your own satisfaction, as I have mother's."

" That will be queer satisfaction, Tom, I guess, but let's hear what you have to say."

" Why, then, father, it seems, that you're no boat-builder, but you want people to fancy that you are—a'n't that the question?"

" Why, 'tis something like it, Tom—but I do no body no harm."

" Certainly not ; it's only the boats which will suffer. Now, get a large board, with ' Boats *built to order*, and boats repaired, by Tom Beazeley.' You know if any man is fool enough to order a boat, that's his concern, you didn't say you're a boat-builder, although you've no objection to try your hand."

" What do you say, Jacob," said old Tom, appealing to me.

" I think that Tom has given very good advice, and I would follow it."

" Ah! Tom has a head," said Mrs. Beazeley, fondly. " Tom, let go my net again, will you? what a boy you are! Now, touch it again if you dare," and Mrs. Beazeley took up a little poker from the fire-place and shook it at him.

" Tom has a head, indeed," said young Tom, " but as he has no wish to have it broken, Jacob, lend me your wherry for half an hour, and I'll be off."

I assented, and Tom, first tossing the cat upon his mother's back, made his escape, crying

" Lord, Molly, what a fish,"

as the animal fixed in its claws to save herself from falling, making Mrs. Beazeley roar out and vow vengeance, while old Tom and I could not refrain from laughter.

After Tom's departure, the conversation was renewed, and every thing was finally arranged between old Tom and his wife, except the building of the wherry, at which the old woman shook her head. It would be too long, and not sufficiently interesting to detail ; one part, however, I must make the reader acquainted with. After entering into all the arrangements of the house, Mrs. Beazeley took me up stairs

to show me the rooms, which were very neat and clean. I came down with her, and old Tom said "Did the old woman show you the room with the white curtains, Jacob?"

"Yes," replied I, "and a very nice one it is."

"Well, Jacob, there's nothing sure in this world. You're well off at present, and 'leave well alone' is a good motto; but recollect this, that room is for you when you want it, and every thing else we can share with you. It's offered freely, and you will accept it the same. Is it not, old lady?"

"Yes, that it is, Jacob; but may you do better—if not, I'll be your mother for want of a better."

I was moved with the kindness of the old couple; the more so, as I did not know what I had done to deserve it. Old Tom gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand, and then continued: "But about this wherry—what do you say, old woman?"

"What will it cost," rejoined she gravely.

"Cost; let me see,—a good wherry with sculls and oars will be a matter of thirty pounds."

The old woman screwed up her mouth, shook her head, and then walked away to prepare for dinner.

"I think she could muster the blunt, Jacob, but she don't like to part with it. Tom must coax her. I wish he had'n't shied the cat at her. He's too full of fun."

As old Beazeley finished, I perceived a wherry pulling in with some ladies. I looked attentively, and recognized my own boat, and Tom pulling. In a minute more they were at the *hard*, and who, to my astonishment, were there seated, but Mrs. Drummond and Sarah. As Tom got out of the boat and held it steady against the *hard*, he called to me; I could not do otherwise than go and assist them out; and once more did I touch the hands of those whom I never thought to meet again. Mrs. Drummond retained my hand a short time after she landed, saying, "We are friends, Jacob, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied I, much moved, in a faltering voice.

"I shall not ask that question," said Sarah, gaily, "for we parted friends."

And as I recalled to mind her affectionate behaviour, I pressed her hand, and the tears glistened in my eyes as I looked into her sweet face. As I afterwards discovered, this was an arranged plan with old and young Tom, to meet me, without my knowledge. Mrs. Beazeley curtesied and stroked her apron—smiled at the ladies, looked very *cat-tish* at Tom, showed the ladies into the house, where old Tom assisted to do the honours after his own fashion, by asking Mrs. Drummond if she would like to *whet her whistle* after her *pull*. Mrs. Drummond looked round to me for explanation, but young Tom thought proper to be interpreter. "Father wants to know, if you please ma'am, whether, after your *pull* in the boat, you wouldn't like to have a *pull* at the brandy bottle?"

"No," replied Mrs. Drummond, smiling, "but I should be obliged for a glass of water. Will you get me one, Jacob?"

I hastened to comply, and Mrs. Drummond entered into conversation with Mrs. Beazeley. Sarah looked at me, and went to the door,

turning back as inviting me to follow. I did so, and we soon found ourselves seated on the bench in the old boat.

"Jacob," said she, looking earnestly at me, "you surely will be friends with *my* father?"

I think I should have shaken my head, but she laid an emphasis on *my*, which the little gypsey knew would have its effect. All my resolutions, all my pride, all my sense of injury vanished before the mild beautiful eyes of Sarah, and I replied hastily, "Yes, Miss Sarah, I can refuse *you* nothing."

"Why *Miss*, Jacob?"

"I am a waterman, and you are much above me."

"That is your own fault; but say no more about it."

"I must say something more, which is this, do not attempt to induce me to leave my present employment; I am happy, because I am independent; and that I will, if possible, be for the future."

"Any one can pull an oar, Jacob."

"Very true, Miss Sarah; and is under no obligation to any one by so earning his livelihood. He works for all, and is paid for all."

"Will you come and see us, Jacob? Come to-morrow—now do—promise me. Will you refuse your old playmate, Jacob?"

"I wish you would not ask that."

"How then can you say that you are friends with my father? I will not believe you unless you promise to come."

"Sarah," replied I earnestly, "I will come; and to prove to you that I am friends, I will ask a favour of him."

"O Jacob, this is kind indeed," cried Sarah, with her eyes swimming with tears. "You have made me so—so very happy!"

The meeting with Sarah humanized me, and every feeling of revenge was chased from my memory. Mrs. Drummond joined us soon after, and proposed to return. "And Jacob will pull us back," cried Sarah. "Come, sir, look after your *fare*, in both senses. Since you will be a waterman, you shall work." I laughed, and handed them into the boat. Tom took the other oar, and we were soon at the steps close to Mr. Drummond's house.

"Mamma, we ought to give these poor fellows something to drink, they've worked very hard," said Sarah, mocking. "Come up, my good men." I hesitated. "Nay, Jacob, if to-morrow, why not to-day? the sooner these things are over the better."

I felt the truth of this observation, and followed her. In a few minutes I was again in that parlour in which I had been dismissed, and in which the affectionate girl burst into tears on my shoulder, as I held the handle of the door. I looked at it, and looked at Sarah. Mrs. Drummond had gone out of the room to let Mr Drummond know that I had come. "How kind you were, Sarah!" said I.

"Yes, but kind people are cross sometimes, and so am I—and so was——"

Mr. Drummond came in, and stopped her. "Jacob, I am glad to see you again in my house; I was deceived by appearances, and did you injustice." How true is the observation of the wise man, that a soft word turneth away wrath; that Mr. Drummond should personally acknowledge that he was wrong to me—that he should confess it—

every feeling of resentment was gone, and others crowded in their place. I recollected how he had protected the orphan—how he had provided him with instruction—how he had made *his* house a home to me—how he had tried to bring me forward under his own protection. I recollected—which, alas! I never should have forgotten—that he had treated me for years with kindness and affection, all of which had been obliterated from my memory by one single act of injustice. I felt that I was a culprit, and burst into tears; and Sarah, as before, cried in sympathy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond," said I, as soon as I could speak; "I have been very wrong in being so revengeful after so much kindness from you."

"We both have been wrong—but say no more on the subject, Jacob; I have an order to give, and then I will come up to you again," and Mr. Drummond quitted the room.

"You dear, good boy," said Sarah, coming up to me. "Now I really do love you."

What I might have replied was put a stop to, by Mrs. Drummond entering the room. She made a few inquiries about where I at present resided, and Sarah was catechizing me rather inquisitively about Mary Stapleton, when Mr. Drummond re-entered the room, and shook me by the hand with a warmth which made me more ashamed of my conduct towards him. The conversation became general, but still rather embarrassed, when Sarah whispered to me, "What is the favour you would ask of my father?" I had forgotten it at the moment, but I immediately told him that I would be obliged if he would allow me to have a part of the money belonging to me, which he held in his possession.

"That I will, with pleasure, and without asking what you intend to do with it, Jacob. How much do you require?"

"Thirty pounds, if there is so much."

Mr. Drummond went down, and in a few minutes returned with the sum, in notes and guineas. I thanked him, and shortly afterwards took my leave.

"Did not young Beazeley tell you I had something for you, Jacob?" said Sarah, as I wished her good-bye.

"Yes; what is it?"

"You must come and see," replied Sarah, laughing. Thus was a finale to all my revenge, brought about by a little girl of fifteen years old, with large dark eyes.

Tom had taken his glass of grog below, and was waiting for me at the steps. We shoved off, and returned to his father's house, where dinner was just ready. After dinner old Tom recommenced the argument. "The only hitch," says he, "is about the wherry. What do you say, old woman?" The old woman shook her head.

"As that is the only hitch," said I, "I can remove it, for here is the money for the wherry, which I make a present to Tom," and I put the money into young Tom's hand. Tom counted it out before his father and mother, much to their astonishment.

"You're a good fellow, Jacob," said Tom; "but I say, do you recollect Wimbledon Common?"

"What then?" replied I.

"Only Jerry Abershaw, that's all."

"Do not be afraid, Tom. it is honestly mine."

"But how did you get it, Jacob?" said old Tom.

It may appear strange, but impelled by the wish to serve my friends, I had asked for the money which I knew belonged to me, but never thought of the manner in which it had been obtained. The question of old Tom recalled every thing to my memory, and I shuddered when I recollected the circumstances attending it. I was confused and did not like to reply. "Be satisfied, the money is mine," replied I.

"Yes, Jacob, but how," replied Mrs. Beazeley; "surely you ought to tell how you got so large a sum."

"Jacob has some reason for not telling, missus, depend upon it; mayhap Mr. Turnbull, or whoever gave it to him, told him to hold his tongue." But this answer would not satisfy Mrs. Beazeley, who declared she would not allow a farthing to be taken, unless she knew how it was obtained.

"Tom, give back the money directly," said she, looking at me suspiciously.

Tom laid it on the table before me without saying a word. "Take it Tom," said I, colouring up. "I had it from my mother."

"From your mother, Jacob!" said old Tom. "Nay, that could not well be, if my memory sarves me right. Still it may be."

"Deary me, I don't like this at all," cried Mrs. Beazeley, getting up, and wiping her apron with a quick motion. "O Jacob, that must be—not the truth."

I coloured up to the tips of my ears, at being suspected of falsehood. I looked round, and saw that even Tom and his father had a melancholy doubt in their countenances; and certainly, my confused appearance would have caused suspicion in any body. "I little thought," said I, at last, "when I hoped to have so much pleasure in giving, and to find that I had made you happy in receiving the money, that it would have proved a source of so much annoyance. I perceive that I am suspected of having obtained it improperly, and of not having told the truth. That Mrs. Beazeley may think so, who does not know me, is not to be wondered at; but that you," continued I, turning to old Tom, "or you," looking at his son, "should suspect me, is very mortifying; and I did not expect it. I tell you, that the money is mine, honestly mine, and obtained from my mother. I ask you, do you believe me?"

"I, for one, do believe you, Jacob," said young Tom, striking his fist on the table. "I can't understand it, but I know you never told a lie, or did a dishonourable act since I've known you."

"Thank you Tom," said I, taking his proffered hand.

"And I would swear the same, Jacob," said old Tom; "although I have been longer in the world than my boy has, and have therefore seen more, and sorry am I to say, many a good man turned bad, from temptation being too great; but when I looked in your face, and saw the blood up to your forehead, I did feel a little suspicious, I must own; but I beg your pardon, Jacob, no one can look in your face

now, and not see that you are innocent. I believe all you say, in spite of the old woman and—the devil to boot—and there's my hand upon it."

"Why not tell—why not tell?" muttered Mrs. Beazeley, shaking her head, and working at her net faster than ever.

But I had resolved to tell, and did so, narrating distinctly the circumstances by which the money had been obtained. I did it, however, with feelings of mortification which I cannot express. I felt humiliated—I felt that for my own wants that money I never could touch. Still my explanation had the effect of removing the doubts even of Mrs. Beazeley, and harmony was restored. The money was accepted by the old couple, and promised to be applied for the purpose intended.

"As for me, Jacob," said Tom, "when I say I thank you, you know I mean it. Had I had the money, and you had wanted it, you will believe me when I say that I would have given it to you."

"That I'm sure of, Tom."

"Still, Jacob, it is a great deal of money; and I shall lie by my earnings as fast as I can, that you may have it in case you want it; but it will take many a heavy pull, and many a shirt wet with labour, before I can make up a sum like that."

I did not stay much longer after this little fracas; I was hurt—my pride was wounded by suspicion, and fortunate it was that the circumstance had not occurred previous to my meeting with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, otherwise no reconciliation would have taken place in that quarter. How much are we the sport of circumstances, and how insensibly they mark out our career in this world! With the best intentions we go wrong; instigated by unworthy motives, we fall upon our feet, and the chapter of accidents has more power over the best regulated mind, than all the chapters in the Bible.

I shook hands with Tom, who perceiving that I was vexed, had accompanied me down to the boat, with his usual sympathy, and had offered to pull with me to Fulham, and walk back; which offer I declined, as I wished to be alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and the broad light and shadow, with the stillness of all around, were peculiarly adapted to my feelings. I continued my way up the river, revolving in my mind the scenes of the day: the reconciliation with one whom I never intended to have spoken to again; the little quarrel with those whom I never expected to have been at variance with, and that, at the time, that I was only exerting myself to serve them; and then I thought of Sarah, as an oasis of real happiness in this contemplated desert, and dwelt upon the thought of her as the most pleasant and calming to my still agitated mind. Thus did I ruminate till I had passed Putney Bridge, forgetting that I was close to my landing-place, and continuing in my reverie to pull up the river, when my cogitations were disturbed by a noise of men laughing and talking, apparently in a state of intoxication. They were in a four-oared wherry, coming down the river, after a party of pleasure, as it is termed, generally one ending in intoxication. I listened.

"I tell you I can spin an oar with any man in the king's service," said the man in the bow. "Now look."

He threw his oar out of the rollocks, spun it in the air, but unfortunately did not catch it when it fell, and consequently it went through the bottom, starting two of the planks of the fragile built boat, which immediately filled with water.

"Hilloa! waterman," cried another, perceiving me, "quick, or we shall sink." But the boat was nearly up to the thwarts in water, before I could reach her, and just as I was nearly alongside, she filled and turned over.

"Help, waterman; help me first, I'm senior clerk," cried a voice which I well knew. I put out my oar to him, as he struggled in the water, and soon had him clinging to the wherry. I then tried to catch hold of the man who had sunk the boat by his attempt to toss the oar, but he very quietly said, "No, damn it, there's too many, we shall swamp the wherry; I'll swim on shore, and suiting the action to the word, he made for the shore with perfect self-possession, swimming in his clothes with great ease and dexterity.

I picked up two more, and thought that all were saved, when turning round and looking towards the bridge, I saw resplendent in the bright beams of the moon, and "round as its orb," the well remembered face of the stupid young clerk who had been so inimical to me, struggling with all his might. I pulled to him, and putting out my oar over the bow, he seized it after rising from his first sink, and was, with the other four, soon clinging to the sides of the wherry.

"Pull me in—pull me in, waterman," cried the head clerk, whose voice I had recognized.

"No, you will swamp the boat."

"Well, but pull me in, if not the others. I'm the senior clerk."

"Can't help that, you must hold on," replied I, "while I pull you on shore; we shall soon be there." I must say that I felt a pleasure in allowing him thus to hang in the water. I might have taken them all in certainly, although at some risk, from their want of presence of mind and hurry, arising from the feeling of self-preservation; but I desired them to hold on, and pulled for the landing-place, which we soon gained. The person who had preferred swimming, had arrived before us, and was waiting on the beach.

"Have you got them all, waterman?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I believe so; I have four."

"The tally is right," replied he, "and four greater galloots were never picked up; but never mind that. It was my nonsense that nearly drowned them; and, therefore, I'm very glad you've managed so well. My jacket went down in the boat, and I must reward you another time."

"Thank you, sir, no occasion for that, it's not a regular fare."

"Nevertheless give us your name."

"O you may ask Mr. Hodgson, the senior clerk, or that full-moon faced fellow—they know my name."

"Waterman, what do you mean?" replied Mr. Hodgson, shivering with cold.

"Very impudent fellow," said the junior, of the round face.

"If they know your name, they won't tell it," replied the other.

"Now I'll first tell you mine, which is Lieutenant Wilson, of the navy; and now let's have yours, that I may ask for it; and tell me what stairs you ply from."

"My name is Jacob Faithful, sir," replied I; "and you may ask your friends whether they know it or not when their teeth don't chatter quite so much."

At the mention of my name the senior and junior clerk walked off, and the lieutenant telling me that I should hear from him again, was about to leave. "If you mean to give me money, sir, I tell you candidly I shall not take it. I hate these two men for the injuries they have heaped upon me; but I don't know how it is, I feel a degree of pleasure in having saved them, that I wish no better revenge. So farewell, sir."

"Spoken as you ought, my lad—that's glorious revenge. Well, then, I will not come; but if ever we meet again, I shall not forget this night and Jacob Faithful." He held out his hand, shook mine warmly, and walked away.

When they were gone, I remained for some little time quite stupefied at the events of the day. The reconciliation—the quarrel—the revenge. I was still in thought when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. This recalled me, and I was hauling up my boat, intending to go home to Stapleton's; but with no great eagerness. I felt a sort of dislike to Mary Stapleton, which I could not account for; but the fact was, I had been in company with Sarah Drummond. The horse stopped at the foot of the bridge; and the rider giving it to his servant, who was mounted on another, to hold, came down to where I was hauling up my boat. "My lad, is it too late for you to launch your boat? I will pay you well."

"Where do you wish to go to, sir? It is now past ten o'clock."

"I know it is, and I hardly expected to find a waterman here; but I took the chance. Will you take me about two miles up the river?"

I looked at the person who addressed me, and was delighted to recognize in him the young man who had hired Mr. Turnbull and me to take him to the garden, and who had been captured when we escaped with the tin box; but I did not make myself known. "Well, sir, if you wish it, I've no objection," replied I, putting my shoulder to the bow of my wherry, and launching her again into the water. At all events this has been a day of adventure, thought I, as I threw my sculls again into the water, and commenced pulling up the stream. I was some little while in meditation whether I should make myself known to the young man; but I decided that I would not. Let me see, thought I, what sort of a person this is; whether he is as deserving as the young lady appeared to consider. "Which side, sir?" inquired I.

"The left," was the reply.

I knew that well enough, and I pulled in silence until nearly up to the wall of the garden which ran down to the bank of the river. "Now pull in to that wall, and make no noise," was the injunction, which I obeyed; securing the boat to the very part where the coping bricks had been displaced. He stood up, and whistled the two bars

of the tune as before, waited five minutes, repeated it, and watched the windows of the house ; but there was no reply, or signs of any body being up or stirring. " It is too late, she is gone to rest."

" I thought there was a lady in the case, sir," observed I. " If you wish to communicate with her, I think I could manage it."

" Could you ?" replied he. " Stop a moment, I'll speak to you by and by." He whistled the tune once more, and after waiting another ten minutes, dropped himself down on the stern sheets, and told me to pull back again. After a minute's silence he said to me, " You think you could communicate with her, you say. Pray, how do you propose ?"

" If you will write a letter, sir, I'll try to let it come to her hand ?"

" How ?"

" That, sir, you must leave me to find out, and trust to opportunity; but you must tell me what sort of person she is, that I may not give it to another ; and also, who there is in the house that I must be careful does not see me."

" Very true," replied he ; " I can only say, that if you do succeed, I will reward you handsomely ; but she is so strictly watched, that I am afraid it will be impossible ; however, a despairing, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw, and I will see whether you will be able to assist me."

He then informed me, that there was no one in the house except her uncle and his servants, all of whom were spies upon her ; that my only chance was watching if she were permitted to walk in the garden alone, which might be the case ; and perhaps by concealing myself from eight o'clock in the morning till the evening, under the parapet wall, I might find an opportunity. He directed me to be at the foot of the bridge the next morning, at seven o'clock, when he would come with a letter written for me to deliver, if possible. We had then arrived at Fulham ; he landed, and putting a guinea in my hand, mounted his horse, which his servant walked up and down, waiting for him, and rode off. I hauled up my boat and went home, tired with the manifold events of the day. Mary Stapleton, who had sat up for me, was very inquisitive to know what had occasioned my coming home so late, but I evaded her questions, and she left me in any thing but good humour ; but about that I never felt so indifferent.

The next morning the servant made his appearance with the letter, telling me that he had orders to wait till the evening ; and I pulled up the river. I placed it under the loose brick, as agreed upon with the young lady, and then shoved off to the other side of the river, where I had a full view of the garden, and could notice all that passed. In half an hour the young lady came out, accompanied by another female, and sauntered up and down the gravel walk. After a while she stopped, and looked on the river, her companion continuing her promenade. As if without hope of finding any thing there, she moved the brick aside with her foot ; perceiving the letter, she snatched it up eagerly, and concealed it in her dress, and then cast her eyes on the river. It was calm, and I whistled the bar of music. She heard it, and turning away, hastened into the house. In about

half an hour she returned, and watching her opportunity, stooped down to the brick. I waited a few minutes, when both she and her companion went into the house. I then pulled in under the wall, lifted up the brick, took the letter, and hastened back to Fulham, when I delivered the letter to the servant, who rode off with it as fast as he could, and I returned home quite pleased at the successful issue of my attempt, and not a little curious to learn the real facts of this extraordinary affair.

The next day, being Sunday, as usual, I went to see the Domine and Mr. Turnbull. I arrived at the school just as all the boys were filing off, two and two, for church, the advance led by the usher, and the rear brought up by the Domine in person, and I accompanied them. The Domine appeared melancholy and out of spirits—hardly exchanging a word with me during our walk. When the service was over, he ordered the usher to take the boys home, and remained with me in the churchyard—surveying the tombstones and occasionally muttering to himself. At last the congregation dispersed, and we were alone.

“Little did I think, Jacob,” said he, at last, “that when I bestowed such care upon thee in thy childhood, I should be rewarded as I have been. Little did I think that it would be to the boy who was left destitute, that I should pour out my soul when afflicted, and find in him that sympathy which I have long lost, by the removal of those who were once my friends. Yes, Jacob, those who were known to me in my youth, those few in whom I confided, and leant upon, are now lying here in crumbling dust, and the generation hath passed away, and I now rest upon thee, my son, whom I have directed in the right path, and who hast, by the blessing of God, continued to walk straight in it. Verily thou art a solace to me, Jacob, and though young in years, I feel that in thee I have received a friend, and one that I may confide in. Bless thee, Jacob! bless thee, my boy, and before I am laid with those who have gone before me, may I see thee prosperous and happy. Then I will sing the *Nunc dimittis*—then will I say, ‘Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.’”

“I am happy, sir,” replied I, to hear you say that I am of any comfort to you, for I feel truly grateful for all your kindness to me; but I wish that you did not require comfort.”

“Jacob, in what part of a man's life does he not require comfort and consolation; yea, even from the time, when as a child, he buries his weeping face in his mother's lap, till the hour that summons him to his account? Not that I consider this world to be, as many have described it, a ‘vale of tears.’ No, Jacob, it is a beautiful world, a glorious world, and would be a happy world, if we would only restrain those senses and those passions with which we have been endowed, that we may fully enjoy the beauty, the variety, the inexhaustible bounty of a gracious Heaven. All was made for enjoyment and for happiness, but it is we ourselves who, by excess, defile that which otherwise were pure. Thus, the fainting traveller may drink wholesome and refreshing draughts from the bounteous overflowing spring, but should he rush heedlessly into it, he muddies the source, and the waters are those of bitterness. Thus, Jacob, was

wine given to cheer the heart of man, yet didst not thou witness me, thy preceptor, debased by intemperance? Thus, Jacob, were the affections implanted in us as a source of sweetest happiness, such as those which now yearn in my breast towards thee; yet hast thou seen me, thy preceptor, by yielding to the infatuation and imbecility of three-score years, doat, in my folly, upon a maiden, and turn the sweet affections into a source of misery and anguish." I answered not, for the words of the Domine made a strong impression upon me, and I was weighing them in my mind. "Jacob," continued the Domine, after a pause, "next to the book of life, there is no subject of contemplation more salutary than the book of death, of which each stone now around us may be considered as a page, and each page contains a lesson. Read that which is now before us. It would appear hard that an only child should have been torn away from its doting parents, who have thus imperfectly expressed their anguish on the tomb; it would appear hard that their delight, their solace, the object of their daily care, of their waking thoughts, of their last imperfect recollections as they sank into sleep, of their only dreams, should thus have been taken from them; yet did I know them, and Heaven was just and merciful. The child had weaned them from their God—they lived but in him, they were without God in the world. The child alone had their affections, and they had been lost, had not He in his mercy removed it. Come this way, Jacob." I followed the Domine till he stood before another tombstone in a corner of the churchyard. "This stone, Jacob, marks the spot where lie the remains of one who was my earliest and dearest friend—for in my youth I had friends, because I had anticipations, and little thought that it would have pleased God that I should do my duty in that station to which I have been called. He had one fault, which proved a source of misery through life, and was the cause of an untimely death. He was of a revengeful disposition. He never forgave an injury, forgetting, poor sinful mortal, for how much he had need to be forgiven. He quarrelled with his relations, he was shot in a duel with his friend. I mention this, Jacob, as a lesson to thee, not that I feel myself worthy to be thy preceptor, for I am humbled, but out of kindness and love towards thee, that I might persuade thee to correct that fault in thy disposition."

"I have already made friends with Mr. Drummond, sir," answered I, "but still your admonition shall not be thrown away."

"Hast thou, Jacob? then is my mind much relieved. I trust thou wilt no longer stand in thine own light, but accept the offers which, in the fullness of his heart to make redress, he may make unto thee."

"Nay, sir, I cannot promise that; I wish to be independent and earn my own livelihood."

"Then hear me, Jacob, for the spirit of prophecy is on me; the time will come when thou shalt bitterly repent. Thou hast received an education by my unworthy endeavours, and hast been blessed by Providence with talents far above the situation in life to which thou wouldst so tenaciously adhere; the time will come when thou wilt repent, yea, bitterly repent. Look at that marble monument with the arms so lavishly emblazoned upon it. That, Jacob, is the tomb of a

proud man, whose career is well known to me. He was in straitened circumstances, yet of gentle race—but like the steward in the scripture, “work he could not, to beg he was ashamed.” He might have prospered in the world, but his pride forbade him. He might have made friends, but his pride forbade him. He might have wedded himself to wealth and beauty, but there was no escutcheon, and his pride forbade him. He did marry, and entail upon his children poverty. He died, and the little he possessed was taken from his children’s necessities to build this record to his dust. Do not suppose that I would check that honest pride, which will prove a safeguard from unworthy actions. I only wish to check that undue pride which will mar thy future prospects. Jacob, that which thou termest *independence* is nought but pride.”

I could not acknowledge that I agreed with the Domine, although something in my breast told me that he was not wrong. I made no answer. The Domine continued to muse—at last he again spoke.

“Yes; it is a beautiful world; for the Spirit of God is on it. At the breaking up of chaos it came over the waters, and hath since remained with us, every where, but invisible. We see his hand in the variety and the beauty of creation, but his Spirit we see not; yet do we feel it in the still small voice of conscience, which would lead us into the right path.—Now, Jacob, we must return, for I have the catechism and collects to attend to.”

I took leave of the Domine, and went to Mr. Turnbull’s, to whom I gave an account of what had passed since I last saw him. He was much pleased with my reconciliation with the Drummonds, and interested about the young lady to whom appertained the tin box in his possession. “I presume, Jacob, we shall now have that mystery cleared up.”

“I have not told the gentleman that we have possession of the box,” replied I.

“No; but you told the young lady, you silly fellow; and do you think she will keep it a secret from him?”

“Very true, I had forgotten that.”

“Jacob, I wish you to go to Mr. Drummond’s and see them again; you ought to do so.” I hesitated. “Nay, I shall give you a fair opportunity without wounding that pride of yours, sir,” replied Mr. Turnbull; “I owe him some money for some wine he purchased for me, and I shall send the cheque by you.”

To this I assented, as I was not sorry of an opportunity of seeing Sarah. I dined with Mr. Turnbull, who was alone, his wife being on a visit to a relation in the country. He again offered me his advice as to giving up the profession of a waterman; but if I did not hear him with so much impatience as before, nor use so many arguments against it, I did not accede to his wishes, and the subject was dropped. Mr. Turnbull was satisfied that my resistance was weakened, and hoped in time to have the effect which he desired. When I went home, Mary told me that Tom Beazeley had been there, that his wherry was building, that his father had given up the lighter, and was now on shore very busy in getting up his board to attract customers, and obtain work in his new occupation.

I had not launched my wherry the next morning, when down came the young gentleman to whom I had despatched the letter. "Faithful," said he, "come to the tavern with me; I must have some conversation with you." I followed him; and as soon as we were in a room, he said, "First let me pay my debt, for I owe you much;" and he laid five guineas on the table. "I find from Cecilia that you have possession of the tin case of deeds which have been so eagerly sought after by both parties. Why did you not say so? And why did you not tell me that it was you whom I hired on the night when I was so unfortunate?"

"I considered the secret as belonging to the young lady, and, having told her, I left it to her discretion to make you acquainted or not, as she pleased."

"It was thoughtful and prudent of you at all events, although there was no occasion for it. Nevertheless I am pleased that you did so, as it proves you to be trustworthy. Now tell me, who is the gentleman who was with you in the boat, and who has charge of the box? Observe, Faithful, I do not intend to demand it. I shall tell him the facts of the case in your presence, and then leave him to decide whether he will surrender up the papers to the other party, or to me. Can you take me there now?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I can, if you please; I will pull you up in half an hour. The house is at the river's side."

The young gentleman leaped into my wherry, and we were in less than the time I had mentioned, in the parlour of Mr. Turnbull. I will not repeat the previous conversation, but give the outline of the young man's story.

"The gentleman who prevented my taking off the young lady is uncle to both of us. We are therefore first cousins. Our family name is Wharncliffe. My father was a major in the army. He died when I was young, and my mother is still alive, and is sister to Lady Auburn. The father and mother of Cecilia are both dead. He went out to India to join his brother, another uncle, of whom I shall speak directly. He has now been dead three years, and out of the four brothers there is only one left, my uncle, with whom Cecilia is living, and whose christian name is Henry. He was a lawyer by profession, but he purchased a patent place, which he still enjoys. My father, whose name was William, died in very moderate circumstances; but still he left enough for my mother to live upon, and to educate me properly. I was brought up to the law under my uncle Henry, with whom, for some years, I resided. Cecilia's father, whose name was Edward, left nothing; he had ruined himself in England, and had gone out to India at the request of my uncle there, whose name was James, and who had amassed a large fortune. Soon after the death of Cecilia's father, my uncle James came home on furlough, for he held a very high and lucrative situation under the Company. A bachelor from choice, he was still fond of young people; and having but one nephew and one niece to leave his money to, as soon as he arrived with Cecilia, whom he brought with him, he was most anxious to see me. He therefore took up his quarters with my uncle Henry, and remained with him during his sojourn in England; but my uncle

James was of a very cold and capricious temper. He liked me best because I was a boy, and one day declared I should be his heir. The next day he would alter his intention, and declare that Cecilia, of whom he was very fond, should inherit every thing. If we affronted him, for at the age of sixteen as a boy, and fourteen as a girl, worldly prospects were little regarded, he would then declare that we should not be a shilling the better for his money. With him, money was every thing: it was his daily theme of conversation, his only passion; and he valued and respected people in proportion to what they were supposed to possess. With these feelings he demanded for himself the greatest deference from Cecilia and me as his expectant heirs. This he did not receive; but on the whole he was pleased with us, and after remaining three years in England, he returned to the East Indies. I had heard him mention to my uncle Henry his intention of making his will, and leaving it with him before he sailed; but I was not certain whether it had been done or not. At all events, my uncle Henry took care that I should not be in the way; for at that time my uncle carried on his profession as a lawyer, and I was working in his office. It was not until after my uncle James returned to India that he gave up business, and purchased the patent place which I mentioned. Cecilia was left with my uncle Henry, and as we lived in the same house, our affections, as we grew up, ripened into love. We often used to laugh at the threats of my uncle James, and agreed that whoever might be the fortunate one to whom he left his property, we would go halves, and share it equally.

“In the mean time I still followed up my profession in another house, in which I at present am a partner. Four years after the return of my uncle James to India, news came home of his death; but it was also stated that no will could be found, and it was supposed that he died intestate. Of course my uncle Henry succeeded as heir-at-law to the whole property, and thus were the expectations and hopes of Cecilia and of myself dashed to the ground. But this was not the worst of it: my uncle, who had witnessed our feelings for each other, and had made no comment, as soon as he was in possession of the property, intimated to Cecilia that she should be his heiress, provided that she married according to his wishes; and pointed out to her that a fortune such as she might expect would warrant the alliance of the first nobleman in the kingdom; and he very plainly told me that he thought it advisable that I should find lodgings for myself, and not be any longer an inmate in the same house as was my cousin, as no good would result from it. Thus, sir, were we not only disappointed in our hopes, but thwarted in our affections, which had for some time been exchanged. Maddened at this intimation, I quitted the house; but at the same time the idea of my uncle James having made a will still pressed upon me, as I called to mind what I had heard him say to my uncle Henry previous to his sailing for India. There was a box of deeds and papers, the very box now in your possession, which my uncle invariably kept in his bed-room. I felt convinced that the will, if not destroyed, (and I did not believe my uncle would dare to commit an act of felony,) was in that box. Had I remained in the house, I would have found some means to

have opened it; but this was no longer possible. I communicated my suspicions to Cecilia, and begged her to make the attempt, which would be more easy, as my uncle would not suspect her of being bold enough to venture it, even if she had the suspicion. Cecilia promised, and one day my uncle fortunately left his keys upon his dressing-table when he came down to breakfast, and went out without missing them. Cecilia discovered them, and opened the box; and amongst other parchments found a document labelled outside as the will of our uncle James; but women understand little about these things, and she was in such trepidation for fear that my uncle should return, that she could not examine very minutely. As it was, my uncle did return for his keys just as she had locked the box, and placed the keys upon the table. He asked her what she was doing there, and she made some excuse. He saw the keys on the table, and whether suspecting her, for she coloured up very much, or afraid that the attempt might be made at my suggestion, he removed the box and locked it up in a closet, the key of which, I believe, he left with his banker in town. When Cecilia wrote to me an account of what had passed, I desired her to find the means of opening the closet, that we might gain possession of the box; and this was easily effected, for the key of another closet fitted the lock exactly. I then persuaded her to put herself under my protection, with the determination that we would marry immediately; and we had so arranged, that the tin box was to have accompanied us. You are aware, sir, how unfortunately our plan turned out—at least, so far unfortunately, that I lost, as I thought, not only Cecilia, but the tin box, containing, as I expect, the will of my uncle, of which I am more than ever convinced from the great anxiety shown by my uncle Henry to recover it. Since the loss, he has been in a state of agitation which has worn him to a shadow. He feels that his only chance is, that the waterman employed might have broken open the box, expecting to find money in it, and being disappointed, have destroyed the papers to avoid detection. If such had been the case, and it might have been, had it not fallen into such good hands, he then would have obtained his only wish, that of the destruction of the will, although not by his hands. Now, sir, I have given you a full and honest account of the affair, and leave you to decide how to act.”

“If you leave me to decide, I shall do it very quickly,” replied Mr. Turnbull. “A box has fallen into my hands, and I do not know who is the owner. I shall open it, take a list of the deeds it contains, and advertise them in the *Times* and other newspapers. If your dead uncle’s will is in it, it will of course be advertised with the others, and, after such publicity, your uncle Henry will not venture, I presume, to say a word, but be too glad not to be exposed.”

Mr. Turnbull ordered a locksmith to be summoned, and the tin box was opened. It contained the document of the uncle’s purchase of the patent place in the courts, and some other papers, but it also contained the parchment so much looked after—the last will and testament of James Wharncliffe, Esq., dated two months previous to his quitting England. “I think,” observed Mr. Turnbull, “that in case of accident, it may be as well that this will should be read before

witnesses. You observe, it is witnessed by Henry Wharncliffe, with two others. Let us take down their names."

The will was read by young Wharncliffe, at the request of Mr. Turnbull. Strange to say, the deceased bequeathed the whole of his property to his nephew, William Wharncliffe, and his niece, Cecilia, provided they married; if they did not, they were left £20,000 each, and the remainder of the fortune to go to the first male child born after the marriage of either niece or nephew. To his brother, the sum of £10,000 was bequeathed, with a liberal arrangement, to be paid out of the estate, as long as his niece lived with him. The will was read, and returned to Mr. Turnbull, who shook hands with Mr. Wharncliffe, and congratulated him.

"I am indebted so much to you, sir, that I can hardly express my gratitude, but I am still more indebted to this intelligent lad, Faithful. You must no longer be a waterman, Faithful," and Mr. Wharncliffe shook my hand. I made no answer to the latter observation, for Mr. Turnbull had fixed his eye upon me. I merely said that I was very happy to have been of use to him.

"You may truly say, Mr. Wharncliffe," observed Mr. Turnbull, that your future prosperity will be through his means, and, as it appears by the will that you have £25,000 per annum safe in the funds, I think you ought to give a prize wherry, to be rowed for every year."

"And I will take that," replied I, "for a receipt in full for my share in the transaction."

"And now," said Mr. Turnbull, interrupting Mr. Wharncliffe, who was about to answer me, "it appears to me that it may be as well to avoid any exposure—the case is too clear. Call upon your uncle—state in whose hands the documents are—tell him that he must submit to your terms, which are, that he proves the will, and permits the marriage to take place immediately, and that no more will be said on the subject. He, as a lawyer, knows how severely and disgracefully he might be punished for what he has done, and will be too happy now to accede to your terms. In the mean time, I keep possession of the papers, for the will shall never leave my hands, until it is lodged in Doctors' Commons."

Mr. Wharncliffe could not but approve of this judicious arrangement, and we separated; and not to interfere with my narrative, I may as well tell the reader at once, that Mr. Wharncliffe's uncle bowed to circumstances, pretended to rejoice at the discovery of the will, never mentioned the loss of his tin-box, put the hand of Cecilia into that of William, and they were married one month after the meeting at Mr. Turnbull's, which I have now related.

The evening was so far advanced before this council of war was over, that I was obliged to defer the delivery of the cheque to Mr. Drummond until the next day. I left about eleven o'clock and arrived at noon; when I knocked at the door the servant did not know me.

"What did you want?"

"I wanted to speak with Mrs. or Miss Drummond, and my name is Faithful."

He desired me to sit down in the hall, while he went up, "and wipe your shoes, my lad." I cannot say that I was pleased at this

command, as I may call it, but he returned, desiring me to walk up, and I followed him.

I found Sarah alone in the drawing-room.

"Jacob, I'm so glad to see you, and I'm sorry that you were made to wait below, but——if people who can be otherwise, will be watermen, it is not our fault. The servants only judge by appearances."

I felt annoyed for a moment, but it was soon over. I sat down by Sarah, and talked with her for some time.

"The present I had to make you was a purse of my own knitting, to put your—earnings in," said she, laughing; and then she held up her finger in mockery, crying, "Boat, sir; boat, sir. Well, Jacob, there's nothing like independence after all, and you must not mind my laughing at you."

"I do not heed it, Sarah," replied I; (but I did mind it very much;) "there is no disgrace."

"None whatever, I grant; but a want of ambition which I cannot understand. However, let us say no more about it."

Mrs. Drummond came into the room and greeted me kindly. "When can you come and dine with us, Jacob? Will you come on Wednesday?"

"O mamma! he can't come on Wednesday; we have company on that day."

"So we have, my dear, I had forgotten it; but on Thursday we are quite alone: will you come on Thursday, Jacob?"

I hesitated, for I felt that it was because I was a waterman that I was not admitted to the table where I had been accustomed to dine at one time, whoever might be invited.

"Yes, Jacob," said Sarah, coming to me, "it must be Thursday, and you must not deny us; for although we have greater people on Wednesday, the party that day will not be so agreeable to me as your company on Thursday."

The last compliment from Sarah decided me, and I accepted the invitation. Mr. Drummond came in, and I delivered to him Mr. Turnbull's cheque. He was very kind, but said little further than he was glad that I had promised to dine with them on Thursday. The footman came in and announced the carriage at the door, and this was a signal for me to take my leave. Sarah, as she shook hands with me, laughing, asserted that it was not considerate in them to detain me any longer, as I must have lost half a dozen good fares already; "So go down to your boat, pull off your jacket, and make up for lost time," continued she; "one of these days, mamma and I intend to go on the water, just to patronize you." I laughed, and went away, but I was cruelly mortified. I could not be equal to them, because I was a waterman. The sarcasm of Sarah was not lost upon me; still there was so much kindness mixed with it that I could not be angry with her. On the Thursday I went there, as agreed; they were quite alone; friendly and attentive; but still there was a degree of constraint which communicated itself to me. After dinner, Mr. Drummond said very little; there was no renewal of offers to take me into his employ, nor any inquiry as to how I got on in the profession which I had chosen. On the whole, I found myself uncomfortable, and was

glad to leave early, nor did I feel at all inclined to renew my visit. I ought to remark, that Mr. Drummond was now moving in a very different sphere than when I first knew him. He was consignee of several large establishments abroad, and was making a rapid fortune. His establishment was also on a very different scale, every department being appointed with luxury and elegance. As I pulled up the river, something within my breast told me that the Domine's prophecy would turn out correct, and that I should one day repent of my having refused the advances of Mr. Drummond—nay, I did not exactly know whether I did not, even at that moment, very much doubt the wisdom of my asserting my independence.

And now, reader, that I may not surfeit you with an uninteresting detail, you must allow more than a year to pass away before I recommence my narrative. The events of that time I shall sum up in one or two pages. The Domine continued the even tenor of his way—blew his nose and handled his rod with as much effect as ever. I seldom passed a Sunday without paying him a visit and benefiting by his counsel. Mr. Turnbull, always kind and considerate, but gradually declining in health, having never recovered from the effects of his submersion under the ice. Of the Drummonds I saw but little; when we did meet, I was kindly received, but I never volunteered a call, and it was usually from a message through Tom, that I went to pay my respects. Sarah had grown a very beautiful girl, and the well-known fact of Mr. Drummond's wealth, and her being an only daughter, was an introduction to a circle much higher than they had been formerly accustomed to. Every day, therefore, the disparity increased, and I felt less inclined to make my appearance at their house.

Stapleton, as usual, continued to smoke his pipe and descant upon *human natur*. Mary had grown into a splendid woman, but coquettish as ever. Poor Tom Beazeley was fairly entrapped by her charms, and was a constant attendant upon her, but she played him fast and loose—one time encouraging and smiling on him, at another rejecting and flouting him. Still, Tom persevered, for he was fascinated, and having returned me the money advanced for his wherry, he expended all his earnings on dressing himself smartly, and making presents to her. She had completely grown out of any control from me, and appeared to have a pleasure in doing every thing she knew that I disapproved; still, we were on fair friendly terms as inmates of the same house.

Old Tom Beazeley's board was up, and he had met with great success; and all day he might be seen hammering at the bottoms of boats of every description, and heard at the same time, lightening his labour with his variety of song. I often called there on my way up and down the river, and occasionally passed a few hours, listening to his yarns, which, like his songs, appeared to be inexhaustible.

With respect to myself, it will be more a narrative of feelings than of action. My life glided on as did my wherry—silently and rapidly. One day was but the forerunner of another, with slight variety of incident and customers. My acquaintance, as the reader knows, were but few, and my visits occasional. I again turned to my books during the long summer evenings, in which Mary would walk out,

accompanied by Tom, and other admirers. Mr. Turnbull's library was at my service, and I profited much. After a time, reading became almost a passion, and I was seldom without a book in my hand. But although I improved my mind, I did not render myself happier.—On the contrary, I felt more and more that I had committed an act of egregious folly in thus asserting my independence. I felt that I was superior to my station in life, and that I lived with those who were not companions—that I had thrown away, by foolish pride, those prospects of advancement which had offered themselves, and that I was passing my youth unprofitably. All this crowded upon me more and more every day, and I bitterly repented, as the Domine told me that I should, my spirit of independence—now that it was too late. The offers of Mr. Drummond were never renewed, and Mr. Turnbull, who had formed the idea that I was still of the same opinion, and who, at the same time, in his afflicted state, for he was a martyr to rheumatism—naturally thought more of himself and less of others, never again proposed that I should quit my employment. I was still too proud to mention my wishes, and thus did I continue plying on the river, apathetic almost as to gain, and only happy when, in the pages of history or the flowers of poetry, I could dwell upon times that were past, or revel in imagination. Thus did reading, like the snake who is said to contain in its body a remedy for the poison of its fangs, become, as it enlarged my mind, a source of discontent at my humble situation; but at the same time the only solace in my unhappiness, by diverting my thoughts from the present. Pass, then, nearly two years, reader, taking the above remarks as an outline, and filling up the picture from the colours of your imagination, with incidents of no peculiar value, and I again resume my narrative.

SONNET TO A LADY SINGING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Ah! little suited to the thoughtless train,
 Who nightly roam in fashion's giddy round,
 Sweet songstress, seems thy softly-melting strain,
 That charms the sense with more than mortal sound:
 O! thou shouldst breathe it in some silent glen,
 Where trembling moonbeams shed a holy light,
 Where stillness reigns, remote from busy men,
 And not a murmur breaks the summer night;
 There, far from scenes of heartless mirth away,
 Thy notes should steal the shadowy woods along
 And young Romance approve thy sylvan lay,
 And Fancy hail the favoured child of song,
 Thy strains soft wafted on the breeze of even,
 Thy canopy, the starry dome of Heaven.

MARIA HAMMOND.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

"We live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles."—STERNE.

WHAT is the human mind? It is the "*το θειον εν ημιν*," cries Aristotle: it is an "*auræ divina particula*," says Horace: "it is material," whispers Infidelity: "it is an essence," replies Religion: "I declare," says my uncle Toby, "I know nothing of the matter." Now I am certain, and will undertake to prove it this minute, that my uncle Toby's answer is the best, the wisest, and indeed the only sensible answer that can be given to the question by man, woman, or child.

Sometime in the month of last November I was sitting in the evening by myself, before the parlour fire, chewing the bitter cud of a vexed spirit. That day a series of petty annoyances had given me the "horrors." Twenty thousand devils as blue as indigo had taken possession of my brain, and were scampering about, grinning and kicking up their heels, in utter defiance of all the most approved exorcisms in such cases made and provided. I tried every expedient—nothing would do. I treated my disease first phlogistically: that is to say, I drank a glass of brandy and water *hot*, with sugar. I was not one iota the better. I treated it anti-phlogistically: that is to say, I took another glass *cold*, *without*. I got no better—but at last, recollecting Dr. Hahnemann's theory of medicine—"Similia cum similibus"—or, as he calls it, his "System of Homoiopathics"—and the night being a miserable, suicidal sort of night—a thick fog having fallen, like a wet blanket, over that part of nature's face on which stands the city of London—and my friend Withering being a most wearisome proser, and living at a distance of at least two miles—I resolved to give Dr. Hahnemann's system a trial, and treat my case homoiopathically. So seizing my hat and stick with the air of a man who has taken his resolution, I trudged away through mud and mire, filth and fog, to my friend Withering's.

I have said that a thick fog had fallen over that part of Nature's face on which stands the city of London. This remark, I am sensible, exposes me to the inconvenience of being asked what part or particular feature of Nature's face it is which the aforesaid city occupies. But in order to forestall any such inquiries, I do hereby openly acknowledge that I am wholly at a loss to answer them with any degree of certainty; but if I may be allowed to venture a guess on so difficult a subject, I should say, it must certainly be the upper lip. For how otherwise is it possible to account for the dust, dirt, and dinginess with which London is eternally besmatted? But grant that it stands on the upper lip—and only suppose, further, that Dame Nature is, like most other ancient dames, a snuff-taker, and not a

cleanly one, and the thing is explained at once—'tis as plain as a pikestaff. Nay, by heavens! "it is much plainer,"—" 'tis as plain," may it please your Grace of Wellington, "as the nose on your face."

My friend Withering is a natural philosopher—by which I mean a philosopher naturally, and not by acquired habits. He knows that the great sum of human misery is made up by the continual addition of small items—that these items are the taxes which we are called upon to pay to the King of kings for the protection which he affords us, and for the countless blessings he is continually showering down upon us. He knows moreover, that, let us grumble as we will, pay them we must—so my friend pays them cheerfully. He knows, too, that the sum of human happiness does not chiefly consist of high excitement and momentary transports—but of the quiet enjoyment of things as they are—so my friend takes the world as he finds it. He walks through life with a composed step—neither turning to the right, in order to gallop after the will-wi'-the-whisps with which the beckoning devil, temptation, lights up the marshes and quagmires of life, nor is he frightened away to the left by the hobgoblins of fanaticism—but holds on his way as nearly in a straight line as he can, content to gather by the way side here a flower and there a flower.

On the present occasion, however, I found my friend's equanimity thrown a little off its centre. On inquiring into the cause of the musing dejection in which I found him absorbed, he addressed me as follows:—

"You must remember to have often heard me mention the name of a very old and dear friend, who died some ten years ago. His name was Hammond. When he died he was a widower, and left behind him an only daughter. His little Maria was the apple of her poor father's eye, and on his death-bed he besought me to keep a parent's watch over her till I saw her settled in life. After the funeral of her father, Maria was sent to reside with a maiden aunt, and shortly after that event was conveyed to a respectable boarding-school of my own choosing. At this school she almost immediately formed an intimate acquaintance with a Miss Melton—an interesting child of her own age, and the daughter of highly respectable parents. They became at once school-cronies. They walked always together—sat always next each other at the desk and at the dining-table—slept together—and each spent one half of the holidays at the house of the other. During the whole time they remained together at school their friendship was never broken—but grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. At length the time arrived for Miss Melton to leave school, and the two friends were parted. About twelve months after this, Miss Hammond also left school and returned to live with her aunt, when she learnt that Mr. Melton had gone to reside in a distant part of the country.

"Not very long after Miss Hammond left school, her aunt fell into a bad state of health, and her medical attendants recommending her to try a change of air, she went to reside at the town of C——, taking of course her niece along with her. After having resided here about twelve months, she one day met in the street, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, her old friend Miss Melton—now, however, no longer

Miss Melton, but Mrs. Remington. She had been married, it seems, all parties happily consenting, only a few months previously, to Mr. Remington, who was an attorney (and a most excellent man) in full practice at the town of C——. The old friendship was of course renewed, and from that time they were almost daily visitors at each other's houses. It was about this time that I received a letter from Maria's aunt, requesting to see me. When I arrived I found I had been summoned by the old lady in order to consult with her as to the propriety of allowing Maria to accept the addresses of a young gentleman who had made pretensions to her hand. I immediately set about making inquiries into his respectability, connexions, &c. and found him in all things an unexceptionable match. I do not mean to say that the young man was represented to me as an absolute saint; but all parties agreed in speaking of him as an honourable young man of promising talents. Having satisfied myself thus far, and having seen and conversed with him on the subject of his pretensions to Maria, he was formally permitted to visit my *protégée* as her accepted suitor; and I returned to town. This gentleman's name was Charles Fenton. All things seemed now to 'work together for good.' I was delighted with my poor orphan's prospects; and had she *not been* an orphan—could I have congratulated my poor friend on the approaching happiness of his only and beloved daughter—we should have set our feet, at the same moment, and shaken hands together on the topmost step of human happiness.

"Days, weeks, and months passed away, and our sky was still without a cloud. Fenton, however, became importunate with Maria to name the wedding day, which was at last fixed. It was to be the sixth Saturday after Mrs. Remington's confinement, which was expected to take place in the course of the current month. This was exacted by Maria in compliment to her friend, in order that she might be present at the ceremony. Maria was now almost constantly with Mrs. Remington, assisting her in the various little preparations for her approaching accouchement; and frequently sleeping at her house. On these occasions, Fenton of course went also to see Maria. It was, in fact, her friend's house, at which Fenton had first seen Miss Hammond, for he had become acquainted with Remington, and had visited him on the most friendly footing, almost from the time of his marriage. One evening while Maria was sitting at work with Mrs. Remington—rather late in the evening, for she intended to stay all night—Fenton knocked at the door. When he was admitted into the parlour where the ladies sat, it was instantly perceived that he had been drinking somewhat too freely. As this was, however, a circumstance of exceedingly rare occurrence, and as he was always at such times well-tempered and tractable, it occasioned no uneasiness in Miss Hammond, but was only treated by her as matter of good-humoured raillery. On this occasion Fenton was so much excited, that Mr. Remington insisted on his staying where he was all night; and soon after supper he was prevailed on to go to bed. As he was going up stairs, the maid following with a light, he suddenly stopped, and laughing as he did so, took off his coat, and giving it to

the servant, 'Here,' said he, 'carry this into Maria's bed-room.*' The servant considering the thing as a mere drunken frolic or whim, did as she was ordered, and when she came down stairs mentioned the circumstance, with a smile, to Miss Hammond. When Maria went into her bed-room for the night, the first thing she saw was Fenton's coat, spread out on the back of a chair. 'What a ridiculous fancy!' said she, and then without further notice, proceeded to undress, and get into bed. It appears, however, continued my friend, with a forced smile, that although she took no further notice of the coat, either it or its owner was still uppermost in her mind; for she forgot to put out the light until she was in bed. As she rose again for this purpose, the coat again caught her eye, and it now, for the first time, occurred to her, that certainly Fenton must have had some motive in sending his coat into her room. She sat upright in the bed for a minute or two, with her eyes fixed on it, musing and wondering what that motive could be. Not being able to frame, however, any satisfactory conjecture, but still intent upon the subject, she once more lay down in bed, and once more discovered that she had again wholly forgotten the light. When, however, she made this second discovery, she did not immediately get up and rectify the error, but lay for some time still pondering on the circumstance of the coat. At length she suddenly started up, exclaiming to herself, 'I'll lay my life Fenton has some present, or perhaps a letter, in his coat-pocket for me; and has taken, in tipsy fun, this whimsical method of delivering it.' She got out of bed and went straight to the chair on which hung the object which had so much puzzled her. She had no sooner come within reach of it, however, than she hesitated, and began to question the propriety of putting her hand into another's pocket. After a little pause—whether it was that she felt assured it was sent there by its owner for that very purpose, or whether it was the perfect innocence and simplicity of her intentions, or that she thought the whole affair altogether too ridiculous to be worth a moment's serious reflection, or whether, continued my friend, with another sad smile, it was curiosity—whatever it was, it soon overcame her scruples, and laughing to herself, and putting her hand into one of the pockets, she withdrew from it, not one merely, but several letters, all with their seals broken. The idea of reading these letters, merely because, the seals being broken, she might do so undiscovered, never even presented itself to the delicate mind of Maria Hammond; but in looking at them, one by one, in order to discover whether any of them were addressed to herself, she was struck with the strange fact that the superscriptions were all evidently in the handwriting of her friend, Mrs. Remington, and all addressed to Fenton. An indefinable misgiving came over her, and almost made her sick. The shadow of some impending evil fell upon her, the frightfulness of which was only so much the more appalling, that she had no distinct notion of its nature and extent. She longed to know the contents of the letters—perhaps the whole happiness of her life depended upon it—but she could not bring herself to read them: it was a trying

* Fact—however improbable it may appear in the sequel.

moment—one by one she returned them slowly into the pocket, her eye dwelling on the superscription of each as she did so, till she came to the last. She paused—over and over again the poor girl read the superscription—it was certainly her friend's writing—it was impossible to doubt it; she looked on the other side of the letter—the seal was quite broken—the paper was not even confined by having one of its folds slipped within the other—she could even see, where the edges gaped, a little of the writing within. It was not in human nature to resist the temptation—and, while her mind was in the act of reiterating its condemnation of the deed, her eyes, swimming in tears, were running over the contents of the letter. Poor Maria! she has not yet forgiven herself for that act of what she calls treachery, though so fully justified by the event, as far as events can justify any act—‘but, indeed,’ said Maria, weeping most piteously, when she told me the circumstance, ‘indeed I could not help it.’

“When she had read the letter through, she let it fall to the floor, and taking another from the pocket, (for her mind was now too far bewildered to speculate on the nature of the act,) she read that also, and so on, till she had read them all; then sinking down upon a chair by the bedside, she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and wept bitterly. The feeling which most oppressed her at that moment was not resentment, but a sense of desolation. There was not one of all those letters which did not, of itself, contain the most damning proofs of a long-continued adulterous intercourse between the woman whom from childhood she had loved as her friend, and the man whose vows of affection had so often and so lately mingled with her own; and who was on the point of becoming her husband. ‘If these,’ said she, ‘injure and betray me, who will love and protect me?’ At length, her mind having recovered somewhat of its tone, she rose, refolded the letters, and returned them all, except one, to the pocket. She then got into bed to weep away the night. In the morning, before the family had risen, she dressed herself, and merely telling the servant she felt unwell, and that she was going home, left the house. To her aunt's inquiries she gave some evasive answer, for with a beautiful feeling of forbearance and compassion towards her who had wronged her, but who nevertheless she felt had wronged herself more, she had already determined to make no disclosure till she had recovered from the perils of her expected accouchement; perhaps not then, unless circumstances should compel her. In case Fenton should call, she desired the servant to say that she was ill, and could not see him. This, indeed, was perfectly true; for the poor girl was unable to leave her room for some days.

“In the course of the day, on the morning of which she left her friend's house, Remington called to inquire after her. She saw him; but to all his inquiries she only answered with tears, and the reiterated expression: ‘I am ill and low-spirited, but shall soon be better.’ I was sent for by her aunt, and pressed her to consult a physician, but this she steadily and absolutely refused to do. Fenton never once called—and there is no doubt that he, having missed one of the letters, guessed but too truly how matters stood. There was a young gentleman, whose name was Markham, who, being a friend of Re-

mington and Fenton, had often met Miss Hammond at the house of the first. One day this gentleman called, and requested to see Maria. He was admitted. He had heard nothing of Maria's indisposition, and was wholly unconscious of its cause. After a little general conversation, he told her that he had often wished to see her alone, and that he had come at last, on purpose; 'for,' said he, 'I think you ought to know that Fenton is in the habit of showing your letters about among his friends—which is, in my estimation, as I have often told him, a piece of conduct alike ungenerous and ungentlemanly. I own,' said he, 'that this seems something like intermeddling with matters which concern me not; and yet, by concealing the fact from you, I really did feel as though I should be guilty of a sort of misprision of treason against the united sovereignty of love and honour.' Maria did not seem so much surprised and offended at this as Markham expected. She merely said that it certainly was unhandsome conduct, but that there was nothing in her letters which might not be exhibited to the whole world; so the matter dropt. Shortly after Mr. Markham took his leave. Soon after he was gone, however, it occurred to her that, perhaps, Fenton had exhibited *as hers*, the letters he had received from Mrs. Remington, only concealing the signature. This thought overwhelmed poor Maria with confusion, and she instantly dispatched a note to Mr. Markham, requesting to see him immediately. He came, and saved Miss Hammond the embarrassment of opening the business, by remarking at once that the handwriting of the note he had just received was nothing like the writing of those letters which Fenton had shown him, among others, as having come from her. The truth was now clear. Fenton had shown Mrs. Remington's letters, concealing the signature, and boasted of having received them from Miss Hammond. It now became necessary to her reputation, therefore, to tell the whole circumstances to Markham, which she did at once; for an honest and honourable pride had now mastered every other feeling. Without comment, Markham asked if she had secured the letters. She said she had retained one, in case it should become necessary to vindicate her future conduct towards Fenton and Mrs. Remington. 'And have you taken no steps to bring this foul affair to light?' said he. She said she had not—that she had resolved not to stir in the matter, at all events, until after her unhappy friend's confinement, for fear of consequences—and not then, unless it were to vindicate her own reputation. 'But what can I do?' said the poor girl, weeping; 'I cannot suffer it to be supposed that those vile letters were written by me!' 'Do!' said Markham, rising from his chair—'but no—give me that letter, and I will do it for you.' He then took the letter which Maria had concealed, and went straight to Remington's house. He found him alone; and after a short preface, told him the facts. The only answer he received from Remington was:

" 'It's a lie, by God!'

" 'My dear friend,' said Markham, 'I can easily understand your feelings, and therefore pass over that expression unnoticed—but it is all, believe me, too true.'

" 'Dare you confront my wife with that tale?'

“ ‘I will confront her immediately,’ said Markham.

“ They went up stairs into the drawing-room. Mrs. Remington was sitting at the table sewing. Markham repeated, in her presence, the principal facts. Mrs. Remington sewed on, with a dogged resolution, exhibiting no symptoms of concern, excepting that her fingers moved more quickly as the speaker went on. When he had nearly done, poor Remington started up, exclaiming, ‘Helen! why do you not deny this foul calumny?’

“ His wife sewed on, making no reply; and Markham, taking the letter from his pocket, gave it to Remington. He sat down, and opening it, began to read. Slowly and steadily his eyes travelled along the lines till they settled finally on his wife’s signature at the bottom of the page. Here they rested. At last, the iron band, which had hitherto restrained his feelings, gave way, and he burst into tears. For one whole hour he sat weeping and sobbing, with the letter in his hand, in wordless anguish. He was then taken to bed. The next morning Mrs. Remington was no where to be found; and yesterday the iron gates of a mad-house closed on poor Remington—perhaps for ever.

“ In this sad story,” concluded Withering, “ there are two remarkable circumstances—that of Fenton sending his coat into Maria’s room—and that of her forgetting, not once only, but twice, to put out the light; for had she extinguished the light, the chances are a hundred to one that the discovery of this iniquitous transaction had not been made. Shall we say that these circumstances only serve to show by what minute threads the most important accidents of life hang suspended—from what trivial causes the most stupendous effects often result—or would it be wiser to suppose, that circumstances like those mentioned above, are nothing less than the visible finger of Providence indicating the existence of crime, and pointing to the means of its detection and arrest?”

Soon after my friend had finished his relation, I returned home heartily ashamed of the petulant temper into which I suffered a few trifling mortifications to throw me. On my way home I puzzled myself in endeavouring to account for the difference of character in these two young women. Both born of parents equally virtuous and good—educated under the same circumstances, at the same school—companions together from childhood to womanhood—both occupying the same respectable position in society—the one proves all that is estimable—the other infamous.

Concluding as I began, once more I ask, “What is the human mind?”*

EGO ILLE.

* As the leading incidents of the above story are facts, and of very recent occurrence, it will gratify my readers to learn that Mr. Remington already exhibits some symptoms of recovery.

NEW ZEALAND, AND ITS CAPABILITIES.

THE streams of conquest and of colonization have hitherto, almost invariably, poured forth from the north, until the discovery of the American continents ; thus either displacing the aborigines, or amalgamating with them a hardier and more muscular race. A region that threw off its thin, yet, considering its sterility, redundant population, like a cruel step-mother, generally produced sons, as ferocious as they were brave, and as wanting in civilization and mental culture, as they were replete in thew and sinew, stature, blood, and bone. They colonized upon civilization, and became civilized. In these times the case is completely altered. Civilization, notwithstanding all its wonderful arts of production, finds in her turn, her children increasing too rapidly upon her extended means of support, for, though the resources of art may be truly said to be inexhaustible, yet there is a limit to the powers of production in the very best of soils, and to that limit England may be said to be rapidly approaching, or, considering our social compact, actually attained—we therefore find ourselves reduced either to see a part of our population starve, make a new and forcible division of landed property, or colonize. Any one of these extremities must entail hardships upon vast numbers. Humanity and Christian charity revolt at the idea of thousands living in wretchedness, and perishing in hunger : we will not let loose all the wilder passions and the deadlier feelings by any revolutionary measure, and therefore there seems left to us the choice only of colonization. But we can no longer colonize upon civilization. Make it the glorious sport of war in the first instance ; and sit down in the pride of conquest, and in the midst of luxury, surrounded by a subjugated nation, in the second. We must colonize upon barbarism, bringing with us the arts of peace and the blessings of social life. We must labour and not fight. And sorry are we to say that the second alternative seems to mankind so much preferable to the other.

England has not lately been too successful in her attempts at colonization. Canada seems inclined to follow the steps of the United States—pouring into her territories fresh streams of population, seems only erecting for us, at no very distant period, so many contingent enemies. The West Indies are not fitted to receive a labouring white population. The East still less so. The Swan River, though so tenderly nursed by the Tory administration, and notwithstanding the principalities granted to Mr. Peel's relative, seems to be in a very sickly state. Nothing but calamitous accounts are received from the Cape of Good Hope, and the settlements in New Holland never could have existed, much less prospered, had they not been established and upheld by the means of penal labour. We believe that most of its difficulties are now overcome, but it still labours under many drawbacks, and we already derive from it all the advantages that it is at present capable of affording, or is like to afford for many years to come. The great drawback upon the prosperity of New South Wales has been, and still is, her want of water carriage, and safe harbours. There are none where ships may securely load, ex-

cepting at Port Jackson; and where produce is sent a distance of from three to four hundred miles by land carriage, the profit arising from the sale can hardly be supposed to remunerate the grower, and must at first cramp, and ultimately destroy, the industry of the farmer. In this country, nearly all the up-country settlers have been ruined: nor is this all that the inhabitants of New South Wales have to contend with, without mentioning the friendly visits of the bush-rangers, a race that will never be extirpated whilst the place is supplied with convict labour. The country is subject to hot and blighting winds, which are often immediately succeeded by cold southerly gales. This quick transition from heat to cold must necessarily destroy vegetation. That it must be almost as injurious to health, need not here be insisted upon; and indomitable indeed must be that constitution, that can undergo a change in the temperature of the atmosphere of twenty-five degrees in fifty minutes, an occurrence that not unfrequently takes place in this climate. Then there is the drought, not of a month, nor of a season, but one of the continuance of years. And when the visitation is pleased to terminate, it is succeeded by dreadful inundations, that take their turn to spread devastation and ruin over the land; the torrents, at times, descending with terrific violence, sweep off the labour of years, leaving the cultivator houseless and desolate, to brood over the shattered wreck of his property, that is, if any wreck be left. That this is no exaggerated picture, any one who has resided in the country will fully testify.

But is there no place in which our countrymen may find a happy and a prosperous home, to which to carry the blessings and the refinements of their native soil, and create a second England, under a milder climate and a serener sky? There is—and the favoured region are those islands that are distinguished by the name of New Zealand.

The three islands that compose this territory present a surface, mostly unoccupied, of more than nine hundred miles in extent, making an area of 87,400 square miles, or 55,936,000 acres; and over and around this country is shed the benignity of a climate, hardly equalled in the known world. The very air breathes a freshness and purity that give an elasticity to the spirits, and render the mind spontaneously cheerful. The atmosphere is delightfully bland, and though the sun may strike warm in summer—and where does it not?—yet it is never found joined with a sickly, close, or oppressive heat. Mild and gentle showers frequently descend to refresh the land, and drive away that languor so often experienced in countries of the same parallel of latitude—in fact, without the necessity of clearing the land, we have here a climate far exceeding in beauty, any that the most famed of the European regions have been able to boast of; which seems to have been created for the purposes of longevity, and in which, it would almost seem a sufficient happiness only to live.

The face of the country is varied and most beautiful. It undulates with bosomy hills, which, in many parts, terminate in lofty mountains, gay and glorious with verdure to their very summits. No country in the world is blessed with finer navigable rivers, streams,

and creeks, affording a facility of water-conveyance, unknown to the husbandmen of New South Wales, or Van Dieman's Land. No blighting winds have dominion here, nor drought spreads its wide ruin over the land; neither is the thermometer subject to those changes that are so common in the vast extent of Australasia. From hence the cultivator may send the fruits of his labour either to the Bay of Islands, Mia Pari, the Thames, Towranga, or Muckatao, on the eastern side of North Island. On the western side, Hokianga, Kypara, Manakou, Kafia, Muckua, and other ports, present safe outlets for shipping of produce. Poenammoo offers the same advantages in every respect. This (Middle Island) is emphatically the land of wild and picturesque scenery. A lofty chain of mountains rise through its whole length, interwoven with rich valleys, by which communications may be easily opened between the two sides of the island. From the mountains several rivers take their rise, flowing into the Pacific, on either side of the island; some of them navigable for the largest vessels. On the south-west of the island there is a majestic river, the Shannon, with numerous branches, one of which winds its course into a beautiful lagoon. Another river may be navigated upwards of seventy miles, through a country which, for the grandeur of its features, may not be rivalled. The land is rich, in some places thickly wooded, intersected with abundance of level ground fitted for all the purposes of cultivation. About forty miles from this lagoon, is a fresh-water lake, of from sixty to seventy miles in circumference. In an easterly direction, and about thirty miles from the latter, is the splendid "Lake of Green-stones," so named from the quantities of jade found on its banks. It is soft when first dug up; but, by exposure to the air becomes as hard as agate, and semi-transparent. In appearance it is similar to the Mona marble, though of a finer description. On the margin of this lake there are beautiful spots, admirably adapted for townships.

Poenammoo, (Middle Island,) in addition to those beautiful rivers and lakes, possesses fine safe harbours, and numerous bays. Milford Haven is a noble port. The surrounding scenery is magnificent, and there is plenty of flax and timber in the neighbourhood. Stewart's, or South Island, though small, is nevertheless of great importance; it can boast of a beautiful harbour, equal in every respect to that of Sydney; and, indeed, superior, as it commands *three safe* entrances. To the northward of this harbour, and opposite Beach Island, is Patterson's river, navigable for large vessels. There are, besides these, several other smaller harbours and bays. Seals are numerous in the season, and the island abounds in flax, and splendid forests of "cáudie." The black whale fishery may be carried on to any extent in the bays on the south-east shores of New Zealand, more especially at Poenammoo. The sperm whale abounds on either side.

All the rivers of New Zealand are well stocked with fine fish of great varieties; even the creeks swarm with them. There are abundance of lobsters, crawfish, oysters, prawns, and shrimps, besides clams, poppies, muscles, limpets, and cockles. There is not a venomous animal on the island. Hogs are plentiful, and very cheap. They are frequently shipped off for New South Wales.

This country, also, abounds in wild fowl of all descriptions. The New Zealand pigeon is as splendidly beautiful in plumage, as it is exquisitely delicious in taste. There are many birds in the southern parts wholly unknown to naturalists.

The soil of New Zealand is uncommonly rich, and easy of culture, and it only wants colonization to render it flourishing in every vegetable production. In fact, even in its present barbarous state, there is a never-failing supply of all the necessaries, and most of the comforts of life, were the population twenty times more numerous than it now is. We have not space to enumerate the various productions of this highly favoured country; suffice it to say, that it can produce all the fruits either of the temperate or the tropical zones; in fact, it is a land of corn, and wine, and honey.

The present race of New Zealanders, who are so thinly scattered over this paradise, are, generally speaking, a fine athletic race of men, and capable of bearing much fatigue. They are keenly alive to shame, and fond of military show; and those who have had intercourse with Europeans, are bitterly sensible of their own degraded state. Indeed, when any New Zealanders have been narrowly observed, who have lately returned from visiting Sydney, particularly the chiefs, they were seen to be low-spirited, and were continually drawing comparisons between their countrymen and the whites. "What were we before we knew the English? We knew nothing. We and our tribes were no better than our hogs and our dogs. Now we are obtaining some knowledge, and our children will reap the benefit from your settling among us." Thus spoke Motier, one of the principal chiefs on the Hokianga.

New Zealand chiefs esteem it an honour for a white man to reside on their lands; and Mr. M'Donnel, who possesses large establishments there, has been frequently solicited to permit one of their men "to hoist a flag," and to remain stationary on their property. The acquiescence with their request secures friendship, and a refusal does not forfeit it.

The women possess great kindness of heart, and those who are married are seldom guilty of infidelity. The New Zealanders possess a very considerable share of intellect, indeed, more than the aborigines of the other islands, whether in the southern or northern Pacific; they are quick, ingenious, and easily taught. I have seen many beautiful specimens of their workmanship, both in stone and wood, which for execution and finish could scarcely be excelled—certainly not by Europeans, having the same rude implements with which to work. They are fond of inquiry, and nothing escapes them. A secret is never safe with a New Zealander, though his own life depended on the keeping of it.

Could the New Zealanders have justice administered, their rights recognized, and their property secured by good and wholesome laws, they would, we are convinced, prove good subjects, and become valuable neighbours to the colonist. New Zealanders do not drink. They are rapidly emerging from their pristine barbarism, and the disgusting crime of cannibalism is now less frequent among them. Were the country colonized it would cease altogether; for the detes-

tation which it excites in Europeans does not escape the New Zealander's penetration, and makes him ashamed to acknowledge the practice of it in their presence. They are getting more attached to agricultural pursuits, and some of their grounds are very prettily laid out. Implements of husbandry are now sought after, and woollens are in great demand. We trust that the time is not far distant, when we shall see them clothed in an English garb, for which they are gradually acquiring a predilection.

It now only remains for us to enumerate some of the products of this invaluable country that are fit for commerce, and we shall then conclude by showing of what vast importance it may be made to the English individual, and to England as a nation. We have before alluded, both to the sperm and black whale fisheries. We shall now call the attention of the merchant to the phormium, or the flax-plant, which grows in wild luxuriance throughout the three islands of New Zealand. It is indigenous to the country, and perennial, the leaves ranging from six to ten feet in length. The plant throws an abundance of seed. The hill flax is of a fine texture, white, and stronger than that grown in the valleys, though the staple may not be quite so long. It is superior to that of Russia and Manilla, possessing all the flexibility of the former, and being free from the wiry brittleness of the latter. Thousands of tons of this valuable article might be shipped annually from New Zealand to the mother country. Indeed, these islands could supply, with ease, the consumption of all Europe. As to its quality, cordage and fishing lines have been made from good New Zealand flax, which have proved to be far more durable than any made from European hemp.

As to timber, in no country does it grow to such a towering height, and to such perfection. The noble and expansive forests of New Zealand afford a superabundance that the profusion of future generations could never exhaust, not only for shipping, but for other purposes. Here are several species of pine of which the "cáudie" is the king. It is a splendid tree, growing to a stupendous height; even the majestic pines of America and Norway dwindle into insignificance when compared with those of New Zealand.

A great variety of hard wood grows here, admirably adapted for the timbering of any sized ships. We have not space to enumerate them. Dye woods are in great variety and abundance. Cotton would grow luxuriantly at New Zealand. Coffee, sugar, indigo, and rice, would succeed well on the north island.

That these islands are also rich in mineral wealth is incontrovertible. Specimens of silver and tin have been carried to Sydney, with great quantities of iron ore.

We are reluctantly compelled to abstain from any farther description of the perfections of this inestimable island. We must now look at it in its political and commercial position, as an arena for almost unlimited colonization; and as a glorious opening for the enterprising and the industrious. Should New Zealand be colonized, those extensive and beautiful islands in the Southern Pacific, that have so long remained hidden from the knowledge of the world, would gradually be brought to light; and communication and trade would be the ne-

cessary consequence. Among the vast numbers that form this almost unexplored archipelago, there is one called New Caledonia, lying to the southward of the New Hebrides; which has, one way, an extent of two hundred and thirty miles, and appears far from being thinly inhabited. This extensive island is only five days' sail from New Zealand. A trade opened between New Zealand and this archipelago would furnish a mart for British piece goods, and many other articles of British manufacture, while commerce would eventually bring in its train all the arts of refinement and civilization, and thus increase the demand that it created.

We cannot here refrain from giving the opinion of Mr. M'Donnel, of the Royal Navy, to whom we are indebted for the information contained in this article. "Give New Zealand but respectable settlers from home, with a moderate share of encouragement from government, and a very short period will develop her resources, and place her among the most respectable of the colonies of Great Britain; and that, too, without the expense of the English government. She will become the garden, the depôt, and the granary of the Pacific. Her climate, her fertility of soil, her many fine rivers, harbours, and bays, supply her with such commanding advantages, independent of her situation, as must tend to the rapid increase of her prosperity. The colonization of New Zealand will open a fresh vein for the lucrative investment of British capital, stimulate mercantile enterprise, and furnish employment for thousands of our poor countrymen, the manufacturing classes particularly. In the event of a war between Great Britain and the northern powers of Europe, the value of New Zealand would be felt, as no fears need be entertained of an ample supply, both of timber and flax," &c.

In our opinion the subject ought to be taken up by government. Of all the nations of the earth England most wants colonies, and the means of colonization; let her not be, of all the nations, the most supine. But a little favour, but a little countenance is required, and British enterprise will do the rest. Other countries are beginning to feel the evil of unemployed capital, and a superabundant population. To us it would be loss, dishonour, and disgrace, should we not seize the golden opportunity that is now so temptingly offered to our hands. Let us balance with our power and our resources in the south, the overbearing and the consolidating spirit that is now too visible among our northern neighbours; and remove by prudence the necessity of hereafter asserting by force our commanding position in the rank of nations, ultimately, perhaps, our existence. Mr. M'Donnel has struggled hard to bring New Zealand to the notice of the government, and to render the resources of those beautiful islands available to his country; in fact, he has done more to civilize the natives, and to ameliorate their condition, than all the other Europeans residing there; he has gone single-handed to work, and fearlessly persevered in opening a trade between South America and New Zealand. The liberal and expansive views that Mr. M'Donnel has briefly taken, regarding the civilization and consequent colonization of those extensive islands in the Southern Pacific is worthy of praise, and merits encouragement, and we heartily wish him success.

“ DETUR PULCHRIORI,”

Which (being interpreted for the benefit of Ladies and Schoolmasters) signifies

AN ODE TO THE VENUS OLYMPICA.

STAR of the western sky ! To thee
My voice and looks I raise,
While, Persian-like, I bend the knee,
And worship while I gaze.

O ! for the harp of Roknabad,
Now silent and unstrung !
That erst through green Mosellay's shade,
And Shiraz' gardens rung !

Then haply might I hope to give
Thy beauty homage due ;
Then changeless every charm should live,
Fresh in its own bright hue.

Time should not fell thy beauty's pride,
Nor tideless be thy song ;
But thou shouldst be Endymion's bride,
Like him, for ever young.

That heart where oft his wild, wild chime
Passion hath rung before,
To passion's pulse should still keep time,
Till time itself's no more.

Yet shouldst thou then not wholly die,
Though seen no longer here,
But go to light another sky,
Or charm another sphere.

Those lips, those lips, those swelling lips,
Those rich ripe lips of thine,
Where young-eyed Pleasure sits and sips,
The livelong day, his wine—

Where wild Desire, too, makes his bed,
Yet cannot still his soul ;
For Love, all flushed and rosy-red,
Sits proffering Pleasure's bowl—

And still he takes the maddening cup,
And drains it o'er and o'er ;
Still takes, and takes, and drains it up,
And dies demanding more.

O ! hadst thou lived in days of old—
Of Priam's beauteous boy—
Britain, instead of Greece, had told
The tale of conquered Troy !

Or hadst thou dwelt the bowers among,
That drink the Teian beam,
Their bard had poured but one sweet song,
Had own'd but one—one theme !

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARITIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

" Know nature's children all divide her care,
 The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use ;'
 ' See man for mine,' replies a pampered goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all."

THE objects of all charitable institutions, it may be presumed, are, first, to relieve the immediate wants and distresses of the poor and needy ; secondly, to better generally and permanently their condition as a class ; thirdly, to repress crime and demoralization ; thereby to advance the great cause of universal religion, but in a more especial degree that of Christianity. Whether these objects have been at any previous period of history, or are at the present day, attained by the benevolence of the public, and the subscriptions of some individuals in particular, cannot but be thought a question of the greatest national interest.

The elucidation of this subject comprises the following considerations : the origin of charitable institutions in this country—their different objects—their uses and abuses, applicable to past and present times—and, lastly, their general efficiency to meet the end in view, viz. to benefit mankind. This, it may be thought, is a large field ; but it is not intended, in a paper of this nature, to give the history of any institution in particular, or enter upon a statistical account of the whole.

The question to be considered is, what are the usual effects of charities (in the common acceptation of the term) upon society generally considered ? Nations and institutions, as well as persons, have their infancy ; and even virtues have their diseases. Up to our own times the palpable error in history has been, the great effort made to discover and describe the progress in arms, and to tell us of illustrious conquerors who have trodden hero-like over the dying and the dead ; while the same pains have not been used to trace and delineate the progress and cultivation of knowledge. No term in our language has been more misused than the word charity. If we take the word in its largest sense—the *theological virtue of universal love*—it includes all mankind ; and implies a wish to promote the general improvement of human nature ; it is therefore more a love of our species than individuals, to which the word in social life is applied. It has been the custom to call all institutions for public instruction charities ; but it is evident no country can flourish without schools. The erection of these establishments is as much a matter of national policy as the building of forts, and ships of war, which may, with as much consistency, be termed public charities for the defence of the country, although their construction could not be effected without a knowledge of the arts, which are peculiarly taught at public places of learning.

So well have modern governments appreciated this fact, that they are constantly founding institutions of a public nature in every essential particular art of warfare. Those who excel in these attainments assume more the character of benefactors to their country than recipients of eleemosynary favours. It may be objected to this line of argument, that the individuals who receive instruction are personally benefited, and their advancement in the world promoted, and therefore they ought to be grateful. Truly they may be thankful, that out of the number selected to serve their country, either as teachers or defenders of it, they form one of the body; but it may be asked, was it genuine charity to any one man in particular, or class of men, that occasioned the foundation of any of our public establishments for instruction? and if so, for what class of men were they designed? The government and public bodies, who were mainly instrumental in founding our scholastic establishments, without doubt were impressed with this truth, viz. that "*Salus populi suprema est lex.*"

Regarding those endowments, which are spoken of as having sprung out of the munificence of individuals, it is only necessary to remark, that most of them were the emanations of the most obstinate and unchristianlike bigotry. Some of these institutions were designed to enslave the mind of man, happily frustrated by subsequent national events. Heroes, tyrants, bigots, and other great men, have lived since the days of Agamemnon; some like him have reached the temple of fame, by imitating the spirit of the lion, others by the acuteness of the fox's character; while a large portion of mankind, seeing no hope for distinction during life, employ their time in making money to purchase a spurious fame when dead, and induce posterity to believe that they possessed a virtue, which their contemporaries while living never discerned, or in their persons never saw exercised.

It is curious to observe how (contrary to the electrical properties of surcharged bodies) those who are loaded with the precious metals, while in this life, draw towards each other, receding from the poor man; but when they contemplate death, and the instinctive sympathies awaken the still small voice of conscience, intimating that they are shortly to mingle in atoms of dust and particles of air with those who have, anteriorly to their own existence and decay, undergone decomposition; they, in accordance with electrical phenomena, (thinking of the poor whom they have hitherto neglected,) fly off to the negative body. The change of feeling which men in their progress to the grave undergo, is strikingly illustrated in the biography of those who, in more early days, were conspicuous for their posthumous benevolence. The catholicism of bygone days was highly favourable to monastic and all other kinds of charitable institutions; the miser, the usurer, and the tyrant who had robbed his subjects, when brought to auricular confession, were told by the crafty priest, that immunity might be purchased at the hands of Heaven; that works of supererogation would buy off the anger of the Deity, and that in his eye, to rob with one hand and give to the poor with the other was no crime. Hence the numerous endowments in this country for the benefit of the poor, (for it must be understood, they were all bequeathed to that body, not excepting our four universities, viz. Oxford, Cam-

bridge, Westminster, and Eton,) and the gross ignorance and rapacity evinced by many during their lives, whose names stand conspicuous on the page of charitable donations. Modern education has, however, so far overcome this reaction of the conscience, that most persons, who now give alms for the use of those who are necessitous, do so during their own lifetime; a practice much more satisfactory to the donors, after witnessing the gross misapplication of the money bequeathed by our forefathers.

Good and charitable men have lived before and since the days of Howard, and, without doubt, many are still living; but however ungracious they may receive, or unwilling they may be to admit the fact, the poor, as a body, have never yet been benefited by any of our so denominated charitable institutions, excepting those which promote science, and in which all mankind participate alike.

Glimpses of this fact, as the wheel of investigation has turned round, have, every now and then, broken in upon the minds of many who dig into the substratum of society; its demonstration, however, has been deferred, till the truth of the proposition cries aloud in our streets. Those who have no heart to feel for the sufferings of their nature, are indifferent as to whether the poor are benefited or otherwise by the measures intended for the ameliorating their condition; and those who have laboured and contributed to this end are unwilling to think they have done so in vain.

Few men are pleased when proved to be in error, especially in exertions wherein all the best feelings of humanity have been engaged. Benevolent institutions and charitable societies, like all other things, must be tested by their effects, some of which are apparent by merely casting a retrospective eye upon the poorer classes for these last thirty years, and asking ourselves the question how have they been benefited? And where are the visible and outward signs of the profit they have received? Alas! the answer is, in drunkenness and idleness. Some seeds have been sown in charity, but the fruit thereof is gathered in vice and wretchedness; and unhappily, (as far as the poor are concerned,) taking a view of all the institutions which were ever founded, we have the same dark picture unilluminated by any streaks of light.

It appears, from the evidence of Greek and Latin writers, that even before the conquest of this country by the Romans, there were establishments for learning, conducted by the Druids; and it is mentioned that the Druidical institutions of Britain were subsequently much crowded with students, as many of the youth of Gaul came over to finish their education in this island; and it is said that some of the most celebrated of them were in the Isle of Anglesea.

But the first great stimulus given to learning in this country, was in the reign of Julius Agricola, who came to the government in the year 78: he it was who took infinite pains to persuade the youth of England to apply themselves to the study of the Latin language, well knowing that all that then was to be learnt of the arts and sciences at that period could only be found in the books of that language. Learning progressed from his time to the middle of the fourth century, when the Saxons arrived, who being more addicted to plunder

than the improvement of a country, they retarded the advancement of refinement. When, however, in the seventh century, Christianity was introduced, and the knowledge of ecclesiastics was made the criterion of scholastic attainments, the English youth again applied themselves to the study of the Latin tongue. Numerous schools were established, the first and most illustrious being that of Canterbury, founded by St. Augustine, who was the apostle of the English. Subsequently Archbishop Theodore was remarkably conspicuous in promoting the progress of learning. Had the art of printing been known at that period, there is every reason to suppose that Europe, if not the whole world, would have responded to the benefits which knowledge is calculated to impart to mankind, long ere the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is styled the English Augustan age. At this period of history, books were so scarce, that they could only be obtained at Rome, and at an incredible price. In fact, none but kings, bishops, and abbots, could be possessed of any, which is the reason that there were no schools but in kings' palaces, bishops' seats, or monasteries. The Archbishop of York, in Egbert's time, speaks of the public library which was in his keeping, in terms of great praise, and laments that they cannot be transcribed and circulated, feeling anxious that "their flowers should be transplanted." At a subsequent period, the Danes devastated the country, and destroyed all the schools, until the reign of Alfred, which was a memorable era in the annals of British literature. He repaired the old monasteries and built new ones, instituting a school in each; he also extended the benefit of them to the laity as well as the clergy,—hence the foundation of the two universities. From 871 to 901, this monarch laboured to promote learning, but the nobility contemned it—leaving the acquirements of knowledge to the ecclesiastics. Alfred, however, made the road to preferment, both in church and state, through the great road of learning. He passed a law to oblige all freeholders, who possessed two hides of land or upwards, to send their sons to school, and give them a liberal education. During the tenth century, England again relapsed into its former ignorance; but it revived upon the restoration of the Anglo-Saxon kings, in the year 1041, in the person of Edward the Confessor: from 1166 to 1216 there was a great increase of public seminaries, and it is stated that between the Conquest and the death of King John, there were founded five hundred and fifty-seven religious houses, besides the establishment of schools in all the towns. The inundation of Jews after the Conquest, brought over rabbis and men of learning, who never shut the door of their seminaries against the Christians.

The establishment of schools in every age, appears to have been the work of policy, in a degree proportionate to the refinement of the rulers, whose object it was to carry on the work of civilization. These national institutions, therefore, cannot consistently be designated charities, and as regards those which Catholic bigotry and superstition caused to be founded, under the workings of the imagination and the terrors of perdition, they should be denominated religious fines. It is the duty of government to provide instruction for the people, especially for the poor, which seems to have been better understood formerly than in the present day.

By degrees the poor have been deprived of their birthright; the use and benefit of the public institutions bequeathed them by their ancestors—and have been turned over to learn their alphabet at a place called a parish charity school: by parity of reasoning, Dick Turpin was a charitable man, when, after having robbed another upon the high road, of a considerable sum of money, he returned him a shilling to pay the turnpike, and purchase himself a glass of ale. In the strict sense of the word there is no such thing as charity in this country towards the poor; the wealthier classes have overrun all their possessions, and now deliberate in the senate house how they may be kept alive at the smallest possible expense. Those who ask for proofs of this fact are referred to the documentary publications explanatory of the whole of the scholastic foundations in this country.

All charitable institutions were intended for *the poor*—this is the word used—none but those who were not, and are not poor, have derived any benefit from them; and this has taken place in a country, which prides itself upon keeping public faith with its creditors, and having a court of equity where the intention of donators, and the liberal meaning of wills, may be legally enforced.

In 1816, a parliamentary committee was formed to inquire into the provision for the education of the poor in the metropolis. Upon this occasion it was discovered that the property left for the education, clothing, and subsistence of the poor was of immense amount, and that the mass of it was in the hands of the clergy, the aristocracy, and corporate bodies; that much of it was consumed in political intrigues, or applied to purposes of indulgence or private emolument; this was called a discovery, although it was before known, as well as the most notorious public facts. A commission has since been six years engaged in an investigation of the funds connected with the English charities; the universities and the most popular of the public schools were, however, excused from rendering up their account to this authority; but the day may yet come, when these institutions must submit to inquiry, and inform the world how justly their ample funds have been applied. It is much to be regretted that the commissioners did not more sternly and faithfully discharge their duty; their mode of inquiry is but too frequently of that oily and smooth kind, ill adapted to the purposes. But the report was made, and the charitable institutions declared generally in a state of delinquency. Now it may be asked, why no ulterior parliamentary measures have followed this report, so long since made. The present may well be termed the *commission administration*: the charity commission was issued in consequence of a motion of Lord Brougham's; but as it is now dead and stale, it wants the character of novelty to amuse the reformers; therefore they say, let the robbery go on, while we issue fresh commissions, and renew our promissory notes for retrenchment in the state.

The latest return made for England, Scotland, and Wales of the funds discovered exclusive of the universities and five public schools, produces 1,028,993*l.* per annum, but they are supposed to amount to two millions. The city of London alone possesses available funds to the annual amount of 133,583*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.* We need not, with these funds in their hands, express surprise at their celebrity as *gastrolâtres*.

As there is nothing of past times more clearly demonstrated to us than that the whole of the charity funds belong to the poor; and as the principle of diverting these funds from the donor's intention (as expressed in the terms of the bequest) has been recognized by prescription, where could any objection arise if the government were to apply the whole to the support of the poor, or more properly in erecting schools of real practical learning for their benefit, leaving those who can afford it to pay for their own education without entrenching upon the funds of those who cannot?

If, from the beginning, the public charity funds had been properly applied, it is a question whether we should now have been encumbered with any parish paupers at all in England; for as the population increased, so has the value of the charity funds; and, moreover, had they been available to the poor, as places of education, instead of being applied as they have been, there is no knowing what a differently improved state society might, at this period, have been in altogether. The accumulated funds of endowments are generally reckoned according to the table of the increased value of money; thus, at the Conquest the value of 1*l.* in present money was 2*l.* 18*s.* 1½*d.*, but this gives us but a very small notion of the enormous wealth which some of the colleges have at their disposal, arising out of the increased value of land, lying in and near to large towns and cities, where a foot frontage, brings more than an acre of land formerly did; to say nothing of their practice in laying on a fine, proportionately heavy when leases are renewed as the property is improved.

Nothing in the present day calls more loudly for a commission of inquiry than the application of university charities. Our Alma Mater gives abundance of milk, but the butter slips through the fingers of the poor, for whose sole use she was originally taught to suckle. The limits of this paper will not permit me to enter minutely upon these abuses. St. Paul's School, however, is one instance. When Dean Collet endowed it, in 1524, the lands he bequeathed for its support produced an income of 122*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.*, but they now bring 5,252*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.* and the total annual revenue is 6,252*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.* A London corporation, under whose management it is, could not be expected to allow any part of such a splendid fund to go to the poor—if there had been a whole loaf to be given away at Easter, and a half one again at Martlemas, they would have called the poor together, and expatiated on the liberality of our ancestors. Seriously, there is nothing for which government deserves more censure, than allowing charity funds to remain in the state they are. In all the charities, hitherto, the statutes for their guidance have been venerated just so much as suited the interests of those who have the management of the funds belonging to them.

The two universities were originally founded in the times of monkish superstition, by influence of which the several founders of colleges were generally controlled; they, therefore, required that their fellows should enter orders, that they might contribute by masses and prayers to deliver the souls of their founders from purgatory.

The Reformation, which expunged the useless office for the dead, did not leave the fellows more at liberty to accommodate their studies to the general wants of the living. These places, therefore, have

never been applied to the purposes of practical knowledge. As schools of examination in Latin and Greek, when those languages were necessary to understand the learning of the times, and without which it could not be attained, they might have answered; but in the present day, when, if the Romans were to reappear, as in the zenith of their best days, they would throw aside their own language and study English, because more real knowledge is to be acquired by reading in that language, than ever was to be found in Greek or Latin works, it is a fanatic's insanity to allow these institutions to stand upon their present rotten basis. If we were, as the universities are now conducted, to consider their whole emoluments and funds destined to the support of learning and learned men, the step towards adapting them to the times, would be that the masters and fellows were relieved from the necessity of engaging in orders; when every study is left open, mankind will then sort themselves in the justest proportion to the occasions of the times, and the church, there is no reason to believe, as well as the state, can ever want a proper supply. Again, as fellowships are designed to answer the double purpose of supporting the students as well as providing teachers, they ought not to be perpetual, but limited; they should cease (suppose at the tenth year from taking the bachelor of arts' degree.)

This is a sufficient time to finish any course of study; men will then, if ever, be fitted to enter into the world, and for which they cannot be better prepared, than by being kept in a state of dependance and probation. Such an ordinance will also support the credit of the university; for although all elections were conducted with the greatest regard to qualifications, yet sometimes a false judgment will be made, and some geniuses will afterwards be buried in sloth, or consumed in intemperance, as but too frequently happens under the present system, where they lie as a dead weight upon learning, and hinder the entrance of others. Thus, after having turned the stream of wealth from the poor upon their own already irrigated and cultivated fields, their grasping cupidity circumscribes it among themselves to a few.

Having briefly noticed how little the poor have been benefited by the institutions bequeathed to them by their ancestors, let us consider what are the effects of charities in the present day, and how many there are of a genuine nature extant in England. It has been justly remarked, that the people are like the god Mercury, good with the good, and bad with the bad. Education can only give them a healthy judgment, and hold out the finger of direction to what is best to be done for the improvement of their own condition, and the line of conduct to pursue in order to promote their own interest.

Notwithstanding the reigning vices of the present day, there is a strong sense of justice towards all mankind in the public mind; and there is no country in the world where there is so much corruption, which equals Britain in public munificent gifts, and external proofs of benevolence. She, however, too frequently becomes a dupe to her own excellent heart.

Charitable institutions, in the present day, may be divided into two classes, those which are permanent, and those which are ephemeral. Under the head of the former may be considered all schools esta-

lished for the education of the poor, excepting only such as the Licensed Victualler's Schools, which, although classed under the head of charity, is more of an elective tontine, as a subscription is paid to entitle the parties to their eligibility of candidateship; there is also a Baker's School, and several others upon this plan, all varying in some degree from each other, as regards their regulation; they must, however, all (to suit the taste of the age) be called charity institutions; hospitals, dispensaries, almshouses, institutions for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and orphans, &c. &c., although supported by voluntary contributions, may most of them be viewed as stable charities; together with the refuge for the destitute, and the sailor's institution for the same purpose in Wapping. Parish schools, as before observed, although many of them are wholly or partially supported by public subscription, can scarcely come under the denomination of charities. If they are charitable institutions, they are as much a charity to the higher classes as to the lower. All mankind are interested in the state of public morality; there can be no security in a country when ignorance extensively prevails, but in England, more especially, where a dense population is crowded upon a circumscribed arena of ground, and where a large number, compared with the whole body, is in a wretched state of poverty. Moses ordained that schools should be opened in all cities, and the inhabitants of that wherein there are no schools shall be *excommunicated*, "till they provide themselves schoolmasters," subjoining as a reason, that the world could not subsist if it were not for the babbling of little school-boys. There has been a wish shown to persuade the public that the words Grammar School, as applied to our ancient establishments, exclude all learning but the learned languages. The intention of the founders, without doubt, was to promote peculiarly that species of knowledge, it being the key in their time to all others; but if they had lived in these days, we must suppose they would condemn the fabulous histories, or dogmas, and spurious ethics of the ancients, and have founded mechanics' institutions, philosophical societies, &c. Learning is the word most frequently used by the founders in their writings—it would be well if the moderns followed their example. Can we, however, recognize in the charity schools of our day, any arrangement to effect this object—and are the poor not (as I have elsewhere endeavoured to show) stultified?

If, however, a looker on may speak the truth, the charity schools with which this country is now in every parish studded, have not been so much erected from a genuine feeling of charity—which suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own—as from controversy, and a struggle amongst the dissentients from the established religion, to strengthen their own party: the seceders from the mother church were the first, under the guise of charity, to form schools, into which they introduced catechisms, differing from the one in common use. No calm, clear-headed looker on, who has virtue enough to speak, or to admit the truth, will say the struggle which has taken place within these last twenty years amongst divers sects, to form large schools, and parade them through the

streets, has been generated by any other principle but that of a collision of opinion, and a desire to bring over numbers for the support of each other. There is no aphorism more just, than that good often comes out of evil, which would have been verified in this instance, had the schools been properly conducted. The dissenters generally have been long at work undermining the established church; but when it was discovered they had taken up the education of the poor, it was seen that a powerful engine was about to be brought to bear against our cathedrals, and it was then that all opposition from the bench of bishops to the establishment of national schools ceased; which brings us to the cause why the national schools have proved so totally inefficient to the purposes of useful and general education, viz. that there never has been any intention on the part of those who instituted the school to beneficially educate the poor; and it must be admitted that the question is a knotty one, and does present difficulties. But my object is to lay bare the truth, not to deal polemically with the subject. I repeat then, that taking a view of all sides of the question, there never was primarily any genuine feeling of charity engaged in the establishment of our sectarian parish schools: the sole object of one side was to use the rising generation as a weapon against the church, and the Protestants, in their turn, naturally enough set up an education shop to counteract their measures, each circumvesting their views in the garb of charity, wrangling and quarrelling all the time over the form of religious catechism which should be used in their respective schools. Some of our ancestors, who were less sophisticated and more candid, understanding their own hearts better than the bigots of the present day, rejected the notion of charity in their foundations; their object was wholly and solely to gratify and express their love of learning, entitling their establishments *free schools*. In our times every measure which the imperative authority of circumstances forces upon the government, and every art which the more wealthy members of the community find it their interest to adopt and aid in its progression and completion, must all be denominated gracious acts of charity.

The use of signs is to express ideas, but the term charity as applied to the poor is improperly used in both ways; that is, in measures wherein charity forms no part of the consideration, but policy every thing; and, on the other hand, where it is among individuals their only and sole motive to relieve those who are in distress. In the first case there is hypocrisy, and in the second a want of judgment, and a misapplication of the feeling which constitutes real charity, and it will not be difficult to prove that such members of society have done much mischief in it; besides, many who are most liberal with their money, are oftentimes the most parsimonious in dealing out justice. I would not be understood to say that the genuine spirit of charity is no where recognizable in our many institutions; but I hold that they ought not to be the guage, or metre, by which we should estimate the quantity of charity extant, and the diffusion of its general essence throughout the country; nor would I indiscriminately allow credit for that virtue to all the individuals who subscribe towards the support of our numerous institutions. Many motives operate in numberless in-

stances to induce thousands to affix their names to a list of contributors when their hearts are as cold as marble, and never yet felt the sentiment of charity, or knew what it means. Many subscribe mechanically, in going with the stream, as one sheep in a flock follows another: many objects which charitable institutions have in view, are so evidently beneficial in their effects, abstractedly considered, that it may appear paradoxical to admit their insulated usefulness, and yet condemn the whole as productive of mischief. The truth, however, in this instance, does not, any more than in all other outward and visible mundane affairs, lie upon the surface. But we have already occupied too much space, and shall therefore conclude our observations upon this subject in the following Number.

(To be continued.)

MY GENTLE ISABEL !

FROM RICHARD THE SECOND, IN PRISON, TO HIS FAITHFUL
QUEEN ISABELLE, IN FRANCE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THEY told me thou wert changed, and smiled
On others more than me,
And haply I had been beguiled
To think that such might be,—
But that a voice within my breast,
Did plead thy cause so well,
It put to silence all the rest,
My gentle Isabel.

It told me, spirits chaste as thine,
Were chary of their love ;
Too delicate, too purely fine,
Like common minds to rove ;
And therefore 'tis I love thee so,
As words but poorly tell ;
Ah ! who like me thy heart can know
My gentle Isabel ?

Then let them tell me what they will,
I'll never more believe,
As fragrant flowers their balm distil,
So memory shall leave,—
So rich and sweet account of thee,
As will for ever dwell,
When thou art far away from me,
My gentle Isabel.

These stanzas were written for the beautiful Irish Melody "*Gramachree*."

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.¹—No. XV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MASHALLAH! God be praised, we are rid of that fellow and his doubts. I have been thinking, Mustapha, as I smoked the pipe of surmise, and arrived at the ashes of certainty, that a man who had so many doubts could not be a true believer. I wish I had sent him to the Mollahs; we might have been amused with his being impaled, which is a rare object now-a-days."

"God is great," replied Mustapha, "and a stake is a strong argument, and would remove many doubts. But I have an infidel in the court-yard who telleth of strange things. He hath been caught like a wild beast; it is a Frank Galiongi, who hath travelled as far as that son of Shitan, Huckaback; he was found in the streets, overpowered by the forbidden juice, after having beaten many of your Highness's subjects, and the Cadi would have administered the bamboo, but he was as a lion, and he scattered the slaves as chaff, until he fell, and could not rise again. I have taken him from the Cadi, and brought him here. He speaketh but the Frankish tongue, but the Sun who shineth on me knoweth I have been in the Frank country, and Inshallah! please the Lord, I can interpret his meaning."

"What sort of man may he be, Mustapha?"

"He is a baj baj—a big belly—a stout man; he is an Anhunkher, a swallower of iron. He hath sailed in the war vessels of the Franks. He holdeth in one hand a bottle of the forbidden liquor, in the other, he shakes at those who would examine him, a thick stick. He hath a large handful of the precious weed which we use for our pipes in one of his cheeks, and his hair is hanging behind down to his waist in a rolled up mass, as thick as the arm of your slave."

"It is well—we will admit him; but let there be armed men at hand. Let me have a full pipe! God is great," continued the Pasha, holding out his glass to be filled; "and the bottle is nearly empty. Place the guards, and bring in the infidel."

The guards in a few minutes brought into the presence of the Pasha, a stout-built English sailor, in the usual dress, and with a tail which hung down behind, below his waist. The sailor did not appear to like his treatment, and every now and then, as they pushed and dragged him in, turned to one side or the other, looking daggers at those who conducted him. He was sober, although his eyes bore testimony to recent intoxication, and his face, which was manly and handsome, was much disfigured by an enormous quid of tobacco in his right cheek, which gave him an appearance of natural deformity. As soon as he was near enough to the Pasha, the attendants let him go. Jack shook his jacket, hitched up his trowsers, and said, looking

¹ Continued from p. 259.

furiously at them, "Well, you beggars, have you done with me at last?"

Mustapha addressed the sailor in English, telling him that he was in the presence of his Highness the Pasha.

"What, that old chap, muffled up in shawls and furs—is he the Pasha? Well, I don't think much o' he;" and the sailor turned his eyes round the room, gaping with astonishment, and perfectly unmindful how very near he was to one who could cut off his head or his tail, by a single movement of his hand.

"What sayeth the Frank, Mustapha?" inquired the Pasha.

"He is struck dumb with astonishment at the splendour of your majesty, and all that he beholds."

"It is well said, by Allah!"

"I suppose I may just as well come to an anchor," said the sailor, suiting the action to the word, and dropping down on the mats. "There," continued he, folding his legs in imitation of the Turks, "as it's the fashion to have a cross in your hawse in this here country, I can be a bit of a lubber as well as yourselves. I wouldn't mind if I blew a cloud, as well as you, old fusty-musty."

"What does the Giaour say? What son of a dog is this, to sit in our presence?" exclaimed the Pasha.

"He saith," replied Mustapha, "that in his country no one dare stand in the presence of the Frankish king; and overcome by his humility, his legs refuse their office, and he sinks to the dust before you. It is even as he sayeth, for I have travelled in their country, and such is the custom of that uncivilized nation. Mashallah! but he lives in awe and trembling."

"By the beard of the prophet, he does not appear to show it outwardly," replied the Pasha; "but that may be the custom also."

"Be chesm on my eyes, be it," replied Mustapha, "it is even so. Frank," said Mustapha, "the Pasha has sent for you that he may hear an account of all the wonderful things which you have seen. You must tell lies, and you will have gold."

"Tell lies! that is, spin a yarn; well, I can do that, but my mouth's baked with thirst, and without a drop of something, the devil a yarn from me, and so you may tell the old Billy-goat, perched up there."

"What sayeth the son of Shitan," demanded the Pasha, impatiently.

"The unbeliever declareth that his tongue is glued to his mouth from the terror of your Highness's presence. He fainteth after water to restore him, and enable him to speak."

"Let him be fed," rejoined the Pasha.

But Mustapha had heard enough to know that the sailor would not be content with the pure element. He therefore continued, "Your slave must tell you, that in the country of the Franks, they drink nothing but the fire water, in which the true believers but occasionally venture to indulge."

"Allah acbar! nothing but fire water? What then do they do with common water?"

"They have none but from heaven—the rivers are all of the same strength."

"Mashallah, how wonderful is God! I would we had a river here. Let some be procured, then, for I wish to hear his story."

A bottle of brandy was sent for, and handed to the sailor, who put it to his mouth, and the quantity he took of it before he removed the bottle to recover his breath, fully convinced the Pasha that Mustapha's assertions were true.

"Come, that's not so bad," said the sailor, putting the bottle down between his legs; "and now I'll be as good as my word, and I'll spin old Billy a yarn as long as the maintop-bowling."

"What sayeth the Giaour?" interrupted the Pasha.

"That he is about to lay at your Highness's feet the wonderful events of his life, and trusts that his face will be whitened before he quits your sublime presence. Frank, you may proceed——"

"To lie till I'm black in the face—well, since you wish it; but old chap, my name ar'n't Frank. It happens to be Bill; howsomever, it warn't a bad guess for a Turk; and now I'm here, I'd just like to ax you a question. We had a bit of a hargument the other day, when I was in a frigate up the Dardanelles, as to what your religion might be. Jack Soames said that you warn't Christians, but that if you were, you could only be Catholics; but I don't know how he could know any thing about it, seeing that he had not been more than seven weeks on board of a man-of-war. What may you be—if I may make so bold as to ax the question?"

"What does he say?" inquired the Pasha, impatiently.

"He says," interrupted Mustapha, "that he was not so fortunate as to be born in the country of the true believers, but in an island full of fog and mist, where the sun never shines, and the cold is so intense, that the water from heaven is hard and cold as a flint."

"That accounts for their not drinking it. Mashallah, God is great! Let him proceed."

"The Pasha desires me to say, that our religion is, that there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet, and begs that you will go on with your story."

"Never heard of the chap—never mind—here's saw wood."

I was born at Shields, and bred to the sea, served my time out of that port, and got a birth on board a small vessel fitted out from Liverpool for the slave trade. We made the coast, unstowed our beads, spirits, and gunpowder, and very soon had a cargo on board; but the day after we sailed for the Havannah, the dysentery broke out among the niggers—no wonder, seeing how they were stowed, poor devils, head and tail, like pilchards in a cask. We opened the hatches and brought part of them on deck, but it was no use, they died like rotten sheep, and we tossed overboard about thirty a day. Many others who were alive jumped overboard, and we were followed by a shoal of sharks, splashing, and darting, and diving, and tearing the bodies, yet warm, and revelling in the hot and bloody water. At last they were all gone, and we turned back to the coast to get a fresh supply. We were within a day's sail of the land, when we saw two boats on our weather bow; they made signals to us, and we found them to be full of men; we hove to, and took them on board, and then it was that we discovered that they had belonged to a French schooner in the same trade, which had started a plank, and had gone down like a shot, with all the niggers in the hold.

"Now, give the old gentleman the small change of that, while I just whet my whistle."

Mustapha having interpreted, and the sailor having taken a swig at the bottle, he proceeded.

We didn't much like having these French beggars on board, and it wasn't without reason, for they were as many as we were. The very first night they were overheard by a negro who belonged to us, and had learnt French, making a plan for overpowering us, and taking possession of the vessel; so when we heard that, their doom was sealed. We gathered 'em on deck, put the hatches over some, seized those on deck, and—in half an hour, they all walked a plank.

"I do not understand what you mean," said Mustapha.

That's 'cause you're a lubber of a landsman. The long and short of walking a plank is just this. We passed a wide plank over the gunnel, greasing it well at the outer end, led the Frenchmen up to it blindfolded, and wished them "bon voyage" in their own lingo, just out of politeness. They walked on till they toppled into the sea, and the sharks didn't refuse them, though they prefer a nigger to any thing else.

"What does he say, Mustapha?" interrupted the Pasha. Mustapha interpreted.

"Good; I should like to have seen that," replied the Pasha.

Well, as soon as we were rid of the Frenchmen, we made our port, and soon had another cargo on board, and after a good run, got safe to the Havannah, where we sold our slaves; but I didn't much like the sarvice, so I cut the schooner, and sailed home in summer, and got back safe to England. There I fell in with Betsey, and as she proved a regular out and outer, I spliced her; and a famous wedding we had of it, as long as the rhino lasted; but that wasn't long, the more's the pity; so I went to sea for more. When I came back after my trip, I found that Bet hadn't behaved quite so well as she might have done, so I cut my stick, and went away from her altogether.

"Why didn't you put her in a sack?" inquired the Pasha, when Mustapha explained.

"Put her head in a bag—no, she wasn't so ugly as all that," replied the sailor "Howsomever, to coil away."

I joined a privateer brig, and after three cruizes I had plenty of money, and determined to have another spell on shore, that I might get rid of it. Then I picked up Sue, and spliced again; but, Lord bless your heart, she turned out a regular-built tartar—nothing but fight fight, scratch scratch, all day long, till I wished her at old Scratch. I was tired of her, and Sue had taken a fancy to another chap; so says she one day, "As we both be of the same mind, why don't you sell me, and then we may part in a respectable manner." I agrees, and I puts a halter round her neck, and leads her to the market-place, the chap following to buy her. "Who bids for this woman?" says I.

"I do," says he.

"What will you give?"

"Half-a-crown," says he.

"Will you throw a glass of grog into the bargain?"

"Yes," says he.

"Then she's yours; and I wish you much joy of your bargain." So I hands the rope to him, and he leads her off.

“How much do you say he sold his wife for?” said the Pasha to Mustapha, when this part of the story was repeated to him.

“A piastre, and a drink of the fire water,” replied the vizier.

“Ask him if she was handsome?” said the Pasha.

“Handsome,” replied the sailor to Mustapha’s inquiry; “yes, she was as pretty a craft to look at as you may set your eyes upon; fine round counter—clean run—swelling bows—good figure head, and hair enough for a mermaid.”

“What does he say?” inquired the Pasha.

“The Frank declareth that her eyes were bright as those of the gazelle—that her eyebrows were as one—her waist as that of the cyprus—her face as the full moon, and that she was fat as the houris that await the true believers.”

“Mashallah! all for a piastre. Ask him, Mustapha, if there are more wives to be sold in that country?”

“More,” replied the sailor in reply to Mustapha; “you may have a ship full in an hour. There’s many a fellow in England who would give a handful of coin to get rid of his wife.”

“We will make further inquiry, Mustapha; it must be looked to. Say I not well?”

“It is well said,” replied Mustapha. “My heart is burnt as roast meat at the recollection of the women of the country; who are, indeed, as he hath described, houris to the sight. Proceed, Yaha Bibi, my friend, and tell his——”

“Yaw Bibby! I told you my name was Bill, not Bibby; and I never yaws from my course, although I heaves to sometimes, as I do now, to take in provisions.” The sailor took another swig, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and continued. “Now for a good lie.”

I sailed in a brig for the Brazils, and a gale came on, that I never seed the like of. We were obliged to have three men stationed to hold the captain’s hair on his head, and a little boy was blown over the moon, and slid down by two or three of her beams till he caught the mainstay, and never hurt himself.

“Good,” said Mustapha, who interpreted.

“By the beard of the prophet, wonderful!” exclaimed the Pasha.

Well, the gale lasted for a week, and at last one night, when I was at the helm, we dashed on the rocks of a desolate island. I was pitched right over the mountains, and fell into the sea on the other side of the island. I swam on shore, and got into a cave, where I fell fast asleep. The next morning I found that there was nothing to eat except rats, and they were plentiful; but they were so quick, that I could not catch them. I walked about, and at last discovered a great many rats together; they were at a spring of water, the only one, as I afterwards found, on the island. Rats can’t do without water; and I thought I should have them there. I filled up the spring, all but a hole which I sat upon the top of. When the rats came again, I filled my mouth with water, and held it wide open; they ran up to drink, and I caught their heads in my teeth, and thus I took as many as I wished.

“Aferin, excellent!” cried the Pasha, as soon as this was explained.

Well, at last a vessel took me off, and I wasn't sorry for it, for raw rats are not very good eating. I went home again, and I hadn't been on shore more than two hours, when who should I see but my first wife, Bet, with a robin-redbreast in tow. "That's he!" says she. I gave fight, but was nabbed and put into limbo, to be tried for what they call *biggery*, or having a wife too much.

"How does he mean? desire him to explain," said the Pasha, after Mustapha had conveyed the intelligence. Mustapha obeyed.

"In our country one wife is considered a man's allowance; and he is not to take more, that every Jack may have his Jill. I had spliced two, so they tried me, and sent me to Botany Bay for life."

This explanation puzzled the Pasha. "How—what sort of a country must it be, when a man cannot have two wives? Inshallah! please the Lord, we may have hundreds in our harem? Does he not laugh at our beards with lies? Is this not all *bosh*, nothing?"

"It is even so, as the Frank speaketh," replied Mustapha. "The king of the country can take but one wife. Be chesm, on my eyes be it, if it is not the truth."

"Well," rejoined the Pasha, "what are they but infidels? They deserve to have no more. Houris are for the faithful. May their fathers' graves be defiled! Let the Giaour proceed."

Well, I was started for the other side of the water, and got there safe enough, as I hope one day to get to heaven, wind and weather permitting; but I had no idea of working without pay, so one fine morning I slipt away into the woods, where I remained with three or four more for six months. We lived upon kangaroos, and another odd little animal, and got on pretty well.

"What may the dish of kangaroos be composed of?" inquired Mustapha, in obedience to the Pasha.

"'Posed of! why a dish of kangaroos be made of kangaroos to be sure."

But I'll be dished if I talked about any thing but the animal, which we had some trouble to kill; for it stands on its big tail, and fights with all four feet. Moreover, it be otherwise a strange beast; for its young ones pop out of its stomach, and then pop in again, having a place there on purpose, just like the great hole in the bow of a timber ship; and as for the other little animal, it swims in the ponds, lays eggs, and has a duck's bill, yet still it be covered all over with hair like a beast.

The Vizier interrupted. "By the prophet, but he laughs at our beards!" exclaimed the Pasha angrily. "These are foolish lies."

"You must not tell the Pasha such foolish lies. He will be angry," said Mustapha. "Tell lies, but they must be good lies."

"Well, I'll be ——," replied the sailor, "if the old beggar don't doubt the only part which is true out of the whole yarn. Well, I will try another good un to please him."

After I had been there about six months I was tired, and as there was only twenty thousand miles between that country and my own, I determined to swim back.

“Mashallah! swim back—how many thousand miles!” exclaimed Mustapha.

“Only twenty thousand—a mere nothing.”

So one fine morning I throws a young kangaroo on my shoulder, and off I starts. I swam for three months night and day, and then feeling a little tired, I laid to on my back, and then I set off again; but by this time I was so covered with barnacles, that I made but little way. So I stopped at Ascension, scraped and cleaned myself, and then, after feeding for a week on turtle, just to keep the scurvy out of my bones, I set off again; and as I passed the Gut, I thought I might just as well put in here; and here I arrived, sure enough, yesterday about three bells in the morning watch, after a voyage of five months and three days.

When Mustapha translated all this to the Pasha, the latter was lost in astonishment. “Allah Caba! God is every where! Did you ever hear of such a swimmer? Twenty thousand miles—five months and three days! It is a wonderful story! Let his mouth be filled with gold.”

Mustapha intimated to the sailor the unexpected compliment about to be conferred on him, just as he had finished the bottle, and rolled it away on one side. “Well, that be a rum way of paying a man. I have it heard said that a fellow *pursed* up his mouth; but I never afore heard of a mouth being a *purse*. Howsomever, all’s one for that; only, d’ye see, if you are about to stow it away in bulk, it may be just as well to get rid of the dunnage.” The sailor put his thumb and forefinger into the cheek, and pulled out his enormous quid of tobacco. “There now, I’m ready, and don’t be afraid of choking me.” One of the attendants then thrust several pieces of gold into the sailor’s mouth, who spitting them all out into his hat, jumped on his legs, made a jerk of his head with a kick of the leg behind to the Pasha; and declaring that he was the funniest old beggar he had ever fallen in with, nodded to Mustapha, and hastened out of the Divan.

“Mashallah! but he swims well,” said the Pasha, breaking up the audience.

THE HANDELIAN COMMEMORATION.

BY SALLY SMITH, OF CABBAGE COURT, PETTY FRANCE, SPINSTER.

"O CRYMINY, dear, good gracious me! what sights o' people to be sure! Here's a hundred thousand million at least: I'm cert'n there can't be few'r.

What lots of heads! who can count 'em? I never see sech a sight in all my life—

Except once at a Trades' Union meeting, and once when Tom Styles was hung for murdering his wife.

Well, I never expected ever to see sech a sight as this—I'm sure I didn't this morning,

When I jest stept across to Mr. Balls's, to redeem my spectacles, as Bill had been pawning:

And coming quite promiskusly by the old abbey, see a great crowd a-goin to commemorate Mr. Handle;

So thought I'd jest stop and see what was to be seen—which in a woman is no scandal—

And, crushing and cramming among the rest, jest like at Doory Lane or Common Garden,

At last I slipt in with a large party, without ever paying a single fard'n.

"Pray, can you tell me, sir, which is Mr. Handle? is that him standing there in the middle?"

"No, marm, that's Mr. Bishop."—"That Mr. Bishop! well, this is the first time I ever see a bishop play on the fiddle.

I always thought they never did nothink at all—at least, I'm sure I've heard it said—

Except voting against reform, and now and then patting rows of little b'ys and gals on the head.

Lawk! who's a coming now? why, if it isn't his most gracious majesty, as sure as fate;

Well, I hear he was to come—him, and the queen, and all the royal family in state.

O aye, that's the king, sure enough, God bless his royal old soul!

Though I wish he'd take the taxes off soap, and candles, and sugar, and coffee, and snuff, and tea, and coal.

How like he is to his pictur here on this new sixpenny bit!

It's the very moral on him, I declare: no likeness could ever be better hit. That's his most gracious nose, to the very life; and that's jest his majesty's double chin.

But they've only gev his royal highness one eye—I suppose they couldn't get the other in:

Or p'rhaps he was shooting when he was tuk, and so had got one of 'em shut.

Well, it may be right for aught I know; but he certainly looks a rum cut. And what's that round his head? a wreath of artificials, I do declare!

Well, I must say I don't think sech things as them are fitting a king to wear.

I'm glad he hasn't got 'em on to-day, however. Look! now his majesty's sot down!

But what's that in his hand? what, I do declare. Lawk! what's gone with his crown?

I thought kings always wore crowns instead of hats—but p'rhaps his majesty can't bear
It this hot, sultry weather; and, after all, I dussay crowns are none sech light wear!

“Hark! there goes the organ—what a row!—I'm blest if it aint jest for all the world like thunder:
I never see sech a big un in all my born days—who have they got to turn it, I wonder!
Mr. *Handle*, I suppose—but it's quite impossible to say, in sech a noise and a pother,
Which is him and which isn't—what with the fiddles, and drums, and trumpets, and one thing or another.
Pray, who are them gentlemen and ladies in front? some of the singers! well, bless me for a riglar old cake,
If I didn't take 'em for lords and ladies, and earls and marquises—and no mistake.
Well, you may laugh if you like: but only look at that chap with the Monmouth Street nose and black wig!
Could anybody in their seven senses ever expect to see a singer look so honcommon big?
However, I shan't believe it till I see him with my own eyes and my own ears a beginning to sing,
And then, perhaps—well, blow me if he don't look twenty times more prouder than the king.

Hollo! now they're off—heads nodding, elbows wagging, feet stamping, eyes winking,
Fiddles squeaking, drums rolling, trumpets braying, cymbals clashing, triangles clinking,
Voices bellowing, men, women, and children, one atop of another, I never see sech a crew:
But as for the tune, to my mind it don't half come up to *The Bonnets of Blue*.
There's an old gentleman in front, too, seems to think pretty near the same thing;
For he says he remembers the old commemoration, when poor old George the Third was king:
And he swears this is nothink but a mere nothink at all compared with that; and I understand
He has wrote some verses to prove it, and how every art in the land is sunk and degraded since then—how every individual thing now worse is 'Than it was fifty years ago—I wonder whether he includes his own verses?
But silence! for somebody's a going to sing solo: why, if it aint Miss Stephens, I do declare.
What is she going to sing, I wonder—allow me, marm, to look at your book—O! *Angels ever bright and fair*.
Well, I wish her well through it, for it always was a very great favourite of mine;
And I've often heard our Tommy play it on the Pandean pipes, which really he does it quite divine:
For, though I say it that shouldn't say it, there's not a better player betwixt here and Camberwell Green,
Partickler since he's tuk to the sacreds out of Charles Knight's Penny Musical Magazine.
But why don't she begin, I wonder! I quite long to hear her musical throat.”

"Why, she *has* begun five minutes ago."—"Indeed, marm! why, I never hear a single note.

And I'm sure his most gracious majesty couldn't hear no more than me—it's really quite a vexation.

Ah! says the old gentleman in front, it was'nt thus fifty year ago—we could hear every note last commemoration.

Well, I'm glad it's over: but what's coming next—a mass? Well, by the pope's holy toe,

I wonder what his disgrace of Newcastle would say, if he was to come for to know,

And Sir Andrew Agnew, and the right reverend the bench of bishops—by Job, they'd set up a pretty squall,

And swear we was going to revolutionise church and state, and king and queen, and the Fitzclarences, and all.

"But who's that coming this way, I wonder! Some grand, high-born, William-the-conqueror duchess, no doubt.

Well, it's no use coming here with her fine plumes, making sech a dust and a rout;

And smelling all lavender water, and otto of roses, and bergamotte, and O de Colon:

For there's not room to stick a pin—much less sech a bustle as she's got on.

And only jest luk at her sleeves, they're as big as two children, I vow and declare:

And see what a precious lot of fandanglements she's got stuck about in her hair!

And what a downright scandal to be rouged in that way, for a woman of her years:

And luk at her ear-rings—as long as my finger—I wonder she aint ashamed of her ears.

You can't come here, marm, I tell you: sir, don't talk to me of your two-guinea tickets and reserved seats!

I've as good a rights here as any duke or duchess as ever walked Lunnon streets;

And I won't stir a peg for nobody. Hollo! gently sir, will you? or you'll tear my best gownd!

Well, well: let her have her seat, and be blow'd—I suppose there's others to be found.

Come, come, mister steward—or director—or whatever you call yourself—let you to know,

I'm not a going to be stuck up, with the cherubims and seraphims, in the very back row.

I'll see you and your commemoration hang'd first—and you may tell Mr. Handle, so if you choose:

For it's like his impudence, and yours too, turning ginteel people at his'n out of their pews.

And this I will say—for I don't vally nayther you nor your anger a duck's feather—

You did well to have your fine to-do in the nave, for it's nothink but a riglar *navish* piece of work altogether."

A SEA-SCAPE.

It was at the latter part of the month of June, in the year 179—, that the angry waves of the Bay of Biscay were gradually subsiding, after a gale of wind as violent as it was unusual at that period of the year. Still they rolled heavily, and, at times, the wind blew up again in fitful, angry gusts, as if it would fain renew the elemental combat; but each effort was more feeble, and the dark clouds which had been summoned to the storm, now fled in every quarter before the powerful rays of the sun, that burst their masses asunder with a glorious flood of light and heat. And, as he poured down his resplendent beams, piercing deep into the waters of that portion of the Atlantic to which we now refer, with the exception of one object, hardly visible, it was, as at creation, a vast circumference of water, bounded by the fancied canopy of heaven. We have said, with the exception of one object, for in the centre of this picture, so simple, yet so sublime, composed of the three great elements, there was a remnant of the fourth. We say a remnant, for it was but the hull of a vessel, dismasted, water-logged, its upper deck only floating occasionally above the waves, when a transient repose from their still violent undulation permitted it to re-assume its position. But this was seldom; one moment it was deluged by the seas, which broke and poured over on its gunwale, and the next, it rose from its submersion, as the water escaped from over its sides.

How many thousands of vessels—how many millions of property have been abandoned, and eventually consigned to the all-receiving depths of the ocean, from ignorance or from fear! What a mine of wealth must lie buried in its sands, what riches lie entangled amongst its rocks, or remain suspended in its unfathomable gulf, where the compressed fluid is equal in gravity to that which it encircles, there to remain secured in its embedment from corruption and decay, until the destruction of the universe, and the return of chaos. Yet immense as the accumulated loss must be, the major part has been occasioned from an ignorance of one of the first laws of nature, that of specific gravity. The vessel to which we have referred, was, to all appearance, in a situation of as extreme hazard as that of a drowning man clinging to a single rope-yarn, yet in reality she was more secure from descending to the gulf below, than many lifted gallantly on the waters, their occupants dismissing all fear, and only calculating upon their quick arrival into port.

The Circassian had sailed from New Orleans, a gallant ship, and well furnished, with a cargo, the major part of which consisted of cotton. The captain was, in the usual acceptation of the term, a good sailor, the crew were hardy and able seamen. As they crossed the Atlantic, they had encountered the gale to which we have referred, were driven down into the Bay of Biscay, dismasted, and for many days buffeted by the waves, until she sprang a leak, which baffled

all their exertions to keep under. It was now five days since the frightened crew had quitted the vessel in two of her boats, one of which had swamped, and every soul that occupied it had perished, not one hundred yards from the wreck; the fate of the other was uncertain.

We said that the crew had deserted the vessel, but we did not assert that every existing being had been removed out of her. Had such been the case, we should not have taken up the reader's time in describing inanimate matter. It is life that we portray, and life there still was, in the shattered hull thus abandoned to the mockery of the ocean. In the *caboose* of the Circassian, that is, in the cooking-house, secured on deck before the mainmast, and which fortunately had been so well fixed as to resist the force of the breaking waves, remained three beings, a man, a woman, and a child. The two first mentioned were of that inferior race which have, for so long a period, been procured from the sultry Afric coast, to toil, but reap not for themselves; the child which lay at the breast of the female, was of European blood, now indeed deadly pale, as it attempted in vain to draw sustenance from its exhausted nurse, down whose sable cheeks the tears coursed, as she occasionally pressed the infant to her breast, or turned it round to leeward to screen it from the spray, which dashed over them at each returning swell. Indifferent to all else, save her little charge, she spoke not, although she shuddered with the cold, as the water washed her knees each time that the hull was careened into the wave. Cold and terror had produced a change in her complexion, which now wore a yellow, or sort of copper hue.

The male, who was her companion, sat opposite to her, upon the iron range, which once had been the receptacle of light and heat, but was now but a weary seat to a drenched and worn-out wretch. He, too, had not spoken for many hours; with the muscles of his face relaxed, his thick lips pouting far in advance of his collapsed cheeks, his high cheek bones, prominent as budding horns, his eyes displaying little but their whites, he appeared to be an object of greater misery than the female, whose thoughts were directed to the infant, and not unto herself. Yet his feelings were still acute, although his faculties appeared to be deadened by excess of suffering.

"Eh, me!" cried the negro woman, faintly, after a long silence, her head falling back with extreme exhaustion. Her companion made no reply, but roused at the sound of her voice, bent forward, slid open the door a little, and looked out to windward. The heavy spray dashed into his glassy eyes, and obscured his vision; he groaned, and fell back into his former position. "What you tink, Coco?" inquired the negress, covering up more carefully the child, as she sunk her head down upon it. A look of despair, and a shudder from cold and hunger, were the only reply.

It was then about eight o'clock in the morning, and the swell of the ocean was subsiding fast. At noon the warmth of the sun was communicated to them, through the planks of the *caboose*, while its rays poured a small stream of vivid light through the chinks of the closed door. The negro appeared gradually to revive; at last he rose, and with some difficulty contrived again to slide open the door. The sea

had now subsided, and but occasionally broke over the vessel: carefully holding on by the door jambs, he gained the outside, that he might survey the horizon.

"What you see, Coco?" said the female, observing from the caboose that his eyes were fixed upon a certain quarter.

"So help me God, me tink me see something; but ab so much salt water in um eye, me no see clear," replied Coco, rubbing away the salt, which had crystallized on his face during the morning.

"What you tink um like, Coco?"

"Only one bit of cloud," replied he, entering the caboose, and resuming his seat upon the grate, with a heavy sigh.

"Eh, me!" cried the negress, who had uncovered the child to look at it, and whose little powers were sinking fast. "Poor lilly Massa Eddard, him look very bad indeed—him die very soon, I fear. Look, Coco, no ab breath."

The child's head fell back from the breast, and it appeared to be lifeless.

"Judy, you no ab milk for piccaninny—suppose um no ab milk, how can live. Eh! stop, Judy, me put lilly finger in um mouth, suppose Massa Eddard no dead, him pull."

"Coco inserted his finger into the child's mouth, and felt a slight drawing pressure. "Judy," cried Coco, "Massa Eddard no dead yet. Try now, suppose you ab lilly drop oder side."

Poor Judy shook her head mournfully, and a tear rolled down her cheek; she was aware that nature was exhausted. "Coco," said she, wiping her cheek with the back of her hand, "me give me heart blood for Massa Eddard, but no ab milk—all gone."

This forcible expression of love for the child, which was used by Judy, gave an idea to Coco. He drew his knife out of his pocket, and very coolly sawed through his fore finger. The blood flowed and trickled down to the extremity, which he applied to the mouth of the infant.

"See, Judy, Massa Eddard suck—him not dead," cried Coco, chuckling at the fortunate result of the experiment, and forgetting at the moment their almost hopeless situation.

The child revived by the strange sustenance, gradually recovered its powers, and in a few minutes it pulled at the finger with a certain degree of vigour.

"Look, Judy, how Massa Eddard take it," continued Coco. "Pull away, Massa Eddard, pull away. Coco ab ten finger, and take long while suck em all dry." But the child was soon satisfied, and fell asleep in the arms of Judy.

"Coco, suppose you go see again," observed Judy. The negro again crawled out, and again he scanned the horizon.

"So help me God, this time me tink, Judy—yes, so help me God me see a ship!" cried Coco, joyfully.

Eh!" screamed Judy, faintly, with delight; "den Massa Eddard no die."

"Yes, so help me God—he come dis way!" and Coco, who appeared to have recovered a portion of his former strength and activity, clambered on the top of the caboose, where he sat, cross-legged,

waving his yellow handkerchief, with the hope of attracting the attention of those on board, for he knew that it was very possible that an object only floating level with the water's edge might escape notice.

As it fortunately happened, the frigate, for such she was, continued her course directly for the wreck, although it had not been perceived by the look-out men at the mast-heads, whose eyes were directed to the line of the horizon. In less than an hour, our little party were threatened with a new danger, that of being run over by the frigate, which was now within a cables' length of them, driving the seas before her in one wide extended foam, as she pursued her rapid and impetuous course. Coco shouted to his utmost, and fortunately attracted the notice of the men who were on the bowsprit, stowing away the foretopmast-staysail, which had been hoisted up to dry after the gale.

"Starboard, hard," was roared out.

"Starboard it is," was the reply from the quarter-deck, and the helm was shifted without inquiry, as it always is on board of a man-of-war, although at the same time, it behoves people to be rather careful how they pass such an order, without being prepared with a subsequent and most satisfactory explanation.

The topmast studding-sail flapped and fluttered, the foresail shivered, and the jib filled as the frigate rounded to, narrowly missing the wreck, which was now under the bows, so rocking in the white foam of the agitated waters, that it was with difficulty that Coco could, by clinging to the stump of the mainmast, retain his elevated position. The frigate shortened sail, hove to, and lowered down a quarter-boat, and in less than five minutes Coco, Judy, and the infant, were rescued from their awful situation. Poor Judy, who had borne up against all for the sake of the child, placed it in the arms of the officer who rescued them, and then fell back in a state of insensibility, in which condition she was carried on board. Coco, as he took his place in the stern sheets of the boat, gazed wildly round him, and then broke out into peals of extravagant laughter, which continued without intermission, and were the only replies which he could give to the interrogatories of the quarter-deck, until he fell down in a swoon, and was entrusted to the care of the surgeon.

Again the frigate dashed through the waters with a flowing sheet, the captain's cow was milked at an unusual hour for Master Edward, and now that they are all asleep in their cots, under the half-deck, we will take this opportunity of informing our readers, that this is only a Fragment, and *cetera desunt*.

EARLY POETRY OF LORD BYRON'S.

*To the Editor of the Metropolitan Magazine.**London, June 20th, 1834.*

SIR,

THE enclosed lines I have transcribed from what has been shown to me as an early and unpublished manuscript of Lord Byron. That it is an unpublished one, I think I can myself vouch for, being pretty well acquainted with his Lordship's works, and never having seen it; but that it is really and genuinely his, I cannot so certainly answer for. The manuscript, as I have seen it, bears strong marks of the originality of the noble author, and this has principally induced me to give it credit, and I have therefore copied it literally and verbatim. I leave it, however, with you, sir, as you, perhaps, will be better able to determine.*

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
MUSÆUS.

I.

IN the hour when the wearied spirit sinks
Beneath its weight of woe,
And the bleeding heart affrighted shrinks
From the oft-repeated blow ;
When the brain is seared and the soul opprest
With a sickening, deadly chill,
And the agony of the mind distrest,
Hath more than power to kill.

II.

O ! what is it then that can all bedim,
What ray may of hope remain,
And what the last drop which fills to the brim
The burning chalice of pain ?
And what is the last and the final stroke,
Which the wreck of the soul makes sure,†
As the whirlwind uproots the blasted oak,
Which the lightning had seared before?

III.

O ! it is, and I feel it now, to see
The friend whom we long have loved,
The heart which we fondly deemed would be
Through all and for ever unmoved ;
To see the friend whom we love turn back,
To feel the estranged heart,
And to prove in affection the bitterest rack,
That a torture could e'er impart.

* We are only able to determine that if it be Lord Byron's poetry, it must be very early poetry indeed.—*Editor.*

† Underlined in the original manuscript.

IV.

O my friend ! for I still must call thee so,
Though thou now canst cast me off,
My heart could have borne its weight of woe,
And the sneer and the worldlings scoff,
With a sigh, though deep, could have yielded up,
And dismissed with a passing tear,
Whatever else there had been of hope,
And all that had once been dear.

V.

But that thou (O God !) should'st wound the heart
That confiding with boundless faith,
Was bared to the ne'er expected dart,
That now works in it worse than death ;—
That thou could'st have coldly wrought such wreck
In a bosom so wholly thine,
And the heart thus have torn, which for thy sake
Had dared ev'n its life to resign.

VI.

Alas ! 'twas a thought which in bitterest mood,
Nor doubt, nor suspicion, would own,
To darken the soul with a prospect so rude,
By the hand it so loved, thus undone.
The sneer of the world, and the censure unkind,
The friend that acquaintance denies,
And O, what is bitterest still to the mind,
The pity of those we despise.

VII.

These, these, and what else on misfortune attend,
Of just or unjust I had seen,
But in pride of my soul I had dared not to bend,
Upheld by a spirit within ;
But O, since thy hand too dooms me a grave,
In league with the foes of my soul,
No more can my spirit its agony brave,
Or the rage of its tempest controul.

VIII.

Farewell ! and 'tis still in affection I speak,
In grief, not in anger, farewell ;
And though 'tis thy hand that now dooms it to break,
Still my heart it can bid thee farewell.
May God and thy own heart forgive,
The wreck that thou'st wrought upon mine,
And still in my prayer shalt thou live,
That such anguish may never be thine.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.¹

A TRUE STORY.

THE captain, who was a very domestic man, and had a turn for agriculture, dispositions that ill-accorded with a single life, married a second time a distant relation of his own, a most amiable woman, who had been the friend and companion of his former lady. With this lady, on the wreck of an already shattered fortune, he retired to a cottage in Middlesex, about five miles from London, where, having a small piece of ground, he indulged in his favourite pursuit of agriculture, and otherwise employed himself in domestic concerns; smoking his own hams, brewing his own ale, &c. &c.—leading a life of true domestic happiness and pastoral simplicity, which, however, was but of short duration. A disappointment in some remittances from the West Indies, caused him to fall into arrears, and brought about his house those troublesome fellows called sheriff's officers, who meeting him one morning "on the upland lawn," communicated to him their unpleasant message, and over persuaded him to accompany them to Newgate. He wrote to Mrs. B——, informing her of this untoward circumstance, but as the letter did not reach her till the next day, her anxiety and agitation were indescribable. On learning his situation, she hastened to administer to him all the comfort and consolation in her power, bringing with her little Jemmy, a lovely boy, not two years old, the fruit of his second marriage. Mrs. B—— having come in a coach, brought with her a fine ham, and half a dozen bottles of their home-brewed ale; part of the former was cooked for dinner, and the captain having invited Tomaso to dine with him, they made of this homely but excellent fare a delicious repast. After dinner, the conversation turned upon Dublin and its inhabitants, (a city in which Tomaso had spent some of his happiest days,) when it transpired that the captain's brother, who had been in the same regiment with himself, had married a young lady whose family had been Tomaso's most particular friends, and whose brother had been his fellow-student at the Dublin Academy, and who afterwards became an eminent miniature painter, and died in India.

This conversation and discovery, so purely accidental, greatly endeared Captain B—— to the author, as being so nearly allied to his early friend, the companion of his studies and amusements. After dining luxuriously on some of the captain's smoked ham, and quaffing a couple of bottles of the "nut brown ale," we prepared for tea, over which we continued a most agreeable and interesting conversation. Captain B—— knew much of the world and its ways, had seen service, and was a gentleman and a scholar. Such a man, in *such* a place, was an absolute treasure. But such is the uncertainty of human felicity, that the arrival of a messenger with a letter to the captain from his landlord, at once put an end to the conference, and poisoned our delight. The purport of this letter was to inform the captain that he, (his landlord,) having heard that his tenant *was in a little trouble*, he took the liberty of putting an execution into his house.

This communication had such an effect on the captain and his lady, that though the former had learned to bear the ills of life with becoming philosophy, this last stroke of adverse fortune wholly unmanned him.

¹ Continued from p. 142.

He was quite "chop-fallen," as he now saw the cutting up of all his little comforts, and the annihilation of his domestic establishment. After hastily taking a cup of tea, Mrs. B——, with little Jemmy in her arms, set off for the place of their residence, near Walham Green, in hopes to conciliate this *friend in need*, and induce him to withdraw the execution. But no; Cerberus was not to be softened by soothing language or specious promises, and the law was left to take its course. And as Hale says—

" The terrible law, when it fastens its paw,
A poor man it gripes till he's undone."

Although Captain B—— was in hourly expectation of remittances from the West Indies, which would more than cover all demands upon him, yet he had not any present available resources to ward off the blow, or repair the injury already done. On her arrival at the cottage, Mrs. B—— found a man in possession, who had taken his station in their best apartment, where he triumphantly sat, regaling himself with his pipe and a pot of porter. She did not attempt to remove, or even disturb this legalised usurper, but went to try what impression she could make upon the feelings or the reason of the landlord. But him she found inflexible. He had at his elbow one of those privy counsellors, who generally take the unpopular side of the question, and who seem to take peculiar pleasure in taunting or mortifying one of their own sex—namely, his wife. This *humane* lady had just tasted the captain's home-brewed ale, and had fixed a longing, lingering look on the well-smoked hams; and formed the selfish resolution of becoming proprietress of both. Finding that her negociation was likely to prove unsuccessful, Mrs. B—— requested that at least they would allow her to withdraw those desirable articles of provision, the ale and the hams; but no, madam had predetermined to have them, and her fiat was imperative. Mrs. B—— even asked to be allowed to take a dozen bottles of the ale, to comfort her husband in his affliction, but to no purpose. The lady giving the casting vote, the goods and chattels of Captain B—— were consigned to the merciless mallet of the auctioneer. The landlord's lady having in the first instance fixed her eyes on the good things, when asked by Mrs. B—— to give up some of them, answered the request in the following elegant tirade. "No, indeed, ma'am, I sha'n't suffer nobody to touch that there ale but myself: I likes it." This humane effusion terminated the negociation, and poor Mrs. B——, seeing that selfishness had superseded every other consideration in the gentle bosom of her landlady, returned to her imprisoned husband, quite dejected.

In a few days the expected remittance arrived; but arrived too late to avert the threatened blow, for the poor captain's affairs were now an irretrievable wreck;

" Beyond redemption gone."

Thus circumstanced, and after making repeated applications to his creditors, hopeless of bringing them to terms, he was reduced to the necessity of making use of that money to support himself and family, which it was his intention to have divided amongst them, and which, but for the accumulation of law expenses, would have been more than sufficient to liquidate his debts. Thus was an honourable, well-intentioned man, by the impatient rapacity of a set of callous, vindictive individuals, (whose vile machinations operated against themselves,) reduced from competence to indigence, and left to gnaw his vitals in the loathsome precincts of a gaol.

Her domestic establishment, now broken up, (once the abode of peace and comfort,) Mrs. B—— was reduced to the painful necessity of hiring

an apartment for herself and child in the vicinity of the Old Bailey ; and having discharged her servant, devoted herself to the administering to the care and comforts of her husband and child. It was melancholy to witness the almost immediate effects of this change on the infant and its mother. The former, from breathing the pure country air, was as plump and rosy as one of Rubens' bacchanalian boys, and the very emblem of health and vivacity, began now to dwindle into a shadow, and became the picture of disease and squalidity. Its mother, though never either rosy or robust, became quite a spectre, and the rapidity of this change was really frightful. As for the captain himself, being long accustomed to changes and various habits of living, he was not so easily affected.

Another effort was now made to soften the obdurate hearts of his relentless creditors, but it proved abortive ; for, as he had less to offer them than before, and as they persisted in their demands, all further negotiation was relinquished as hopeless. By this inflexibility, however, they were themselves ultimately the sufferers ; as by the operation of an Insolvent Bill, which was then pending in parliament, the captain was soon restored to liberty and his family.

A more amiable, honest, innocent, and unaffected pair, the author never knew, and were he to choose from the whole range of his acquaintance a person for the friend of his bosom, and the companion of his leisure hours, it would be such a man as Captain J—— B——.

“ A wit's a feather, and a thief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.”—POPE.

M—— C——.

A foreigner one day made his *entrée* into our ward, who wept like a child, and seemed sensibly affected by his situation. He turned out to be an unfortunate professor of the fine arts, by birth a German, and a native of that city whose name he bore. He was greatly incensed with his creditor, who was a cheesemonger, against whom he swore eternal hatred, and vowed eternal vengeance ; and deplored his unhappy fate, in living in a country where such a fellow as a d—d cheesemonger had the power, for a trifling debt, of dragging a *polite* artist by the neck and consigning him to a prison. On approaching the author, whom he saw drawing, he exclaimed, “ Ah ! I could do something in *dat vay* too.” On hearing this, he (the author) immediately rose from his seat, and squeezing his brother artist by the hand, endeavoured to pour into his mind the balm of consolation. But it would not do ; the poor foreigner wept bitterly. When his anguish, however, had a little subsided, he gave the following account of himself and his avocation. He was, he said, a native of C——, and an artist by profession ; his principal employment, since he came to England, was to teach drawing, and make designs for the paper stainers ; and this, said he, (looking round the room, and meaning a prison,) and this is my return !

Here a fresh paroxysm of grief choked up his utterance, and for some moments deprived him of the power of proceeding. Having resumed his narrative, he said, “ I have, sir, for many years been a designing man, and have cut out work for half the paper-stainers in London ; and was going on comfortably enough, till this d——d cheesemonger got me into his griping claws. O d—n him, d—n him, d—n him !” Here the arrival of his son, Augustus, terminated the communication.

There was nothing very striking or peculiar in the case of this poor man, but his notions of civil liberty were very refined, and his ideas of himself and his profession very exalted. In a few days he settled with his cheesemonger, and obtained his emancipation.

MR. M——.

The next character that appeared on the stage, in this prison scene, was an angler, who it seems was driven up to the door of his dungeon in his own gig, with two sheriff's officers officiating as grooms. Never was spendthrift more magnificently attended. He was a tall, meagre figure, and entered our *salon* with a stately step, and something of a military air. He had a fishing-rod on his shoulder, which he carried in the *style* that officers in the army usually carry their pikes, and marched up the room (which is very long) without looking round him, or speaking to any person, till he came to the top, where stood the steward, whom he accosted with great suavity of language and a most courteous air. This gentleman (who was really a character) was followed by a youth, who had a fishing basket slung on his shoulder, as soldiers carry their knapsacks, which contained the fishing-tackle, brandy-bottle, and other articles of comfort and convenience during their patient avocations of bobbing for ells, or angling for trout; the whole indicating that while endeavouring to catch fish, the gentleman himself was caught. The author cannot here resist the introduction of Dean Swift's definition of a fishing rod, which runs thus, or in words to this effect:—"A long rod, with a hook and line at one end of it, and a fool at the other."

The singularity of this gentleman's *entrée*, attended by his jackall in waiting, had an effect truly farcical, and excited in some of the bystanders one of those brutal bursts called a laugh, while the better bred portion of the spectators remained mute and astonished.

Notwithstanding the solemnity of this gentleman's *début*, or rather his entrance, and the general gravity of his first appearance, he yet turned out in the sequel to be a facetious, intelligent, pleasant fellow, who had a world to say for himself, and which, by a happy management, he contrived to make engaging and interesting. Indeed, he was so volatile and flighty, that the author thought him a very unsafe subject for a fisherman on the banks of the Thames; a calling which requires the most plodding perseverance, and inexhaustible patience, and to be a very Cymon in want of thought.

After making a neat speech to our steward, which was replete with pleasantry, he was requested by some of the company to open his basket, as it was supposed to contain something as cheering as ever came from the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Ah! gentlemen," replied the angler, "although I have toiled all day, I have caught no fish, but you see I have been caught myself." This sally was received with great applause. On opening the basket, what was our surprise to find that instead of sprats, smelts, or John-dorys, it only contained a tea-pot, cups and saucers, and other articles of tea equipage. Amazement! This circumstance elucidated a manœuvre, of which even the inmates of the prison had no idea. When the *sportsman* was arrested, in order to escape publicity, and save appearances in the neighbourhood, he immediately ordered his gig, his fishing tackle, &c. and stepping into the vehicle, with his fishing-rod in his hand, attended his *friend*, who was to accompany him, and his boy who carried his basket, containing sea-store, and the before-mentioned tea apparatus, he stepped into his gig, and drove off in grand style on his fishing excursion; not to the banks of the Thames, nor to Virginia Water, but to the debtor's side of Newgate. This was consummate generalship.

We soon found our new wardmate to be one of those extraordinary characters who know every thing, see every thing, hear every thing, and are present on all great occasions. He was a student in the University of Paris, when the opera-house in the city was burnt in 1786, and, by an

unexpected stroke of good fortune, was in London, when our opera-house shared the same fate in 1789. Then back again in Paris, to be present at the demolition of the Bastile, on the 14th of July of the same year; and remained to witness some of the first appalling acts of that terrific tragedy the French Revolution. He well remembered the death of Samuel Foot, David Garrick, Henderson, and Larry Kennedy; and, in a word, came in for a share of every thing that was going forward in his time. Nay more, he was that sort of man, that had you talked of Katherine Parr, Nell Gwynne, or Rubens' second wife, he would swear he *knew* them all. He certainly had all the advantages of a Parisian education, which, however, did not much fertilise his genius, though it may have improved his inventive faculties.

This gentleman, who remained but *twenty* hours in prison, related as many exploits and achievements, performed by *himself*, as would fill a volume, or as would have put Baron Munchausen out of countenance; but as he was sometimes verging on the confines of impossibility, his auditors began to manifest strong symptoms of incredibility at the authenticity of his narratives. The following, which was one of his most probable *tales*, will serve as a specimen of what he could do when warmed with his subject.

A nobleman one day, at a fox-chace, showed him some slight, for which he resolved to take vengeance, which he did in the following way. Seeing his adversary surrounded by a bevy of fox-hunters, our Nimrod, clapped spurs to his *Bucephalus*, and galloping full speed in the direction of the nobleman, leaped clean over him and his *horse* without ever *touching them !!!* So much for Buckingham.

“ Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view,
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds,
And he, who hath whole armies routed,
Makes e'en his real courage doubted.”

CAPTAIN R——.

This gentleman was a native of Ireland, but was educated in London, under the eye of a rich uncle, by whom he was adopted, and from whom he had high expectations, but a truant disposition marred all his hopes, and frustrated his expectations.

While yet very young he entered the army, and served some years in a marching regiment, which being encamped in the Isle of Wight and some other parts of England, gave him an opportunity of seeing such service as reviews, *sham* battles, *forced* marches, &c. &c. At length, however, being nearly tired of those Major Sturgeon-like expeditions, his regiment was ordered on actual service, and sent to encounter the scorching heats and unwholesome atmosphere of the West Indies. Here he remained for *some* years, entering eagerly into all the dissipations of the place; the principal of which are an inordinate indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors, (which sends more to the grave than the intense heat of the climate,) and the no less pernicious practice of gaming. It is amazing that rational beings, who still retain the use of their faculties, and with their eyes open, seeing ruin on one side and death on the other, should rush headlong into the gulf which is open to receive them. But such is the irresistible impulse of overwhelming passion, and the contaminating influence of vicious example, that the victims, who are hourly swallowed up in those whirlpools of wickedness, strike no sort of terror into the hearts of those who look on and witness their destruction.

The details of wickedness afford no gratification to the serious and sensible reader; and the author never flattered himself with the hope of

reclaiming, or even deterring those who are already in the high road to ruin, and who wish to appear persons of *spirit* and *fashion*; those who think all kind of admonition mere cant and prosing, and every attempt at instruction a *vile bore*. Still, he cannot resist the impulse he feels to paint vice in all its horrible forms, though he may share the fate of others, who have in vain endeavoured to eradicate it from the human heart. But it is a hopeless expectation to think of turning aside from their headlong course of folly and wickedness, those infatuated beings who "set their life upon a cast," and *desperately* resolve to stand "the hazard of the die."

With respect to Captain R——, let it suffice, that he caught the general contagion, and fell into the vortex of gaming and extravagance. He soon, by way of showing his *blood*, lost all his property, then his commission, and finally, was sent back degraded, to his relations in England. On his arrival, under such circumstances, it is natural to suppose, that his friend and patron was greatly incensed at such profligate conduct. The consequence was, he refused to see him. This rebuff at once lacerated his feelings, destroyed his expectations, and cut off his resources, and left him, in fact, in a state of absolute destitution. Perhaps there is no state more helpless or hopeless than that of a discarded officer of the army: fraught with high notions of honour, and absurd opinions of superiority, which unfits him for stooping to the lower or more humble walks of life, they are, in fact, men who are not susceptible, or capable of being *disciplined*, to any other useful purpose.

Such was the state of this infatuated young man; impelled by his necessities, he first got into debt, and by an easy and natural transition, into a prison. Here it was the author first saw and knew him. Captain R—— frequently memorialised the commander-in-chief, supplicating him to take his case into consideration; but his petitions were unattended to, and redress of what he considered his grievances thereby rendered hopeless; from which it may be fairly presumed, that he did not make out a favourable case.

He produced to the author a variety of those *state papers*, the merits of which he could not clearly comprehend; but having imbibed the notion of Cicero, that every man is a partial judge of his *own* cause, the author, unlike that great advocate, could give no advice, and consequently render no service to his *client*.

After remaining some weeks in durance, and in the utmost distress, in a state of almost total privation, his uncle at length so far relaxed as to pay the debt for which he was incarcerated, and give him his liberty. But this on conditions so hard and humiliating, that even imprisonment seemed preferable. However, liberty, like life, we are eager to enjoy on any terms. The uncle, who had many ships, was now fitting out one for the West Indies, in which he absolutely insisted on his nephew's going out, and taking his share in all the drudgery of the vessel, like a common sailor, or hand before the mast; with this single indulgence, that he was to mess with the captain; a distinction which made his degradation still more poignant, rendering him thereby an object of envy and jealousy to those who were to be his companions, and of contempt to his captain. Previous to this *transportation*, for such he considered it, he wrote a letter to the author from the West India Docks, complaining bitterly of his situation, his sufferings, and the gloominess of his prospects. Before his final departure he made a farewell visit to his old *messmates* in prison, habited in the *costume* of a *common* sailor, and so metamorphosed, that even his uncle would have hardly known him.

After treating his old associates in *exile* to a couple of gallons of porter, and conversing for about an hour, he bade them a final adieu!

(*To be continued.*)

CHINESE STATE PAPER.

Document received at Canton, 27th February 1822, containing an Epitome of the whole proceeding of the Chinese Government, in reference to the Lintin Affray.

FROM Chung Talouyay the Kwang-choo-foo, received from the Hong merchants at Canton, 27th February 1822.

Chung, the Kwang-choo-foo writes the following document, in obedience to orders.

On the 29th, 1st Moon, 2nd year of the reign of Taou-Kwang, I respectfully received the following document from the Poo-ching-sze, and Fei the Anchas-sze (treasurer and judge.)

On the 29th, 1st Moon of 2nd year, Taou-Kwang-coo, (the Poo-ching-sze and Anchas-sze,) respectfully received the following document from Yuen, the governor of the two Kwang provinces, (Kwang Tang and Kwang-se.)

On the 29th, 1st Moon, and 2nd year of Taou-Kwang, the Poo-ching-sze and Anchas-sze, made to me, the governor, the following statement.

In the legal case concerning the English Leuhechin's (Richardson's) ship of war, in which foreign murderers wounded and caused the death of two men, Hwang-yih-ming and another, and wounded Hwang-leu-she and others. The governor's strict orders were repeatedly received to interdict the commerce according to legal usage, until the foreign murderers should be delivered up.

Further, through us, the Poo-ching-sze and Anchas-sze, officers were deputed to go and examine the foreigners' wounds, and to compel the delivery up of the murderers.

After this, the Hong merchants stated to government that the English man-of-war had sailed on the 17th, 1st Moon.

The governor's reply to this, directed the deputed officers to order the Hong merchants to order the said chief and the others, to state clearly to all the higher officers of the Canton government, what was to be done concerning the delivery up and prosecuting the foreign murderers. And the deputed officers also directed, (as commanded,) the Kwang-choo-foo, to give orders to the Hong merchants concerning their forthcoming.

The chief sent a reply to government, and these proceedings are all on record. Now, it is authenticated that Chung-Ying, with Whangyun-ying, the late Pan-yu-Heen, now appointed to be the Che-choco of Kever-shin-chaw in Kwang-se province, and the Tung-kwan-Heen, Chung-chin-lo, have unitedly made the following statement.

On the 27th, 1st Moon, the Hong merchants, Uoo-tun-yuen (Howqua) and the others, stated to us that, in obedience to orders, they had gone and enjoined the commands of government on the said chief,

Urmston, and the others, and they had written and presented an address to government in Chinese, which was delivered to the Hong merchants to present in their behalf. And further, the chief and others had said verbally, "We are merchants, and it is really impossible for us to controul the affairs of the men-of-war; and the man-of-war is already gone, and really we can do nothing."

We can only take the whole of this affair from first to last, and send an account of it to our nation's company's court, for their information, and the officers of government will report it to the sovereign and manage it. And the naval officer, Richardson, before stated clearly to the great officers of the Canton government, that, on his return home, this affair must be laid before the sovereign, and investigated and managed according to law. As to the man-of-war's creating a disturbance, it really does not belong to us, who are engaged in commerce. Now that the man-of-war is gone, if we have to thank the Canton government for clearly discriminating the real facts, and condescending, as in former edicts, to allow and command us to return to the factories, to open the hatches and to trade, we are willing to return to the factories, and to transact business. And we, and all the foreign merchants shall be infinitely grateful. And further, we will trouble you, (the Hong merchants,) to state this clearly to government for us.

We, the Hong merchants immediately, in obedience to former edicts, took the foreign address to government, broke it open, and looked it over; in it the language was earnestly importunate, and very respectful and submissive. Only unavoidably, the words did not convey all their meaning. But we, on the authenticated verbal declarations of the chief and others, have now made the statement in their behalf; and, with the foreign document in the Chinese character, have laid them both before the governor. But, as is proper, we now with this document send a copy of the foreign paper in Chinese character to you; waiting till they be examined strictly, and transmitted to the higher authorities, and instructions given how to act.

On the authority of these documents, we, the Kwang-choo-foo, and the others, humbly give our opinion in this case, as follows.

Since the man-of-war has already fled, and got off, and the chief, Urmston, and the others say they will write to the said nation's company's court, and the officers of government will report it to the sovereign, that the affair may be managed; and the said naval officer, (Richardson,) before stated to the governor, that on his return home the affair would be reported to the sovereign of the country, investigated and managed; we would suggest whether or not the government should condescend to comply with what is requested, and that the question should be deferred till the said naval officer and others make their report to the king of the said country, after which the affair may be examined into clearly, prosecuted and managed; and, further, that the said chief and the others be allowed to come to Canton, to open the hatches, and to trade.

This arrangement must proceed from the graciousness of the great officers of the province. We further send a transcript of the foreign document to the Poo-ching-sze and the Anchas-sze.

On the authority of these documents, we, the Poo-ching-sze and Anchas-sze, humbly give our opinion in this case.

The English man-of-war having, outside on the coast at Lintin, beaten and caused the death of two natives, was repeatedly commanded to deliver up the murderers to be prosecuted and dealt with as they should deserve. But the said ship of war having hastened to Keaouke Bay to anchor, and having set sail and skulked off, really shows that the captain ran away through fear of the crimes committed. Now, as the said chief, Urmston, and the others state, that the man-of-war having returned home, there is really nothing that they can do, they can only take the whole affair from first to last, and send an account of it to the Company's court, that the officers of government may report it to the sovereign, and it may be managed on the naval officer, (as before, &c. &c.)—(*vide* same form.)

The said chief's foreign address to government is couched in terms importunate and decisive, and does not appear to push the affair from him, nor to excuse himself.

At present, since the man-of-war has gradually skulked off, it is no doubt proper to wait until information be sent to the king of the said country, and it be seen how the affair is investigated and managed, and then other measures may be taken.

If the man-of-war (as is annually usual) convoys the merchantmen to Canton, she may still be ordered to deliver up the murderers. It will not be expedient to allow her, for a long time, to run away from the government of *our country*!!!

As to the statement made by the said chief to government, that the man-of-war's creating disturbance did not implicate those engaged in commerce—we remark, that before, when thanks were given to government for ordering the hatches to be shut, and interdicting the commerce, it was done because the man-of-war came to convoy the commerce; and when the man-of-war created the disturbance, the said chief's inability to controul her was not admitted into the consideration of government, and therefore, according to legal usage, the whole trade was entirely stopped, and orders given speedily to deliver up the murderers.

Now, since the man-of-war, afraid of her crimes, has sailed away to a great distance, and the said chief, moreover, has sent a letter to the said nation to investigate and manage the affair according to legal usages, these respectful and submissive feelings may yet, perhaps, raise an imploring eye, and solicit the pardon of government.

It appears that as yet, there are eleven of the said chief's merchantmen, and of foreign merchants and sailors there are more than a thousand, and the trade has been stopped about two months. If the restriction be continued long, it is apprehended that the fair winds (monsoon) will be lost. And (on the other hand) *prostrate* have been received the governor's official reiterated commands, explaining what was right over and over again, which shows his condescension and tenderness to outside foreigners. Even the most minute consideration has not been omitted.

Now, as it has been authenticated that the chief importunately begs that he may, in obedience to former edicts, be permitted to return to

the factories, open the hatches, and trade as usual, whether or not the governor shall condescend to allow what is requested, must proceed from the governor's graciousness. These documents coming before me, the governor, and on these authenticated documents I decide thus. Since the said man-of-war has taken with her the said foreign murderers, and run away back to her own country, and the said chief has at this time indeed no means whereby to order the delivery up; and since an authenticated statement to government has been made by him, that an account of this affair from first to last will be sent home, that it may be examined and managed. And moreover, in an authenticated form, the said Poo-ching-sze, and Anchaz-sze, do found on authenticated circumstances an earnest request to open the hatches, and that *indulgence* may be shown as in former edicts, allowing all merchant ships to open their hatches and trade. Uniting these circumstances, an official edict is hereby forthwith framed and issued to the Poo-ching-sze, and Anchaz-sze, requiring them, in obedience thereto, to communicate an immediate order to the Kwang-choo-foo, and the deputed officers, to command the Hong merchants and the others, to enjoin the *orders* of government on the chief and others to return forthwith to the factories and transact business. All the merchant ships, without exception, may open their hatches and take in cargo, so giving them an opportunity to avail themselves of the season (Monsoon) to set sail and return home. This arrangement proceeds from me, the governor, cherishing *tenderness* towards men from remote parts, and from the utmost feeling of *extraordinary graciousness*. All persons concerned should *thrill* with gratitude!!!

These commands of the governor being respectfully received by us, the Poo-ching-sze, and Anchaz-sze, we, in obedience thereto, direct the Kwang-choo-foo, in compliance with the tenor of the above, to command the Hong merchants to enjoin the orders of government on the chief and others, that they may yield *obedience*, and not *oppose*.

I, the Kwang-choo-foo, respectfully receiving the above order, do forthwith, in obedience thereto, transmit an order to the Hong merchants, requiring them, in obedience to the orders of government, to enjoin the commands of government on the said chief Urmston and the others, that they may yield obedience to the same, and not oppose.—*A special edict.*

THE MADHOUSE OF PALERMO.

HE who has not skimmed over the silvery waters of the Lipari, with a summer breeze right from Italy in his topsails, the smoke of Stromboli alone staining the unfathomable looking blue of the sky, and, as the sun dipped his flaming disk in the sea, put up his helm for the bosom of *La Concha d'Oro*, the Golden Shell, as they beautifully call the Bay of Palermo; he who has not thus entered, I say, to the fairest spot on the face of this very fair earth, has a leaf worth the turning in his book of observation.

In ten minutes after dropping the anchor, with sky and water still in a glow, the men were all out of the rigging, the spars of the tall frigate were like lines pencilled on the sky, the band played inspiringly on the poop, and every boat along the gay Marina was freighted with fair Palermitans on its way to the strange ship.

I was standing with the officer of the deck by the capstan, looking at the first star, which had just sprung into its place like a thing created with a glance of the eye.

"Shall we let the ladies aboard, sir?" said a smiling midddy, coming aft from the gangway.

"Yes, sir. And tell the boatswain's mate to clear away for a dance on the quarter-deck."

In most of the ports of the Mediterranean a ship of war, on a summer cruise, is as welcome as the breeze from the sea. Bringing with her forty or fifty gay young officers overcharged with life and spirits, a band of music never so well occupied as when playing for a dance, and a deck whiter and smoother than a ball-room floor, the warlike vessel seems made for a scene of pleasure. Whatever her nation, she no sooner drops her anchor, than she is surrounded by boats from the shore; and when the word is passed for admission, her gangway is crowded with the mirth-loving and warm people of these southern climes, as much at home on board, and as ready to enter into any scheme of amusement, as the maddest-brained midshipman could desire.

The companion-hatch was covered with its grating, lest some dizzy waltzer should drop his partner into the steerage, the band got out their music-stand, and the bright buttons were soon whirling round from larboard to starboard, with forms in their clasp, and dark eyes glowing over their shoulders, that might have tempted the devil out of Stromboli.

Being only a passenger myself, I was contented with sitting on the slide of a carronade, and with the music in my ear, and the twilight flush deepening in the fine-traced angles of the rigging, abandoning myself to the delicious listlessness with which the very air is pregnant in these climates of paradise.

The light feet slid by, and the waltz, the gallopade, and the mazurka, had followed each other till it was broad moonlight on the

decks. It was like a night without an atmosphere—the radiant flood poured down with such an invisible and noon-like clearness.

“Do you see the lady leaning on that old gentleman’s arm by the hammock-rail?” said the first lieutenant, who sat upon the next gun, like myself, a spectator of the scene.

I had remarked her well. She had been in the ship five or ten minutes, and in that time, it seemed to me, I had drank her beauty, even to intoxication. The frigate was slowly swinging round to the land breeze, and the moon, from drawing the curved line of a gipsy-shaped *capella di paglia* with bewitching concealment across her features, gradually fell full upon the dark limit of her orbed forehead. God! what a vision of beauty! Solemn, and full of subdued pain as the countenance seemed, it was radiant with an almost supernatural light of mind. Thought and feeling seemed steeped into every line. Her mouth was large—the only departure from the severest model of the Greek—and stamped with calmness, as if it had been a legible word upon her lips. But her eyes—what can I say of their unnatural lightning—of the depth, the fulness, the wild and maniac-like passionateness of their every look?

My curiosity was strongly moved. I walked aft to the capstan, and throwing off my habitual reserve with some effort, approached the old gentleman on whose arm she leaned, and begged permission to lead her out for a waltz.

“If you wish it, *carissima mia!*” said he, turning to her with all the tenderness in his tone of which the honeyed language of Italy is capable.

But she clung to his arm with startled closeness, and without even looking at me, turned her lips up to his ear, and murmured, “*Mai piu!*”

At my request the officer on duty paid them the compliment of sending them ashore in one of the frigate’s boats, and after assisting them down the ladder, I stood upon the broad stair on the level of the water, and watched the phosphoric wake of the swift cutter till the bright sparkles were lost amid the vessels nearer land. The coxswain reported the boat’s return; but all that belonged to the ship had not come back in her. My heart was left behind.

The next morning there was the usual bustle in the gun-room preparatory to going ashore. Glittering uniforms lay about upon the chairs and tables, sprinkled with swords, epaulettes, and cocked hats; very well brushed boots were sent to be re-brushed, and very nice coats to be made, if possible, to look nicer; the ship’s barber was cursed for not having the hands of Briareus, and no good was wished to the eyes of the washerwoman of the last port where the frigate had anchored. Cologne water was in great request, and the purser had an uncommon number of “private interviews.”

Amid all the bustle, the question of how to pass the day was busily agitated. Twenty plans were proposed; but the sequel—a dinner at the *Hôtel Anglais*, and a “stroll for a lark” after it—was the only point on which the speakers were quite unanimous.

One proposition was to go to Bagaria, and see the Palace of Monsters. This is a villa about ten miles from Palermo, which the owner,

Count Pallagonia, an eccentric Sicilian noble, has ornamented with some hundreds of statues of the finest workmanship, representing the form of woman in every possible combination, with beasts, fishes, and birds. It looks like the temptation of St. Anthony on a splendid scale, and is certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the world.

Near it stands another villa, the property of Prince Butera, (the present minister of Naples at the court of France,) containing, in the depths of its pleasure grounds, a large monastery, with wax monks, of the size and appearance of life, scattered about the passages, and cells, and engaged in every possible unclerical avocation. It is a whimsical satire on the Order, done to the life.

Another plan was to go to the Capucin Convent, and see the dried friars—six or eight hundred bearded old men, *baked*, as they died, in their cowls and beards, and standing against the walls in ghastly rows, in the spacious vaults of the monastery. A more infernal spectacle never was seen by mortal eyes.

A drive to Monreale, a nest of a village on the mountain above the town, a visit to the gardens of a nobleman who salutes the stranger with a *jet d'eau* at every turning, and a lounge in the public promenade of Palermo itself, shared the honours of the argument.

I had been in Sicily before, and was hesitating which of these various lions was worthy of a second visit, when the surgeon proposed to me to accompany him on a visit to a Sicilian Count living in the neighbourhood, who had converted his château into a lunatic asylum, and devoted his time and a large fortune entirely to this singular hobby. He was the first to try the system, now, thank God, generally approved, of winning back reason to these most wretched of human sufferers by kindness and gentle treatment.

We jumped into one of the rattling *calesini*, standing in the handsome Corso of Palermo, and fifteen minutes beyond the gates brought us to the *Casa dei Pazzi*. My friend's uniform and profession were an immediate passport, and we were introduced into a handsome court, surrounded by a colonnade, and cooled by a fountain, in which were walking several well-dressed people, with books, drawing-boards, battledores, and other means of amusement. They all bowed politely as we passed, and at the door of the interior we were met by the Count.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "she was insane, then!"

It was the old man who was on board the night before!

"*E ella?*" said I, seizing his arm, before he had concluded his bow, quite sure that he must understand me with a word.

"*Bra pazza.*" He looked at me, as he answered, with a scrutiny, as if he half suspected my friend had brought him a subject.

The singular character of her beauty was quite explained. Yet what a wreck!

I followed the old Count around his establishment in a kind of dream, but I could not avoid being interested at every step. Here were no chains, no whips, no harsh keepers, no cells of stone and straw. The walls of the long corridors were painted in fresco, representing

sunny landscapes, and gay dancing figures. Fountains and shrubs met us at every turn. The people were dressed in their ordinary clothes, and all employed in some light work or amusement. It was like what it might have been in the days of the Count's ancestors—a gay château, filled with guests and dependants, with no more apparent constraint than the ties of hospitality and service.

We went first to the kitchen. Here were ten people, all, but the cook, stark mad! It was one of the peculiarities of the Count's system, that his patients led in his house the lives to which they had previously been accustomed. A stout Sicilian peasant girl was employed in filling a large brasier from the basin of a fountain. While we were watching her task, the fit began to come on her, and after a fierce look or two around the room, she commenced dashing the water about her with great violence. The cook turned, not at all surprised, and patting her on the back, with a loud laugh, cried, "*Brava, Pepina! brava!*" ringing at the same moment a secret bell.

A young girl of sixteen, with a sweet, smiling countenance, answered the summons, and immediately comprehending the case, approached the enraged creature, and putting her arms affectionately round her neck, whispered something in her ear. The expression of her face changed immediately to a look of delight, and dropping the bucket, she followed the young attendant out of the room with peals of laughter.

"*Venite!*" said the count, "you shall see how we manage our furies."

We followed across a garden filled with the sweetest flowers to a small room opening on a lawn. From the centre of the ceiling was suspended a hammock, and Pepina was already in it, swung lightly from side to side by a servant, while the attendant stood by, and, as if in play, threw water upon her face at every approach. It had all the air of a frolic. The violent laughter of the poor maniac grew less and less as the soothing motion and the coolness of the water took effect, and in a few minutes her strained eyes gently closed, the hammock was swung more and more gently, and she fell asleep.

"This," said the Count, with a gratified smile, "is my substitute for a forced shower-bath and chains; and this," kissing his little attendant on the forehead, "for the whip and the grim turnkey." I blessed him in my heart.

"Come!" said he, as we left the sleeper to her repose, "I must show you my grounds."

We followed him to an extensive garden, opening from the back of the château, laid out originally in the formal style of an Italian villa. The long walks had been broken up, however, by beautiful arbours with grottoes in their depths, in which wooden figures, of the colour and size of life, stood or sat in every attitude of gaiety or grotesqueness. It was difficult, in the deep shadow of the vines and oleanders, not to believe them real. We walked on through many a winding shrubbery, perfumed with all the scented flowers of the luxuriant climate, continually surprised with little deceptions of perspective, or figures half concealed in the leaves, till we emerged at the entrance

of a charming summer theatre, with sodded seats, stage, orchestra, and scenery complete. Orange trees, roses, and clematis were laced together for a wall in the rear.

"Here," said the old man, bounding gaily upon the stage, "here we act plays the summer long."

"What! not with your patients?"

"*Si Signore!* Who else?" And he went on to describe to us the interest they took in it, and the singular power with which the odd idea siezed upon their whimsied intellects. We had been accompanied from the first, by a grave, respectable looking man, whom I had taken for an assistant. While we were listening to the description of the first attempt they had made at a play, he started out from the group, and putting himself in an attitude upon the stage, commenced spouting a furious passage in Italian.

The Count pointed to his forehead, and made a sign to us to listen. The tragedian stopped at the end of his sentence, and after a moment's delay, apparently in expectation of a reply, darted suddenly off and disappeared behind the scenes.

"*Poveretto!*" said the Count, "it is my best actor!"

Near the theatre stood a small chapel, with a circular lawn before it, on which the grass had been lately much trodden. It was surrounded partly by a green bank, and here the Count seated us, saying, with a significant look at me, that he would tell us a story.

I should like to give it you in his own words—still more with his own manner; for never was a tale told with more elegance of language, or a more natural and pleasant simplicity. But a sheet of "wire-wove" is not a Palermitan cavaliere, and the cold English has not the warm eloquence of the Italian. He laid aside his hat, ordered fruit and wine, and proceeded.

"Almost a year ago I was called upon by a gentleman of a noble physiognomy and address, who inquired very particularly into my system. I explained it to him at his request, and he did me the honour, as you gentlemen have done, to go over my little establishment. He seemed satisfied, and with some hesitation informed me that he had a daughter in a very desperate state of mental alienation. Would I go and see her?"

"This is not, you know, gentlemen, a public institution. I am crazy," he said it very gravely, "quite crazy—the first of my family of fools, on this particular theme—and this asylum is my toy. Of course it is only as the whim seizes me that I admit a patient; for there are some diseases of the brain seated in causes with which I wish not to meddle.

"However, I went. With the freedom of a physician I questioned the father, upon the road, of the girl's history. He was a Greek, a prince of the Fanar, who had left his degraded people in their dirty and dangerous suburb at Constantinople, to forget oppression and meanness in a voluntary exile. It was just before the breaking out of the last Greek revolution, and so many of his kinsmen and friends had been sacrificed to the fury of the Turks, that he had renounced all idea of ever returning to his country.

" 'And your daughter?'

“ ‘ My dear Katinka, my only child, fell ill upon receiving distressing news from the Fanar, and her health and reason never rallied after. It is now several years, and she has lain in bed till her limbs are withered, never having uttered a word, or made a sign which would indicate even consciousness of the presence of those about her.’

“ I could not get from him that there was any disappointment of the heart at the bottom of it. It seemed to be one of those cases of sudden stupefaction, to which nervously sensitive minds are liable after a violent burst of grief; and I began, before I had seen her, to indulge in bright hopes of starting once more the sealed fountains of thought and feeling.

“ We entered Palermo, and passing out at the other gate, stopped at a vine-laced casino on the lip of the bay, scarcely a mile from the city wall. It was a pretty, fanciful place, and, on a bed in its inner chamber, lay the most poetical-looking creature I had ever seen out of my dreams. Her head was pillowed in an abundance of dark hair, which fell away from her forehead in masses of glossy curls, relieving, with a striking effect, the wan and transparent paleness of a face, which the divinest chisel could scarce have copied in alabaster. *Dio mio!*—how transcendent was the beauty of that poor girl!”

The Count stopped, and fed his memory a moment with closed eyes upon the image.

“ At the first glance I inwardly put up a prayer to the Virgin, and determined, with Her sweet help, to restore reason to the fairest of its earthly temples. I took up her shadow of a hand, and spread out the thin fingers in my palm, and as she turned her large wandering eye towards me, I felt that the blessed Mary had heard my prayer. ‘ You shall see her well again,’ said I confidently.

“ Quite overcome, the Prince Ghika fell on the bed and embraced his daughter’s knees in an agony of tears.

“ You shall not have the *seccatura*, gentlemen, of listening to the recital of all my tedious experiments for the first month or two. I brought her to my house upon a litter, placed her in a room filled with every luxury of the East, and suffered no one to approach her except two Greek attendants, to whose services she was accustomed. I succeeded in partially restoring animation to her benumbed limbs by friction, and made her sensible of music, and of the perfumes of the East, which I burned in a pastille-lamp in her chamber. Here, however, my skill was baffled. I could neither amuse nor vex her. Her mind was beyond me. After trying every possible experiment, as it seemed to me, my invention was exhausted, and I despaired.

“ She occupied, however, much of my mind. Walking up and down yonder orange-alley one sweet morning, about two months ago, I started off suddenly to my chamber with a new thought. You would have thought me the maddest of my household, to have seen me, gentlemen. I turned out by the shoulders the *ragazza*, who was making my bed, washed and scented myself, as if for a ball, covered my white hairs with a handsome brown wig, a relic of my coxcombical days, rouged faintly, and, with white gloves, and a most youthful appearance altogether, sought the chamber of my patient.

"She was lying with her head in the hollow of her thin arm, and, as I entered, her dark eyes rested full upon me. I approached, kissed her hand with a respectful gallantry, and in the tenderest tones of which my damaged voice was susceptible, breathed into her ear a succession of delicately turned compliments to her beauty.

"She lay as immovable as marble, but I had not calculated upon the ruling passion of the sex in vain. A thin flush in her cheek, and a flutter in her temple, only perceptible to my practised eye, told me that the words had found their way to her long-lost consciousness.

"I waited a few moments, and then took up a ringlet that fell negligently over her hand, and asked permission to sever it from the glossy mass in which the arm under her head was literally buried.

"She clutched her fingers suddenly upon it, and glancing at me with the fury of a roused tigress, exclaimed in a husky whisper, '*Lasciate me, Signore!*'

"I obeyed her, and, as I left the room, I thanked the Virgin in my heart. It was the first word she had spoken for years.

"The next day, having patched myself up more successfully in my leisure, in a disguise so absolute that not one even of my pets knew me as I passed through the corridor, I bowed myself up once more to her bedside.

"She lay with her hands clasped over her eyes, and took no notice of my first salutation. I commenced with a little raillery, and under cover of finding fault with her attitude, contrived to pay an adroit compliment to the glorious orbs she was hiding from admiration. She lay a moment or two without motion, but the muscles of her slight mouth stirred just perceptibly, and presently she drew her fingers quickly apart, and looking at me with a most confiding expression in her pale features, a full sweet smile broke like sudden sunshine through her lips. I could have wept for joy.

"I soon acquired all the influence over her I could wish. She made an effort at my request to leave her bed, and in a week or two walked with me in the garden. Her mind, however, seemed to have capacity but for one thought, and she soon began to grow unhappy, and would weep for hours. I endeavoured to draw from her the cause, but she only buried her face in my bosom, and wept more violently, till one day, sobbing out her broken words almost inarticulately, I gathered her meaning. She was grieved that I did not *marry her!*

"Poor girl!" soliloquized the Count after a brief pause, "she was only true to her woman's nature. Insanity had but removed the veil of custom and restraint. She would have broken her heart before she had betrayed such a secret, with her reason.

"I was afraid at last she would go melancholy mad, this one thought preyed so perpetually on her brain—and I resolved to delude her into the cheerfulness necessary to her health by a mock ceremony.

"The delight with which she received my promise almost alarmed me. I made several delays, with the hope that in the convulsion of her feelings a ray of reason would break through the darkness; but she took every hour to heart, and I found it was inevitable.

"You are sitting, gentlemen, in the very scene of our mad bride. My poor grass has not yet recovered, you see, from the stamp of the dancers. Imagine the spectacle. The chapel was exquisitely decorated, and at the bottom of the lawn stood three long tables covered with fruits and flowers, and sprinkled here and there with bottles of coloured water (to imitate wine) sherbets, cakes, and other such innocent things as I could allow my crazy ones. They were all invited."

"Good God!" said the surgeon, "your lunatics?"

"All! all! And never was such a sensation produced in a household since the world was created. Nothing else was talked of for a week. My worst patients seemed to suspend for the time their fits of violence. I sent to town for quantities of tricky stuffs, and allowed the women to deck themselves entirely after their own taste. You can conceive nothing like the business they made of it! Such aspirations! *Santa Maria!* shall I ever forget that Babel!"

"The morning came. My bride's attendants had dressed her from her Grecian wardrobe, and with her long braids parted over her forehead, and hanging back from her shoulders to her very heels, her close-fitted jacket, of gorgeous velvet and gold, her costly bracelets, and the small spangled slippers upon her unstockinged feet, she was positively an angelic vision of beauty. Her countenance was thoughtful, but her step was unusually elastic, and a small red spot, like a rose-leaf under the skin, blushed through the alabaster paleness of her cheek.

"My maniacs received her with shouts of admiration. The women were kept from her at first with great difficulty, and it was only by drawing their attention to their own gaudier apparel, that their anxiety to touch her was distracted. The men looked at her, as she passed along like a queen of love and beauty, and their wild, gleaming eyes, and quickened breaths, showed the effect of such loveliness upon the unconcealed feelings. I had multiplied my attendants, scarce knowing how the excitement of the scene might affect them, but the interest of the occasion, and the imposing decencies of dress and show, seemed to overcome them effectually. The most sane guests at a bridal could scarce have behaved with more propriety.

"The ceremony was performed by an elderly friend of mine, the physician to my establishment. Old as I am, gentlemen, I could have wished that ceremony to have been in earnest. As she lifted up her large liquid eyes to heaven, and swore to be true to me till death, I forgot my manhood, and wept. If I had been younger—*ma chère porcheria!*

"After the marriage the women were invited to salute the bride, and then all eyes in my natural party turned at once to the feast. I gave the word. Fruits, cakes, and sherbets, disappeared with the rapidity of magic, and then the music struck up from the shrubbery, and they danced—as you see by the grass.

"I committed the bride to her attendants at sunset, but I could with difficulty tear myself away. On the following day I called at her door, but she refused to see me. The next and the next I could gain no admittance without exerting my authority. On the fourth

morning I was permitted to enter. She had resumed her usual dress, and was sad, calm, and gentle. She said little, but seemed lost in thought, to which she was unwilling or unable to give utterance.

"She has never spoken of it since. Her mind, I think, has nearly recovered its tone, but her memory seems confused. I scarce think she remembers her illness, and its singular events, as more than a troubled dream. On all the common affairs of life she seems quite sane, and I drive out with her daily, and have taken her once or twice to the opera. Last night we were strolling on the Marina when your frigate came into the bay, and she proposed to join the crowd and go off to hear the music. We went on board, as you know; and now, if you choose to pay your respects to the lady who refused to waltz with you, take another sip of your sherbet and wine, and come with me."

To say more would be trespassing perhaps on the patience of my readers, but certainly on my own feelings. I have described this singular case of madness and its cure, because I think it contains in itself the seeds of much philosophy on the subject. It is only within a very few years that these poor sufferers have been treated otherwise than as the possessors of incarnate devils, whom it was necessary to scourge out with unsparing cruelty. If this literal statement of a cure in the private madhouse of the eccentric Conte ——— of Palermo, induce the friends of a single unfortunate maniac to adopt a kind and rational system for his restoration, the writer will have been repaid for bringing circumstances before the public, which have since had much to do with his own feelings.

UNCAS.

MR. MORIER'S NEW WORK.

Ayesha, the Maid of Kars. By the Author of "Zohrab," "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

WE have often led our readers through many a dry disquisition, compelled him wearily with us to attempt to unravel many a complicated knot of policy, and exhorted him to stand by and look on whilst we have scalped many an unfortunate author. Surely, for his amenity and attention on these very necessary but disagreeable occasions, some reward is richly due to him; and we know of no better way of discharging this obligation, than by taking him gently by the hand and conducting him with Mr. Morier through the glowing garden of the East, and showing him some of those moon-eyed beauties that have ever been renowned as much for the power of their charms, as for the vividness of their passions, and the unswerving fidelity of their affections, when those charms have been properly appreciated, and those affections adequately returned. Much of the character, both male and female, of the Osmanli, have been lately developed by enterprizing and scrutinizing travellers, but much more is still hidden from European view; and the veil of mystery that hangs upon it, thin as it now is, tends in a great measure to increase the interest that we feel in all narratives that treat upon sun-heated maidens and warriors that occupy the countries of oriental classical literature.

Whoever takes up the work which we are about to review, and peruses it merely as a novel, does the author great injustice, and himself still more. He omits to lay in a fund of the most useful information with his amusement, to gain an insight into the great moral book in which Omnipotence has inscribed so many various characters, none of which man should presume to despise or even disregard, since it was his sacred hand that wrote them. The reader may here also perceive the different effects that dominant institutions have over the destinies of mankind—how they mould their various characters, how they interfere with the tenor of their lives; and, as they form them from their birth, prescribe to them in what manner they shall die; and even go so far as to assign them mansions, and maidens to make those mansions happy, after their death. All this knowledge, and much more than we have time to specify, will be gathered from a study—for a perusal only would not do it justice—of Mr. Morier's admirable work.

It commences by the hero of the tale, a certain youthful Lord Osmond, preparing to make such a journey of observation and improvement, in traversing the wild district between Turkey and Persia, that we wish our readers to make travelling with us through the few pages that are devoted to this article. It is necessary that it should be known how he was attended; we cannot do it more concisely than in the words of our author, as they are specimens of classes, and indicate them as precisely, in a mental view, as drawings in full costume would the visual.

"Osmond had taken into his service a Greek, as his own valet, and a Turk, who was to serve him as his Tatar and purveyor on the road. The Greek was a native of the village of Sedikien, near Smyrna, who, in appearance, might have passed for one of the ancient heroes of his race. He was tall and erect, of the finest proportions, of great strength and agility, and dexterous in all manly exercises. His face was peculiarly handsome, his nose aquiline, his eyes full of intelligence, and, when fully dressed and armed, he was a most imposing personage. His name was Anastasio, which had been abbreviated into Stasoo; and so he was usually called. He possessed all the acuteness of his nation, was brave as a lion, and, although he had that veneration and awe for his Turkish superiors, which are inherent in the Asiatic Greeks, aping them in dress and manner upon all occasions, yet he never allowed such feelings to stand in the way of his duty towards his master, to whom he was devotedly attached."

The soi-disant Turk, who was called a Tatar, (no joke is here meant at Dan's manner of pronouncing his native apple,) or courier, was

"Short and fair: he willingly would have cherished a beard to increase his dignity, but nothing would coax the ungrateful hairs to appear. A scanty mustache graced his upper lip, which, however, was too sandy in its hue to stand out in proper relief upon his pale complexion; and although he had adopted the ponderous step, slow gesture, and phlegmatic bearing of an Osmanli, smoking the never-failing chibouk, and prelude every speech with the ever ready *Allah, Inshallah, and Mashallah*, still, all would not do; the European leaven would appear, and render that caricature in him, which in a Turk is impressive and dignified. Although the good Mustafa was always working himself up to be a Turk, yet he generally fell short of his mark; as one may sometimes have seen a turnspit place himself on the same rank as a mastiff. And although he would willingly have made the world believe that he was a thorough Osmanli in courage and assurance, yet it was evident that nature had kneaded as much cowardice in his earthly dough, as was necessary to make his perceptions peculiarly keen upon the most distant approaches of danger."

Are not these descriptions of individuals as succinct, yet still as graphic, as any that may be found in Le Sage's beautiful novel? Should we not know either of them twenty years hence, did we but meet them casually in our wayfaring through life? They are personations—they are our intimate acquaintances—nay, when we have read their histories, they almost become to us substantive friends. To return to the work. Lord Osmond commences his adventurous journey at dawn, accompanied by the above-described characters. After passing over some Salvator Rosa like scenery—which no one can better describe than Morier—they are not long before they are plunged into an adventure—natural yet singular. Cara Bey is at the bottom of the whole of it. Mustafa himself shall describe, as affording a good specimen of Osmanlic anathematizing.

"'Who is the Cara Bey, whom you mentioned just now?' said Osmond to Mustafa; 'I have heard of him before, but I did not know that we were near his territory.'"

"Upon this question, Mustafa turned his horse's head round, and joined his master, riding by his side, stirrup to stirrup: for such sort of apparent familiarity between master and man is common in the East, although, be it known, a real Turkish Tatar never allows himself to be any man's menial. Mustafa, I say, fearful lest the Surugi should hear any allusion made to Cara Bey, although he spoke in English, lowered his voice, and said, apparently in a shudder,

"'Cara Bey! *Aman! aman!*—pity! pity!' at the same time taking hold of the lappel of his jacket, and shaking it as if he would throw off an impurity: 'Cara Bey! *cof!* he is a *Sheitan*, he is Satan, he is a black Yezidi, a worshipper of the devil!

he is without commiseration, without law ; cares neither for Sultan or Shah ; if he catches you, he leaves you clean naked,' at the same time showing the palm of his hand, 'that is, if he does not murder you first. He is a thief ; his father was a thief ; his grandfather was a thief ; all his children will be thieves, and all his grandchildren the same ! What more can I say ?'

Osmond saves his guide's life—a lieutenant of this dreadful bey—the fellow is grateful, and in this consists the key of the plot. In this part of the work we are introduced to those curious fanatics, whose faith is in God, yet their worship for the devil. They are termed Yezidies. We wish that we had space for a full commentary upon them. The description of the scenery, as Lord Osmond approaches the plains of Georgia, is poetically sublime. He passes over, or near the spot, where once bloomed the garden of Eden. This locality is beauty, broken up by the hand of Almighty power into wild magnificence, still preserving a vast proportion of its former attributes. They at length get sight of Cara Bey's castle. They escape an ambuscade, or rather the penalties of it, for they fall into one, through the gratitude of Hassan their guide ; and, at length, they arrive in safety at Kars. Here Osmond accidentally sees the heroine, and she is thus beautifully described.

" Her veil escaped from her hand as Osmond stopped to gaze, and exhibited to his eyes beauty of such astonishing perfection that at first he thought a being of superhuman excellence stood before him. There was a radiancy in the brilliant cast of her features, complexion, and countenance, that struck into his heart at once, whilst the most angelic and maidenlike modesty beamed over her whole manner and appearance."

Osmond becomes ill, and is located in the house which adjoins that in which Ayesha is domiciled. Kars being situate so remotely from the seat of government, it was sometimes, or rather generally, governed by strange specimens of humanity, or inhumanity, in the shape of Pashas ; a state of things not altogether without a parallel in our own highly polished, and refinedly civilized, country. The provincial magistrates of some of the distant provinces of Great Britain have similar predilections with the Pasha of Kars, with about equal information. We mention this in no disrespect to our country squires—rough hob-nailed shoes are the best with which to get through mud. They are fitted to the soil that they tread upon, and heavily some of those squireens do tread ; but in order that the Turcoman may not meet with more contempt than he merits, Mr. Morier shall describe, for our friends, the Pasha and his two satellites ; and thus he will gain a considerable portion of insight into the state of—what may be termed comparative—the Mussulman magistracy.

" At the time of Osmond's sojourn, the Pasha was a man of low origin and coarse habits : he had once been a *pehlivan*, or prize-wrestler, and was consequently called Pehlivan Pasha ; thereby recording his ignoble origin,—an act of humility from which no Turk ever shrinks, however exalted may be his subsequent rank. He was a man of immense personal strength, and his chief enjoyment consisted in witnessing the combats of *pehlivans*, by whom he was constantly surrounded, and with whom, as occasion offered, he would not refrain from trying a fall himself. He was not accused of wielding his power with undue severity as a governor, being good-natured, weak, and addicted to sensuality, for he willingly turned over the

affairs of legislation to the Mufti,* the civil and religious officer of authority; a crafty, bigoted, and unrelenting Mahomedan, who might be said to hold the principal sway in the city, and who, in proportion to his blind devotion to the laws of his Prophet, bore a corresponding hatred to all infidels. There was, besides, an Aga of the janissaries, and the usual Ayans, or elders, who were called upon to attend in council on questions connected with the well-being of the place and its inhabitants."

We will now give the picture of a professor of a dominant faith. We may learn something from it, even in England.

"Among the Armenians he reigned without a rival. A true believer on his own soil, among Christians, may be compared to a game-cock in a farm-yard, or a mastiff in a kennel; he swells with arrogance, struts with importance, and exerts his powers of speech with insolence. Our Tatar, preparatory to his meal, had duly tucked up his sleeves, had called to Bogos (for such was the dyer's name) for water wherewith to wash, and squatting himself down over a pewter basin, which was held to him by the Armenian in person, water was poured over his hands, and he thus performed his ablutions with great satisfaction. Having refreshed his weather-beaten face by passing his wet hands over it, he coaxed his small mustaches into as good a spread as they would admit of: and then wiping his hands with the towel which he took from off his host's shoulder, he proceeded with an important step to seat himself heavily upon a cushion which had been laid for him in the corner of a lower room, and there he awaited the coming meal."

And this meal consisted of, and was conducted thus:—

"At length the *chorba*, soup, smoked upon the board; a dead silence ensued, and nothing but the noise of hot in-draughts, produced by the junction of spoons and mouths, was heard: then came *dolmas*, rice and meat-balls, wrapt up in vine-leaves; then *keftas*, force-meat; *halwah*, sweetmeat; and last, the lamb and the mountain of boiled rice."

The subservient Armenian fills Mustafa with amenity as fast as he does with viands. At length the hostility of faith falls prostrate before the kindness of repletion, and breaks out thus:—

"By Allah! you are a good man you! by your father, I love you! Among swine, Armenians are the best. Bogos, my brother, you are a man; Mashallah! you are my father, my uncle. Ah! ah! give me sweet wine, and I want nothing more.' As fast as the skin fell in its circumference, so fast did Mustafa's heart soften, until sleep gradually overtook him, and rolling himself in his cloak he fell like a trunk consumed by fire on the very spot where he had eaten, and remained immovable for the night."

We have not time to state in what manner, by what accidents, and by what arrangements, a meeting was at length brought about between Ayesha and Lord Osmond; separated only by a wall, and by the prejudices of religion and custom, it is no wonder that these were soon overcome. They meet, and they love. Now Ayesha has a mother; that is, a sort of a kind of a mother; for in novels we are never sure of any relationship that we meet with, until we read the word *finis*. Now this lady's reign of beauty having just ceased, the reign of intrigue very naturally commenced, and for certain good and valid reasons, she showed no great objection to an occasional interview between Osmond and her daughter; for, though all their meetings took

* "The chief man of the law in a Turkish city is generally called Mollah, but this personage chose to take upon himself the higher title of Mufti, which, in fact, only belongs to the great chief of the Turkish law, residing at Constantinople."

place at the top of the house, the reader may be assured that there was a great deal of mischief at the bottom of it, as afterwards was most plentifully proved. Through all this part of the story are to be found portraitures of the domestic manners of the Turks, enlivened by the wit, humour, and idiosyncrasies of the individuals who pass on and off the scene. We have elaborated, by the author, at the same time, some of the finest feelings of our common nature, as we belong to the great family of men, with sentiments, associations, and sympathies, that nothing but the peculiar circumstances of time, place, and nation, could have elicited.

Who is it that invariably rules her husband? It will always be found to be one who most needs ruling herself; and who, of all others, will the least submit to rule. Such a person is a termagant, and such a termagant was Zabetta, the mother of Ayesha; who ruled over him who ruled over many, and hated more, Suleiman Aga: the ruled were believers—the hated—all infidels. This termagant is ambitious: she has forgotten that her charms are somewhat *fade*, and wishes, by the means of Osmond, to get once again to Constantinople; and then, either as the sultana, or as the sultana's mother, hopes to see the eastern world at her feet. To effect this, Osmond, as we before hinted, is to be made subservient. Events at first favour her views. Mustafa, in imitation of his master, falls in love with Ayesha; but he does not expend it in vain sighs, so he takes his outward man into consideration, and then boldly goes a wooing. He had his difficulties, as we shall see.

“ He had in consequence, as a preliminary to further operations, furbished up his weather-beaten face by frequent attendance at the hot-bath. Vainly did he ponder over the scanty allowance of mustache which Nature had doled out to him, and every method which he devised of increasing the store seemed to baffle his ingenuity. If he dyed his few hairs black, he found that, like radishes on a miser's board, they became individuated, and were easily counted; if he abandoned them to their original sandy-coloured insignificance, his face could scarcely assert the man, and he was left that most despised of all creatures in a Turk's estimation, a *sakal-siz*—a no-beard. Then he was short of stature, but that could not be helped; he was also thin, but then he found, by heaping on more garments to his original stock, he might increase in size to any extent he chose. Accordingly, he bought a new furred jacket, duly trimmed and braided; he spread out the circumference of his *shalwars*, or trowsers, to such a size, that his small legs lay hidden within their folds in somewhat the same proportions that a pitchfork has to a haystack, whilst their bulk almost prevented him from walking. A small muslin embroidered handkerchief, which he threw over his shoulder, and an amber-headed pipe in his hand, made him up all together, so he flattered himself, a person of irresistible attraction to the object of his wishes.”

It is not to the interest, or so she thinks, of the plotting intriguante, who calls herself the mother of Ayesha, either to shake him off the hook, now that he has swallowed the bait on the one hand, or to land him in the net of matrimony on the other; so she gives him at once hopes and desire. The consequence is, that he joins in the plot to retard the departure of Lord Osmond. The love story goes on very prettily; and we recommend all those, who like that sort of thing, to read this part of the story attentively. There is in it less of the namby-pamby, mawkish stuff, called sentiment, which is, in reality, an absence of all sense, than in any other scene of the same descrip-

tion in any one of the fashionable novels lately published. There is much originality in the whole wooing, whether we regard the manly and unsophisticated warmth with which he endeavours to disabuse her of a fanatic faith, or her trusting tenderness, which will do all readily for the man she adores—but sacrifice the religion of her country, and the trusting rock of her father, from which she knows that she is excluded, because she is a woman.

“ The course of true love never yet run smooth.”

The line appears to be applicable in the east as in the west; and we almost wonder how it should, when that love is made in the face of Heaven, after the manner of sparrows, upon the house-top; and when a prying priest ascends a neighbouring minaret, and clapping his hands, casts his eyes upon all that eyes should, and should not, see. The father of Ayesha thus becomes acquainted, not of what is going forward in his own house, but on the top of it. Like a true believer, he acknowledges that God is great, by which he relieves himself of his astonishment; but for his rage, he seeks another kind of relief, in the blood of the offenders. He is, however, pacified down into a very commendable state of intense hate—holy, political, and personal, against Osmond, whom he procures to be thrown into prison, with his inimitable Scipio, that is to say, our worthy Mustafa. Here they are not very comfortable: in fact, they do not like it. However, things are not quite so dreadful with Lord Osmond as they appear to be: he may have his liberty, and his love for a wedded wife, under one or two trifling conditions, such as abjuring his faith, and undergoing a certain most ancient surgical operation; but he is obstinate;—these heroes! And here we feel it our duty to make this remark, that no one should despise the art of boxing: by his proficiency in that manly science, and a well applied one-two, into the bread-basket of the giant pehlivan of the pasha, he secures the countenance of that worthy dignity, and probably his own life. However, Osmond produces his firman, and now they have got him a prisoner, they do not very well know what to do with him: that is to say, they are resolved to sacrifice him, but they do not exactly understand the best way of dressing up the altar.

We now come to the most exceptionable part of a work, against which there is so little to except. That in which Lord Osmond is made to dispute with the Mollahs, and all the religious functionaries, in open divan, and under the authority of the Pasha, as to the falsehood and abomination of the Mussulman creed. In the first place, a philosopher, and a man of that general information the hero is represented to be, must be aware of the impossibility of the attempt; and if he were not, of the impolicy, nay, the cruelty of his success, if he thought that he could have succeeded. Only supposing that he could have succeeded in his Quixotic attempt, and made excellent proselytes, and neophytes of the Pasha, the Mufti, the Dervishes, the Mollahs, and all the other rubbish with which the Mahomedan church establishment is built up, together with all the citizens of the good town of Kars, must he not have been assured that he would have been the immediate cause of exterminating them root and

branch from the face of the earth, immediately the news of the conversion had reached the ears of the sultan? So much for the absurdity of the undertaking on his part, which is more like the imprudent and self-sufficient audacity of a mad methodist missionary, than the act of a hero, and that hero, one too, of Morier's creation. But, on the other side, the thing is still more ridiculous—on the side of the Osmanlis. We well know that no nation is more bigoted to their faith, and that the whole scene of the controversy is one of the most exaggerated improbability. We, in England, are, comparatively speaking, a liberal minded set of persons. What should we say to a foreigner, who, having infringed one of our most cherished laws, should, instead of submitting to the incurred penalty, demand as a right, to prove that the religion upon which that law was founded was false, that we were fools, and that our fathers, and mothers, and all who had gone before us, were fools? What should we say to the maniac who would demand this? That we should grant this request, as did the Karsites, is so utterly without the range of probability, that we dismiss the idea at once. And yet, the Turks are more jealous of interference with their religious matters, than are we ourselves. However, this outrageous polemical controversy terminates very appropriately, by the aid of a pistol, and Lord Osmond takes nothing by his motion but another bout of imprisonment. In order to make a diversion in favour of Osmond, on whom the Pasha has a design to make him his court wrestler, he proclaims a *jerid* party. It is an animating scene, and being so particularly national, the author shall describe it himself.

“ The *jerid* party had now begun its movements. A dense body of the Pasha's officers and guards, mounted on the finest horses, richly caparisoned, their mouths foaming and fretting under the heavy bit, curveting and uprearing, were arranged in due order on the one side, whilst a corresponding body of Kûrds, men of the plain, and agas from the villages and hill country, were placed on the other, the whole dressed in cloths, velvets, and silks of every hue, their various ornamental arms and accoutrements glittering in the sun: forming the most brilliant combination of men, horses, rich drapery, and fine colouring, that can be conceived, and perhaps, exceeding in picturesque beauty any similar combination in any other part of the world. After a pause, previously to the first onset, a sensation was observed among the assembled horsemen, which was caused by the appearance of the Pasha in person among them.

“ He had stripped himself of his heavy furred pelisse and had put on a light silken wadded jacket, which, fitting tight to his shape, set off his herculean shoulders. Mounted on a powerful Turcoman horse, whose sleek and shining coat showed at once the excellence of his breed and the superior care with which he was tended, and whose magnificent trappings, glittering with gold and embroidery, shone conspicuous above all others, he was altogether a striking personage. He wore a shawl on his head; his legs were clothed with an immense pair of cloth shalwars, that hung in folds to his ankles; and the vigour with which he bestrode his saddle, and wielded his *jerid*, showed that of all the combatants present he was the most formidable. He threw the first javelin, and this became the signal for engaging in the sport. The whole mass was soon in motion. At first, those who engaged proceeded with weariness and caution. One cavalier was detached from the Pasha's party towards that of the Kûrds: advancing at a slight trot, he gradually approached, discharged his *jerid* at the foremost man, and immediately turning sharply round, fled at full speed, followed by the antagonist whom he had selected, who in return threw his javelin with all the force and dexterity which he could muster. The retreating horseman, with head looking behind, and with an eye accustomed to watch the direction of the coming weapon, was ready either to catch it as it glanced by

him, or to throw himself entirely under his horse's belly if he saw it about to take effect, and then, with unparalleled dexterity, when discharged, to stop his horse at once with a sudden jerk, turn and pursue again, until, his javelins being expended, he was obliged to seek for more, either picking them off the ground with a crooked cane, which he had for the purpose, or receiving them from the hand of some valet whose business it was to collect and distribute them. This took place in succession with every cavalier present, until the whole were engaged; and as the fray increased, in the same proportion increased the animation and vigour of both the horses and their riders. The noble animals, enjoying the sport as much as the men, were soon bathed in a white foam; and, their eyes flashing fire, their nostrils expanded, every muscle stretched to the utmost, and their whole being changed, exhibited themselves in attitudes and forms which perhaps are never seen excepting in this sport, or in actual warfare. Their riders, too, whose usual dull and phlegmatic humours make them look more like automatons than living beings, were now not to be recognized—every look was animation, every gesture agility; and as the engagement continued, their cheerings increased into shouts, which, mingled with the trampling of their horses and the clatter of their trappings and accoutrements, afforded as true a picture of a real battle as can well be imagined. The Pasha kept aloof, and did not engage in the heat of the fray, but every now and then, when he found his opportunity, he selected some more aspiring or more successful horseman above the rest, and did him the honour of throwing his jerd at him, seldom failing at the same time to confer the distinction of a broken head."

The tale now grows very interesting. Hassan Aga, the grateful guide, mingling in the mimic fight, brings it to a mortal encounter; and, in the *melée* contrives to rescue Osmond, Mustafa, and Stasso. The Pasha of Kars thus loses his prey, but he sends to Osmond's lodgings, and confiscates his effects. We must not refuse to extract this part of the work, where the wonder of the court is so humourously expressed at the sight of the prize.

"First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. It principally contained Osmond's clothes. In succession were displayed, waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of a splendid uniform-jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For, let it be known, that a Turk's trowsers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs, and, when drawn together and tied in front, generally extend from the hips to the ankles. Will it then be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The Mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded *chokhadar*, who stood by wrapt in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the Mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat, was fitted over the turban of the *chokhadar*, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head.

"*'Barikallah—praise be to Allah!'* said the Mufti, 'I have found it; perhaps this is the dress of an English Pasha of two tails!' *'Aferin—well done!'* cried all the adherents of the law. But the Pasha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. 'For what else can this be used,' exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—'what else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?' said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. 'So it is,' answered the dyer, 'it is even as your highness has commanded.'—'Well, then, this skin has contained wine,'

continued the Pasha, pleased with the discovery, 'and, by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again.'—'Here,' said he to one of his servants, 'here, take this, let the Saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled; instead of wine it shall hold water.' And true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of *mesheks*. But it was secretly reported that, not long after, they were converted to the use for which the Pasha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness's favourite wine.

"In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have any thing in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astrology, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb, or cracking the finger joints,—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be, and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the Pasha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

"The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-cologne, another lavender-water, both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the Pasha himself when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The Mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep, if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick."

But we must take care that our approbation do not beguile us into tediousness, and we must hasten more rapidly through the rest of this excellent work than we have hitherto done. In Osmond's attempt to escape to the Russian frontier, he, notwithstanding all the care of the faithful Hassan, gets into the power of the dread Cara Bey, and that too so effectually, that the tyrant devil-worshipper compels him to go out and do battle with the troops of the very nation to which he wishes to fly for an asylum; and to do it so effectually, that he captures with his own hand the commander of the detachment. The author has shown great power in his delineation of the character of this abhorred Cara—this monster of brigandage. He is the very acmé of human wickedness, and yet, though so outrageously hateful, all his actions are so naturally told, that it appears more like biography than romance. We wish that we had space to extract a description of the sect of Yezidies, or devil-worshippers, of whom this Cara Bey is, very appropriately, the chief. Immured in the strong hold of this devil-worshipper, Lord Osmond gets devil's treatment. Cara Bey is now determined to go to Kars, and to carry off Ayesha for himself, and he succeeds; but, in the mean time, he wishes to get rid of his prisoners, Osmond, and Stasso, and Mustafa by poison; but through the intervention of Hassan, they escape the snare. The rogue had kept them upon short allowance previously, in order that they might the better

enjoy their last repast. We must omit many of the minor features of the plotting and the counter-plotting that now takes place. Osmond and Mustafa are confined in their strong room, with the poisoned dishes smoking in all their fragrance before the famished prisoners. The Russian officer is confined beneath the floor where they are, in a deep pit, like a dry well. Cara Bey is rioting in conquest and debauchery, with his two female captives, Zabetta, (by-the-by, nothing loth,) and Ayesha. Hassan has made his escape from the tyranny of his late master, and is on his road for assistance to the Russian quarters; here there is a crisis that must produce a catastrophe—something must be done, or Osmond will either starve or be poisoned, and Ayesha, the maid of Kars, be either ruined or poignarded. The Russian officer is hauled up and set at liberty—the keys are taken from the supine gaoler, and, at the very nick of time, the Russ returns with a detachment of infantry, the doors are broken open, the harem stormed, Ayesha saved—just, just to a moment—the castle captured, the followers dispersed or slain, and Cara Bey clapped down in that identical hole in which he had immured the officer, and the delighted Mustafa set over to guard the object of the dread of nearly the whole of his previous life. All this would act excellently as a melo-drama, yet it reads much better than it would act. The story might well close here, but it is very far from finished. Osmond delivers the body of the Bey to the Russians; this is Mustafa's opinion upon that act:

“ ‘ But they are asses too?’ said Mustafa. ‘ It is only our Turks who know how to deal with such like fellows. They seize their sword, spit in their hand, cry out ‘ Y'allah,—in the name of the Prophet!’ and then, with one back-handed slice, take off the head as clean as if they had cut a cucumber in twain.’ ”

And it is thus that the dastard spirit begs for his life.

“ ‘ O my soul! my lord! my pasha!’ exclaimed the fallen man. ‘ Oh, forgive, forgive me! I have been in fault: I have eaten much abomination. Here is my head; strike: take all I have; but let me entreat of you not to deliver me up to the Muscovites. Do with me what you like! I will take all from you. You are my father,—my mother; I have only you in this world as my sanctuary. Will you allow me to be dragged from it? Englishmen are men: they know how to forgive. Oh, forgive your slave! I will become your servant for the rest of my life; but oh, do not—do not give me over to mine enemies.’ ”

But we will proceed no farther with the tale, we will extract no more; if we have not said enough to induce the reader to procure the book, it would be in vain for us to say more; and it is not our intention to tell the story ourselves in short hand, and thus take away the spur of curiosity from the sides of the indolent, or foster the spirit of parsimony in the bosoms of the avaricious. It is now our office to express a general opinion upon the merits of what we have been so fully descanting upon in the detail; and we do so gladly, as we feel that we can do so justly. The construction of the tale is admirable, and the fact, perhaps otherwise objectionable and commonplace, of attempting to make the hero more dignified, by making him a lord, was, with Mr. Morier, a case of necessity, or otherwise he could not have successfully unravelled the plot. Perhaps, we should have liked the whole better, had the heroine, *bonâ fide*, in blood, as

well as in education, been a daughter of the burning East. The various incidents strike with the reality of a scenic representation; but, with all that amplitude and breadth that no scene, however well acted, could portray. The individual characters are true to nature, and, consequently, true to themselves. The author does not make them the mouthpiece for his own sentiments, they are truly independent characters, and each one has its appropriate train of ideas, and manner of expression. We have noticed one discrepancy into which the love of effect has, most probably, entrapped the author; we shall dwell upon it no more, but proceed to the other unexceptionable parts of the work. Mr. Morier has indulged us with but few philosophical or physiological reflections, but where he has been didactic, his remarks have been invariably just, and sometimes searching and deep. In the peculiar phases of society under which the various divisions of Turkish humanity display themselves, there is much room for ethical study, and great opportunity of getting a deep insight into the character of the human mind. It cannot fail to be observed also, how much depends upon the political institutions of the country, and how far we recede from, or how nearly we approach to, that state of refined enjoyment, that it seems to be our nature to covet, as soon as we can conceive it, as does the spirit of the government recede from or approach to what is liberal and enlightened, which are only other terms for what is just.

Mr. Morier is already well known to the public as the author of "*Hajji Baba*," "*Hajji Baba in England*," and "*Zohrab*;" and, although the *Athenæum* in its reviews of modern literature has not thought proper to mention his name, as one of the authors worthy of being noticed, in the opinion of all impartial and competent critics, he ought to be placed among those who occupy the van of our very best writers; and his novels will be remembered long after it will be forgotten that an imposing name has been used in connexion with a set of weekly bubbles, that burst and are seen no more, after the occasion that formed them has passed by, and the brilliant colours of which are, at best, but reflected from works such as we have just had the pleasure of noticing.

JACOB FAITHFUL.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEWTON FOSTER," "PETER SIMPLE," &c.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

"JACOB," said Tom to me, pulling his wherry into the *hard* alongside of mine, in which I was sitting, with one of Mr. Turnbull's books in my hand; "Jacob, do you recollect that my time is up to-morrow? I shall have run off my seven years, and when the sun rises, I shall be free of the river. How much more have you to serve?"

"About fifteen months, as near as I can recollect, Tom.—Boat, sir?"

"Yes; oars, my lad; be smart, for I'm in a hurry. How's tide?"

"Down, sir, very soon; but it's now slack water. Tom, see if you can find Stapleton."

"Pooh! never mind him, Jacob, I'll go with you. I say, Jones, tell old '*human natur*' to look after my boat," continued Tom, addressing a waterman of our acquaintance.

"I thought you had come up to see *her*," said I to Tom, as we shoved off.

"See *her* at Jericho first," replied Tom; "she's worse than a dog vane."

"What, are you *two* again?"

"Two indeed—it's all two—we are two fools. She is too fanciful, I am too fond; she behaves too ill, and I put up with too much. However, it's all *one*."

"I thought it was all *two* just now, Tom."

"But two may be made one, Jacob, you know."

"Yes, by the parson; but you are no parson."

"Any how, I'm something like one just now," replied Tom, who was pulling the foremost oar; "for you are a good clerk, and I am sitting behind you."

"That's not so bad," observed the gentleman in the stern sheets, whom we had forgotten in our colloquy.

"A waterman would make but a bad parson, sir," replied Tom.

"Why so?"

"He's not likely to practise as he preaches."

"Again, why so?"

"Because all his life he looks one way and pulls another."

"Very good—very good indeed."

"Nay, sir, good in practice, but still not good *in deed*—there's a puzzle."

"A puzzle, indeed, to find such a regular chain of repartee in a wherry."

"Well, sir, if I'm a regular chain to-day, I shall be like an irregular watch to-morrow."

"Why so, my lad?"

"Because I shall be *out of my time*."

"Take that, my lad," said the gentleman, tossing a half-crown to Tom.

"Thanky, sir; when we meet again may you never have more wit than you have now."

"How do you mean?"

"Not wit enough to keep your money, sir—that's all?"

"I presume you think that I have not got much."

"Which, sir, wit or money?"

"Wit, my lad."

"Nay, sir, I think you have both: the first you purchased just now; and you would hardly have bought it, if you had not money to spare."

"But I mean wit of my own."

"No man has wit of his own; if he borrows it, it's not his own; if he has it in himself, it's *mother* wit, so it's not his."

We pulled into the stairs near London Bridge, and the gentleman paid me his fare. "Good bye, my lad," said he to Tom.

"Fare you well, for well you've paid your fare," replied Tom, holding out his arm to assist him out of the boat. "Well, Jacob, I've made more by my head than by my hands this morning. I wonder, in the long run, which gains most in the world."

"Head, Tom, depend upon it; but they work best together."

Here we were interrupted—"I say, you waterman, have you a mind for a good fare?" cried a dark looking, not over clean, square built short young man, standing on the top of the flight of steps.

"Where to, sir?"

"Gravesend, my jokers, if you a'n't afraid of salt water."

"That's a long way, sir," replied Tom; "and for salt water, we must have salt to our porridge."

"So you shall, my lads, and a glass of grog into the bargain."

"Yes; but the bargain a'n't made yet, sir. Jacob, will you go?"

"Yes; but not under a guinea."

"Not under two guineas," replied Tom, aside. "Are you in a great hurry, sir?" continued he, addressing the young man.

"Yes, in a devil of a hurry; I shall lose my ship. What will you take me for?"

"Two guineas, sir."

"Very well. Just come up to the public-house here, and put in my traps."

We brought down his luggage, put it into the wherry, and started down the river with the tide. Our fare was very communicative, and we found out that he was a master's mate of the *Immortalité*, forty-gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning, and wait for sailing orders at the Downs. We carried the tide with us, and in the afternoon were close to the frigate, whose blue ensign waved proudly over the taffrail. There was a considerable sea arising from the wind meeting the tide, and before we

arrived close to her, we had shipped a great deal of water; and when we were alongside, the wherry, with the chest in her bows, pitched so heavily, that we were afraid of being swamped. Just as a rope had been made fast to the chest, and they were weighing it out of the wherry, the ship's launch with water came alongside, and whether from accident or wilfully I know not, although I suspect the latter, the midshipman who steered her, shot her against the wherry, which was crushed in, and immediately went down, leaving Tom and me in the water, and in danger of being jammed to death between the launch and the side of the frigate. The seamen in the boat, however, forced her off with their oars, and hauled us in, while our wherry sank with her gunnel even with the water's edge, and floated away astern.

As soon as we had shook ourselves a little, we went up the side, and asked one of the officers to send a boat to pick up our wherry.

"Speak to the first lieutenant—there he is," was the reply.

I went up to the person pointed out to me: "If you please, sir——"

"What the devil do you want?"

"A boat, sir, to——"

"A boat! the devil you do!"

"To pick up our wherry, sir," interrupted Tom.

"Pick it up yourself," said the first lieutenant, passing us, and hailing the men aloft. "Maintop there, hook on your stays. Be smart. Lower away the yards. Marines and afterguard, clear launch. Boatswain's mate."

"Here, sir."

"Pipe marines and afterguard to clear launch."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"But we shall lose our boat, Jacob," said Tom to me. "They stove it in, and they ought to pick it up." Tom then went up to the master's mate, whom we had brought on board, and explained our difficulty.

"Upon my soul, I dar'n't say a word. I'm in a scrape for breaking my leave. Why the devil didn't you take care of your wherry, and haul a-head when you saw the launch coming?"

"How could we, when the chest was hoisting out?"

"Very true. Well, I am very sorry for you; but I must look after my chest." So saying, he disappeared down the gangway ladder.

"I'll try it again any how," said Tom, going up to the first lieutenant. "Hard case to lose our boat and our bread, sir," said Tom, touching his hat.

The first lieutenant, now that the marines and afterguard were at a regular stamp and go, had, unfortunately, more leisure to attend to us. He looked at us earnestly, and walked aft to see if the wherry was yet in sight. At that moment up came the master's mate, who had not yet reported himself to the first lieutenant.

"Tom," said I, "there is a wherry close to, let us get into it, and go after our boat ourselves."

"Wait one moment to see if they will help us—and get our money, at all events," replied Tom; and we both walked aft.

"Come on board, sir," said the master's mate, touching his hat with humility.

"You've broke your leave, sir," replied the first lieutenant, "and now I've to send a boat to pick up the wherry through your carelessness."

"If you please, they are two very fine young men," observed the mate. "Make capital foretopmen. Boat's not worth sending for, sir."

This hint, given by the mate to the first lieutenant, to regain his favour, was not lost. "Who are you, my lads?" said the first lieutenant to us.

"Watermen, sir."

"Watermen, heh! was that your own boat?"

"No, sir," replied I, "it belonged to the man that I serve with."

"O! not your own boat? Are you an apprentice, then?"

"Yes, sir, both apprentices."

"Show me your indentures."

"We don't carry them about with us."

"Then how am I to know that you are apprentices?"

"We can prove it, sir, if you wish it."

"I do wish it; at all events, the captain will wish it."

"Will you please to send for the boat, sir? she's almost out of sight."

"No, my lads, I can't find king's boats for such service."

"Then we had better go ourselves, Tom," said I, and we went forward to call the waterman who was lying on his oars close to the frigate.

"Stop—stop—not so fast. Where are you going, my lads?"

"To pick up our boat, sir."

"Without my leave, heh!"

"We don't belong to the frigate, sir."

"No; but I think it very likely that you will, for you have no protections."

"We can send for them, and have them down by to-morrow morning."

"Well, you may do so, if you please, my lads; but you cannot expect me to believe every thing that is told me. Now, for instance, how long have you to serve, my lad?" said he, addressing Tom.

"My time is up to-morrow, sir."

"Up to-morrow. Why, then, I shall detain you until to-morrow, and then I shall press you."

"If you detain me now, sir, I am pressed to-day."

"O no! you are only detained until you prove your apprenticeship, that's all."

"Nay, sir, I certainly am pressed during my apprenticeship."

"Not at all, and I'll prove it to you. You don't belong to the ship until you are victualled on her books. Now I sha'n't *victual* you to-day, and therefore you won't be *pressed*."

"I shall be pressed with hunger, at all events," replied Tom, who never could lose a joke.

"No, you shan't; for I'll send you both a good dinner out of the gun-room, so you won't be pressed at all," replied the lieutenant, laughing at Tom's reply.

"You will allow me to go, sir, at all events," replied I; for I knew that the only chance of getting Tom and myself clear was my hastening to Mr. Drummond for assistance.

"Pooh! nonsense; you must both row in the same boat as you have done. The fact is, my lads, I've taken a great fancy to you both, and I can't make up my mind to part with you."

"It's hard to lose our bread this way," replied I.

"We will find you bread, and hard enough you'll find it," replied the lieutenant laughing; "it's like a flint."

"So we ask for bread, and you give us a stone," said Tom; "that's 'gainst Scripture."

"Very true, my lad; but the fact is, all the Scriptures in the world won't man the frigate. Men we must have, and get them how we can, and where we can, and when we can. Necessity has no law; at least it obliges us to break through all laws. After all, there's no great hardship in serving the king for a year or two, and filling your pockets with prize money. Suppose you volunteer?"

"Will you allow us to go on shore for half an hour to think about it?" replied I.

"No; I'm afraid of the crimps dissuading you. But I'll give you till to-morrow morning, and then I shall be sure of one, at all events."

"Thanky for me," replied Tom.

"You're very welcome," replied the first lieutenant, as laughing at us, he went down the companion ladder to his dinner.

"Well, Jacob, we are in for it," said Tom, as soon as we were alone. "Depend upon it, there's no mistake this time."

"I am afraid not," replied I, "unless we can get a letter to your father, or Mr. Drummond, who, I am sure, would help us. But that dirty fellow, who gave the lieutenant the hint, said the frigate sailed to-morrow morning; there he is, let us speak to him."

"When does the frigate sail?" said Tom, to the master's mate, who was walking the deck.

"My good fellow, it's not the custom on board of a man-of-war for the men to ask officers to answer such impertinent questions. It's quite sufficient for you to know that when the frigate sails, you will have the honour of sailing in her."

"Well, sir," replied I, nettled at his answer, "at all events you will have the goodness to pay us our fare. We have lost our wherry, and our liberty perhaps, through you; we may as well have our two guineas."

"Two guineas! It's two guineas you want, heh?"

"Yes, sir, that was the fare agreed upon."

"Why, you must observe, my men," said the master's mate, hooking a thumb into each arm hole of his waistcoat, "there must be a little explanation as to that affair. I promised you two guineas as watermen; but now that you belong to a man-of-war, you are no longer watermen. I always pay my debts honourably when I can find the lawful creditors; but where are the watermen?"

"Here we are, sir."

"No, my lads, you are men-of-war's men now, and that quite alters the case."

"But we are not so yet, sir; even if it did alter the case, we are not pressed yet."

"Well, then, you will be to-morrow, perhaps; at all events, we shall see. If you are allowed to go on shore again, I owe you two guineas as watermen; but if you are detained as men-of-war's men, why then you will only have done your duty in pulling down one of your officers. You see, my lads, I say nothing but what's fair."

"Well, sir, but when you hired us we were watermen," replied Tom.

"Very true, so you were; but recollect the two guineas were not due until you had completed your task, which was not until you came on board. When you came on board you were pressed, and became men-of-war's men. You should have asked your fare before the first lieutenant got hold of you. Don't you perceive the justice of my remarks?"

"Can't say I do, sir; but I perceive that there is very little chance of our being paid," said Tom.

"You are a lad of discrimination," replied the master's mate; "and now I'd advise you to drop the subject, or you may induce me to pay you 'man-of-war fashion.'"

"How's that, sir?"

"Over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the monkey," replied the master's mate, walking leisurely away.

"No go, Tom," said I, smiling at the absurdity of the arguments.

"I'm afraid it's *no go* in every way, Jacob. However, I don't care much about it. I have had a little hankering after seeing the world, and perhaps now's as well as any other time; but I'm sorry for you, Jacob."

"It's all my own fault," replied I; and I fell into one of those reveries so often indulged in of late, as to the folly of my conduct in asserting my independence, which had now ended in my losing my liberty. But we were cold from the ducking we had received, and moreover very hungry. The first lieutenant did not forget his promise: he sent us up a good dinner, and a glass of grog each, which we discussed under the half-deck between two of the guns. We had some money in our pockets, and we purchased some sheets of paper from the bumboat people, who were on the main-deck supplying the seamen; and I wrote to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, as well as to Mary and old Tom, requesting the two latter to forward our clothes to Deal, in case of our being detained. Tom also wrote to comfort his mother, and the greatest comfort which he could give was, as he said, to promise to keep sober. Having entrusted these letters to the bumboat woman, who promised faithfully to put them into the post-office, we had then nothing else to do but to look out for some place to sleep. Our clothes had dried on us, and we were walking under the half-deck, but not a soul spoke to us, or even took the least notice. In a newly-manned ship, just ready to sail, there is a universal feeling of selfishness prevailing among the ship's company. Some, if not most, had, like us, been pressed, and their thoughts were occupied with their situation, and the change in their prospects. Others were busy in making their little arrangements

with their wives or relations; while the mass of the seamen, not yet organised by discipline, or known to each other, were in a state of disunion and individuality, which naturally induced every man to look after himself, without caring for his neighbour. We therefore could not expect, nor did we receive, any sympathy; we were in a scene of bustle and noise, yet alone. A spare topsail, which had been stowed for the present between two of the guns, was the best accommodation which offered itself. We took possession of it, and, tired with exertion of mind and body, were soon fast asleep.

At daylight the next morning, we were awakened with a start by the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates piping all hands to unmoor. The pilot was on board, and the wind was fair. As the frigate had no anchor down, but was hanging to the moorings in the river, we had nothing to do but to cast off, sheet home, and in less than half an hour we were under all sail, stemming the last quarter of the flood tide. Tom and I had remained on the gangway, watching the proceedings, but not assisting, when the ship being fairly under sail, the order was given by the first lieutenant to coil down the ropes.

"I think, Jacob, we may as well help," said Tom, laying hold of the main tack, which was passed aft, and hauling it forward.

"With all my heart," replied I, and I hauled it forward, while he coiled it away.

While we were thus employed the first lieutenant walked forward and recognized us. "That's what I like, my lads," said he; "you don't sulk, I see, and I sha'n't forget it."

"I hope you won't forget that we are apprentices, sir, and allow us to go on shore," replied I.

"I've a shocking bad memory in some things," was his reply, as he continued forward to the forecastle. He did not, however, forget to victual us that day, and insert our names in pencil upon the ship's books; but we were not put into any mess, or stationed.

We anchored in the Downs on the following morning. It came on to blow hard in the afternoon, and there was no communication with the shore except by signals, until the third day, when it moderated, and the signal was made, "Prepare to weigh, and send boat for captain." In the mean time, several boats came off, and one had the postman on board. I had letters from Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, telling me that they would immediately apply to the Admiralty for our being liberated, and one from Mary, half of which was for me, and the rest to Tom. Stapleton had taken Tom's wherry and pulled down to old Tom Beazeley with my clothes, which, with young Tom's, had been dispatched to Deal. Tom had a letter from his mother, half indited by his father, and the rest from herself; but I shall not trouble the reader with the contents, as he may imagine what was likely to be said upon such an occasion.

Shortly afterwards our clothes, which had been sent to the care of an old shipmate of Tom's father, were brought on board, and we hardly had received them, when the signal man reported that the captain was coming off. There were so many of the men in the frigate who had never seen the captain, that no little anxiety was shown by the ship's company to ascertain how far, by the "*cut of his*

job," that is, his outward appearance, they might draw conclusions as to what they might expect from one who had such unlimited power to make them happy or miserable. I was looking out of the main-deck port with Tom, when the gig pulled alongside, and was about to scrutinize the outward and visible signs of the captain, when I was attracted by the face of a lieutenant sitting by his side, whom I immediately recognized. It was Mr. Wilson, the officer who had spun the oar and sunk the wherry, from which, as the reader may remember, I rescued my friends, the senior and junior clerk. I was overjoyed at this, as I hoped that he would interest himself in our favour. The pipe of the boatswain re-echoed as the captain ascended the side. He appeared on the quarter-deck—every hat descending to do him honour; the marines presented arms, the marine officer at their head lowered the point of his sword. In return, the omnipotent personage, taking his cocked hat with two fingers and a thumb, by the highest peak, lifted it one inch off his head, and replaced it, desiring the marine officer to dismiss the guard. I had now an opportunity, as he paced to and fro with the first lieutenant, to examine his appearance. He was a tall, very large boned, gaunt man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders, displaying Herculean strength, (and this we found he eminently possessed.) His face was of a size corresponding to his large frame; his features were harsh, his eye piercing, but his nose, although bold, was handsome, and his capacious mouth was furnished with the most splendid row of large teeth that I ever beheld. The character of his countenance was determination, rather than severity. When he smiled, the expression was agreeable. His gestures, and his language, were emphatic, and the planks trembled with his elephantine walk.

He had been on board about ten minutes, when he desired the first lieutenant to turn the hands up, and all the men were ordered on the larboard-side of the quarter-deck. As soon as they were all gathered together, looking with as much awe of the captain as a flock of sheep at a strange mischief-meaning dog, he thus addressed them. "My lads, as it so happens that we are all to trust to the same planks, it may be just as well that we should understand one another. I *like* to see my officers attentive to their duty, and behave themselves as gentlemen. I *like* to see my men well disciplined, active, and sober. What I *like*, I *will have*—you understand me. Now," continued he, putting on a stern look—"now just look in my face, and see if you think you can play with me." The men looked in his face, and saw that there was no chance of playing with him; and so they expressed by their countenances. The captain appeared satisfied by their mute acknowledgments, and to encourage them, smiled, and showed his white teeth, as he desired the first lieutenant to pipe down.

As soon as this scene was over, I walked up to Mr. Wilson, the lieutenant, who was standing aft, and accosted him. "Perhaps, sir, you do not recollect me, but we met one night when you were sinking in a wherry, and you asked my name."

"And I recollect it, my lad; it was Faithful, was it not?"

"Yes, sir." And I then entered into an explanation of our circumstances, and requested his advice and assistance.

He shook his head. "Our captain," said he, "is a very strange person. He has commanding interest, and will do more in defiance of the rules of the Admiralty, than any one in the service. If an Admiralty order came down to discharge you he would obey it, but as for regulations, he cares very little for them. Besides, we sail in an hour. However, I will speak to him, although I shall probably get a rap on the knuckles, as it is the business of the first lieutenant, and not mine."

"But, sir, if you requested the first lieutenant to speak."

"If I did, he would not, in all probability; men are too valuable, and the first lieutenant knows that the captain would not like to discharge you. He will therefore say nothing until it is too late, and then throw all the blame upon himself for forgetting it. Our captain has such interest, that his recommendation would give a commander's rank to-morrow, and we must all take care of ourselves. However, I will try, although I can give you very little hopes."

Mr. Wilson went up to the captain, who was still walking with the first lieutenant, and touching his hat, introduced the subject, stating, as an apology, that he was acquainted with me.

"O if the man is an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Wilson, we certainly must decide," replied the captain, with mock politeness. "Where is he?" I advanced, and Tom followed me. We stated our case. "I always like to put people out of suspense," said the captain, "because it unsettles a man—so now hear me; if I happened to press one of the blood royal, and the king, and the queen, and all the little princesses were to go down on their knees, I'd keep him, without an Admiralty order for his discharge. Now, my lads, do you perceive your chance?" Then turning away to Mr. Wilson, he said, "You will oblige me by stating upon what grounds you ventured to interfere in behalf of these men, and I trust, sir, your explanation will be satisfactory. Mr. Knight," continued he, to the first lieutenant, "send these men down below, watch, and station them."

We went below by the gangway ladder, and watched the conference between the captain and Mr. Wilson, who we were afraid had done himself no good by trying to assist us. But when it was over the captain appeared pleased, and Mr. Wilson walked away with a satisfied air. As I afterwards discovered, it did me no little good. The hands were piped to dinner, and after dinner we weighed and made sail, and thus were Tom and I fairly, or rather unfairly, embarked in his majesty's service.

"Well, Tom," said I, "it's no use crying. What's done can't be helped; here we are, now let us do all we can to make friends."

"That's just my opinion, Jacob. Hang care, it killed the cat; I shall make the best of it, and I don't see why we may not be as happy here as any where else. Father says we may, if we do our duty, and I don't mean to shirk mine. The more the merrier, they say, and I'll be hanged but there's enough of us here."

I hardly need say, that for the first three or four days we were not very comfortable; we had been put into the seventh mess, and were stationed in the fore-top; for although we had not been regularly bred up as seamen, the first lieutenant so decided, saying, that he

was sure that in a few weeks there would be no smarter men in the ship.

We were soon clear of the channel, and all hands were anxious to know our destination, which in this almost solitary instance had really been kept a secret, although surmises were correct. There is one point, which by the present arrangements invariably makes known whether a ship is "fitting foreign," or for home service, which is, the stores and provisions ordered on board; and these stores are so arranged, according to the station to which the vessel is bound, that it is generally pretty well known what her destination is to be. This is bad, and at the same time easily remedied; for if every ship, whether for home service or foreign, was ordered to fit foreign, no one would be able to ascertain where she was about to proceed. With a very little trouble, strict secrecy might be preserved, now that the Navy Board is abolished; but during its existence that was impossible. The *Immortalité* was a very fast sailing vessel, and when the captain, whose name I have forgotten to mention, (it was Hector Maclean,) opened his sealed orders, we found that we were to cruise for two months between the Western Isles and Madeira, in quest of some privateers, who had captured many of our outward-bound West Indiamen, notwithstanding that they were well protected by convoy, and after that period to join the admiral at Halifax, and relieve a frigate which had been many years on that station. In a week we were on our station, the weather was fine, and the whole of the day was passed in training the men to the guns, small arms, making and shortening sail, reefing topsails, and manœuvring the ship. The captain would never give up his point, and sometimes we were obliged to make or shorten sail twenty times running, until he was satisfied.

"My lads," he would say to the ship's company, sending for them aft, "you have done this pretty well, you have only been two minutes; not bad for a new ship's company, but I *like* it done in a minute and a half. We'll try again." And sure enough it was try again, until in the minute and a half it was accomplished. Then the captain would say, "I knew you could do it, and having once done it, my lads, of course you can again."

Tom and I adhered to our good resolutions. We were as active and as forward as we could be, and Mr. Knight, the first lieutenant, pointed us out to the captain. As soon as the merits of the different men were ascertained, several alterations were made in the watch and station bills, as well as in the ratings on the ship's books, and Tom and I were made *second* captains, larboard and starboard, of the foretop. This was great promotion for so young hands, especially as we were not bred as regular sailors; but it was for the activity and zeal which we displayed. Tom was a great favourite among the men, always joking, and ready for any lark or nonsense; moreover, he used to mimic the captain, which few others dared do. He certainly seldom ventured to do it below, it was generally in the foretop, where he used to explain to the men what he *liked*. One day we both ventured it, but it was on an occasion which excused it. Tom and I were aft, sitting in the jolly boat astern, fitting some of her gear, for we belonged to the boat at that time, although we were afterwards

shifted into the cutter. The frigate was going about four knots through the water, and the sea was pretty smooth. One of the marines fell overboard, out of the forechains. "Man overboard," was cried out immediately, and the men were busy clearing away the starboard cutter, with all the expedition requisite on such an occasion. The captain was standing aft, on the signal chest, when the marine passed astern; the poor fellow could not swim, and Tom, turning to me said, "Jacob, I should *like* to save that Jolly," and immediately dashed overboard.

"And I should *like* to help you, Tom," cried I, and followed him.

The captain was close to us, and heard us both. Between us we easily held up the marine, and the boat had us all on board in less than a minute. When we came up the side, the captain was at the gangway. He showed his white teeth, and shook the telescope in his hand at us. "I heard you both; and I should *like* to have a good many more impudent fellows like you."

We continued our cruize, looking sharp out for the privateers, but without success; we then touched at Madeira for intelligence, and were informed that they had been seen more to the southward. The frigate's head was turned in that direction until we were abreast of the Canary Isles, and then we traversed east and west, north or south, just as the wind and weather, or the captain's *like*—thought proper. We had now cruized seven weeks out of our time without success, and the captain promised five guineas to the man who should discover the objects of our search. Often did Tom and I climb to the mast head and scan the horizon, and so did many others; but those who were stationed at the look-out were equally on the alert. The ship's company were now in a very fair state of discipline, owing to the incessant practice, and every evening the hands were turned up to skylark, that is, to play and amuse themselves. There was one amusement which was the occasion of a great deal of mirth, and it was a favourite one of the captain's, as it made the men smart. It is called "Follow my leader." One of the men leads, and all who choose, follow him; sometimes forty or fifty will join. Whatever the leader does, the rest must do also; wherever he goes they must follow. Tom, who was always the foremost for fun, was one day the leader, and after having scampered up the rigging, laid out on the yards, climbed in by the lifts, crossed from mast to mast by the stays, slid down by the backstays, blacked his face in the funnel, in all which motions he was followed by about thirty others, hallooing and laughing, while the officers and other men were looking on and admiring their agility: a novel idea came into Tom's head; it was then about seven o'clock in the evening, the ship was lying becalmed, Tom again sprung up the rigging, laid out to the main yard-arm, followed by me and the rest, and as soon as he was at the boom iron, he sprung up, holding by the lift, and crying out, "Follow my leader," leaped from the yard-arm into the sea. I was second, and crying out, "Follow my leader" to the rest, I followed him, and the others, whether they could swim or not did the same, it being a point of honour not to refuse.

The captain was just coming up the ladder, when he saw, as he

imagined, a man tumble overboard, which was Tom in his descent ; but how much more was he astonished at seeing twenty or thirty more tumbling off by twos or threes, until it appeared that half the ship's company were overboard. He thought that they were possessed with devils, like the herd of swine in the Scriptures. Some of the men who could not swim, but were too proud to refuse to follow, were nearly drowned. As it was, the first lieutenant was obliged to lower the cutter to pick them up, and they were all brought on board.

"Confound that fellow," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "he is always at the head of all mischief. Follow my leader, indeed ! Send Tom Beazeley here." We all thought that Tom was about to catch it. "Hark ye, my lad," said the captain, "a joke's a joke, but every body can't swim as well as you. I can't afford to lose any of my men by your pranks, so don't try that again—I don't like it."

Every one thought that Tom got off very cheap, but he was a favourite with the captain, although that never appeared but indirectly. "Beg pardon, sir," replied Tom, with great apparent humility, "but they were all so dirty—they'd blacked themselves at the funnel, and I thought a little washing would not do them any harm."

"Be off, sir, and recollect what I have said," replied the captain, turning away, and showing his white teeth.

I heard the first lieutenant say to the captain, "He's worth any ten men in the ship, sir. He keeps them all alive and merry, and sets such a good example."

In the mean time Tom had gone up to the foreroyal yard, and was looking round for the five guineas, and just as this conversation was going on, cried out, "Sail, ho !"

"Strange sail reported."

"Where ?" cried the first lieutenant, going forward.

"Right under the sun."

"Mast-head there—do you make her out ?"

"Yes, sir ; I think she's a schooner, but I can only see down to her mainyard."

"That's one of them, depend upon it," said the captain. "Up there, Mr. Wilson, and see what you make of her. Who is the man who reported it ?"

"Tom Beazeley, sir."

"Confound the fellow, he makes all my ship's company jump overboard, and now I must give him five guineas. What do you make of her, Mr. Wilson ?"

"A low schooner, sir, very rakish indeed. She is becalmed, as well as we."

"Well, then, we must whistle for a breeze. In the mean time, Mr. Knight, we will have the boats all ready."

If you whistle long enough the wind is certain to come ; the only question is, whether it would not come all the same, whether you whistle or not. In about an hour the breeze did come, and we took it down with us ; but it was too dark to distinguish the schooner, which we had lost sight of as soon as the sun had set. About midnight the breeze failed us, and it was again calm. The captain

and most of the officers were up all night, and the watch were employed preparing the boats for service. It was my morning watch, and at break of day I saw the schooner from the foretop-sail-yard, about four miles to the N.W. I ran down on deck, and reported her.

"Very good, my lad. I have her, Mr. Knight," said the captain, who had directed his glass to where I pointed; "and I will have her too, one way or the other. No signs of wind. Lower down the cutters. Get the yards and stays hooked all ready. We'll wait a little, and see a little more of her when its broad daylight."

At broad daylight the schooner, with her appointments, was distinctly to be made out. She was pierced for sixteen guns, and was a formidable vessel to encounter with the boats. The calm still continuing, the launch, yawl and pinnace, were hoisted out, manned and armed. The schooner got out her sweeps, and was evidently preparing for their reception. Still the captain appeared unwilling to risk the lives of his men in such a dangerous conflict, and there we all lay alongside, each man sitting in his place with his oar raised on end. Cat-paws of wind, as they call them, flew across the water here and there, ruffling its smooth surface, portending that a breeze would soon spring up, and the hopes of this chance rendered the captain undecided. Thus did we remain alongside, for Tom and I were stationed in the first and second cutters, until twelve o'clock, when we were ordered out to take a hasty dinner, and the allowance of spirits was served out. At one it was still calm. Had we started when the boats were first hoisted out, the affair would have been long before decided. At last, the captain perceiving that the chance of a breeze was still smaller then, than in the forenoon, ordered the boats to shove off. We were still about the same distance from the privateer, from three and a half to four miles. In less than half an hour we were within gun-shot; the privateer swept her broadside to us, and commenced firing guns with single round shot, and with great precision. They *ricochetted* over the boats, and at every shot we made sure of our being struck. At this time a slight breeze swept along the water. It reached the schooner, filled her sails, and she increased her distance. Again it died away, and we neared her fast. She swept round again, and recommenced firing, and one of her shot passed through the second cutter, in which I was stationed, ripping open three of her planks, and wounding two men besides me. The boat, heavy with the gun, ammunition chests, &c., immediately filled and turned over with us, and it was with difficulty that we could escape from the weighty hamper which was poured out of her. One of the poor fellows, who had not been wounded, remained entangled under the boat, and never rose again. The remainder of the crew rose to the surface and clung to the side of the boat. The first cutter hauled to our assistance, for we had separated to render the shot less effectual, but it was three or four minutes before she was able to render us any assistance, during which the other two wounded men, who had been apparently injured in the legs or body, exhausted with loss of blood, gradually unloosed their holds and disappeared under the calm blue water. I had received a splinter in my left arm, and held on longer than the others who had been maimed, but I could

not hold on till the cutter came; I lost my recollection and sank. Tom, who was in the bow of the cutter, perceiving me to go down, dived after me, brought me up again to the surface, and we were both hauled in. The other five men were also saved. As soon as we were picked up, the cutter followed the other boats, which continued to advance towards the privateer. I recovered my senses, and found that a piece of one of the thwarts of the boat, broken off by the shot, had been forced through the fleshy part of my arm below the elbow, where it still remained. It was a very dangerous as well as a painful wound. The officer of the boat, without asking me, laid hold of the splinter and tore it out, but the pain was so great, from its jagged form, and the effusion of blood so excessive after it was out, that I again fainted. Fortunately no artery was wounded, or I must have lost my arm. They bound it up, and laid me at the bottom of the boat. The firing from the schooner was now very warm, and we were within a quarter of a mile of her, when the breeze sprang up, and she increased her distance a mile. There was a prospect of wind from the appearance of the sky, although, for a time, it again died away. We were within less than half a mile of the privateer, when we perceived that the frigate was bringing up a smart breeze, and rapidly approaching the scene of conflict.

The breeze swept along the water and caught the sails of the privateer, and she was again, in spite of all the exertions of our wearied men, out of gun-shot, and the first lieutenant very properly decided upon making for the frigate, which was now within a mile of us. In less than ten minutes the boats were hoisted in, and the wind now rising fast, we were under all sail, going at the rate of seven miles an hour; the privateer having also gained the breeze, and gallantly holding her own.

I was taken down into the cockpit, the only wounded man brought on board. The surgeon examined my arm, and at first shook his head, and I expected immediate amputation; but on re-examination he gave his opinion that the limb might be saved. My wound was dressed, and I was put into my hammock, in a screened bulk under the half-deck, where the cooling breeze from the ports fanned my feverish cheeks. But I must return to the chase.

In less than an hour the wind had increased, so that we could with difficulty carry our royals; the privateer was holding her own about three miles right a-head, keeping our three masts in one. At sunset they were forced to take in the royals, and the sky gave every prospect of a rough gale. Still we carried on every stitch of canvas which the frigate could bear; keeping the chase in sight with our night glasses, and watching all her motions.

The breeze increased; before morning there was a heavy sea, and the frigate could only carry top-gallant sails over double-reefed top-sails. At daylight we had neared the schooner, by the sextants, about a quarter of a mile, and the captain and officers went down to take some repose and refreshment, not having quitted the deck for twenty-four hours. All that day did we chase the privateer, without gaining more than a mile upon her, and it now blew up a furious gale: the top-gallant sails had been before taken in; the top-sails were close reefed, and we were running at the speed of nearly

twelve miles an hour; still, so well did the privateer sail, that she was barely within gun-shot, when the sun went down below the horizon, angry and fiery red. There was now great fear that she would escape, from the difficulty of keeping the glasses upon her during the night, in a heavy sea, and the expectation that she would furl all and allow us to pass her. It appeared, however, that this manœuvre did not enter into the head of the captain of the privateer; he stood on under a press of sail, which even in day-time would have been considered alarming; and at daylight, owing to the steering during night never being so correct as during the day, she had recovered her distance, and was about four miles from us. The gale, if any thing, had increased, and Captain Maclean determined, notwithstanding, to shake a reef out of the topsails.

In the morning, as usual, Tom came to my cot, and asked me how I was? I told him I was better and in less pain, and that the surgeon had promised to dress my wound after breakfast, for the bandages had not been removed since I had first come on board. "And the privateer, Tom, I hope we shall take her; it will be some comfort to me that she is captured."

"I think we shall, if the masts stand, Jacob; but we have an enormous press of sail, as you may guess, by the way in which the frigate jumps; there is no standing on the forecastle, and there is a regular waterfall down in the waist from forward. We are nearing her now. It is beautiful to see how she behaves: when she heels over, we can perceive that all her men are lashed on deck, and she takes whole seas into her mainsail, and pours them out again as she rises from the lurch. She deserves to escape at all events."

She did not, however, obtain her deserts, for about twelve o'clock in the day we were within a mile of her. At two the marines were firing small arms at her, for we would not yaw to fire at her a gun, although she was right under our bows. When within a cable's length we shortened sail, so as to keep at that distance astern, and after having lost several men by musketry, the captain of her waved his hat in token of surrender. We immediately shortened sail to keep the weather gage, pelting her until every sail was lowered down: we then rounded to, keeping her under our lee, and firing at every man who made his appearance on deck. Taking possession of her was a difficult task: a boat could hardly live in such a sea, and when the captain called aloud for volunteers, and I heard Tom's voice in the cutter as it was lowering down, my heart misgave me lest he should meet with some accident. At last I knew, from the conversation on deck, that the cutter had got safe on board, and my mind was released. The surgeon came up and dressed my arm, and I then received comparative bodily as well as mental relief.

It was not until the next day, when we lay to, with the schooner close to us, that the weather became sufficiently moderate to enable us to receive the prisoners and put our own men and officers on board. The prize proved to be an American built schooner, fitted out as a French privateer. She was called the *Cerf Agile*, mounting fourteen guns, of nearly three hundred tons measurement, and with a crew of one hundred and seventy men, of which forty-eight were away in

prizes. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the boats were not able to attack her, as they would have received a very warm reception. Thus did we succeed in capturing this mischievous vessel, after a chase of two hundred and seventy miles. As soon as all the arrangements were made, we shaped our course, with the privateer in company, for Halifax, where we arrived in about five weeks. My wound was now nearly healed, but my arm had wasted away, and I was unable to return to my duty. It was well known that I wrote a good hand, and I volunteered, as I could do nothing else, to assist the purser and the clerk with the ship's books, &c.

The admiral was at Bermuda, and the frigate which we were to relieve had, from the exigence of the service, been despatched down to the Honduras, and was not expected back for some months. We sailed from Halifax for Bermuda and joined the admiral, and after three weeks, we were ordered on a cruise. My arm was now perfectly recovered, but I had become so useful in the clerk's office that I was retained, much against my own wishes—but the captain *liked* it, as Tom said, and after that, there was no more to be said about it.

America was not the seat of war at that period, and with the exception of chasing French runners, there was nothing to be done on the North American station. I have, therefore, little to narrate during the remainder of the time that I was on board of the frigate. Tom did his duty in the foretop, and never was in any disgrace; on the contrary, he was a great favourite both with officers and men, and took more liberties with the captain than any one else dared to have done, but Captain Maclean knew that Tom was one of his foremost and best men, always active, zealous, and indifferent as to danger, and Tom knew exactly how far he could venture to play with him. I remained in the clerk's office, and as it was soon discovered that I had received an excellent education, and always behaved myself respectfully to my superiors, I was kindly treated, and had no reason to complain of a man-of-war.

Such was the state of affairs, when the other frigate arrived from the Honduras, and we, who had been cruising for the last four months in Boston Bay, were ordered in, by a cutter, to join the admiral at Halifax. We had now been nearly a year from England without receiving any letters. The reader may, therefore, judge of my impatience when, after the anchor had been let go and the sails furled, the admiral's boat came on board with several bags of letters for the officers and ship's company. They were handed down into the gun-room, and I waited with impatience for the sorting and distribution.

"Faithful," said the purser, "here are two letters for you."

I thanked him, and hastened to the clerk's office, that I might read them without interruption. The first was addressed in a formal hand quite unknown to me. I opened it with some degree of wonderment, as to who could possibly write to so humble an individual? It was from a lawyer, and its contents were as follow :—

"SIR,—We hasten to advise you of the death of your good friend, Mr. Alexander Turnbull. By his will, which has been opened and

read, and of which you are the executor, he has made you his sole heir, bequeathing you at the present the sum of 30,000*l.*, with the remainder of his fortune at the demise of his wife. With the exception of 5,000*l.*, left to Mrs. Turnbull for her own disposal, the legacies do not amount to more than 800*l.* The jointure, arising from the interest of the money, secured to Mrs. Turnbull during her life, is 1,200*l.* per annum, upon 3 per cent. reduced, so that at her demise you will come into 36,000*l.* consols, which at 76 will be equal to 27,360*l.* sterling. I beg to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and with Mr. Drummond have made application to the Admiralty for your discharge. This application, I am happy to say, has been immediately attended to, and by the same mail as this letter, is forwarded an order for your discharge and a passage home. Should you think proper to treat our firm as your legal advisers, we shall be most happy to enrol you among our clients.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your’s very respectfully,

“ JOHN FLETCHER.”

I must leave the reader to judge of this unexpected and welcome communication. At first I was so stunned, that I appeared as a statue with the letter in my hand, and in this condition I remained until roused by the first lieutenant, who had come to the office to desire me to pass the word for “ letters for England,” and to desire the sail-maker to make a bag.

“ Faithful—why what’s the matter? Are you ill, or ——?” I could not reply, but I put the letter into his hand. He read the contents, expressing his astonishment by occasional exclamations. “ I wish you joy, my lad, and may it be my turn next time. No wonder you looked like a stuck pig. Had I received such news, the captain might have hallooed till he was hoarse, and the ship have tumbled overboard, before I should have roused myself. Well, I suppose, we shall get no more work out of you——?”

“ The captain wants you, Mr. Knight,” said one of the midshipmen, touching his hat.

Mr. Knight went into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned, holding the order for my discharge in his hand.

“ It’s all right, Faithful, here is your discharge, and an order for your passage home.”

He laid it on the table and then went away, for a first lieutenant in harbour has no time to lose. The next person who came was Tom, holding in his hand a letter from Mary, with a postscript from his mother.

“ Well, Jacob,” said he, “ I have news to tell you. Mary says that Mr. Turnbull is dead, and has left her father 200*l.*, and that she has been told that he has left you something handsome.”

“ He has indeed, Tom,” replied I; “ read this letter.”

While Tom was reading, I perceived the letter from Mr. Drummond, which I had forgotten. I opened it. It communicated the same intelligence as that of the lawyer, in fewer words; recommended my immediate return, and inclosed a bill upon his house for

1004. to enable me to appear in a manner corresponding to my present condition.

"Well," said Tom, "this is, indeed, good news, Jacob. You are a gentleman at last, as you deserve to be. It has made me so happy; what do you mean to do?"

"I have my discharge here," replied I, "and I am ordered a passage home."

"Better still. I'm so happy, Jacob; so happy. But what is to become of me?" And Tom passed the back of his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear.

"You shall soon follow me, Tom, if I can manage it either by money or any influence."

"I will manage it, if you don't, Jacob. I won't stay here without you, that I am determined."

"Do nothing rashly, Tom. I am sure I can buy your discharge, and on my arrival in England I will not think of any thing else until it is done."

"You must be quick, then, Jacob, for I'm sure I can't stay here long."

"Trust to me, Tom; you'll still find me Jacob Faithful," said I, extending my hand. Tom squeezed it earnestly, and with moistened eyes turned away, and walked forward.

The news had spread through the ship, and many of the officers, as well as the men, came to congratulate me. What would have I given to have been allowed only one half hour to myself—one half hour in which I might be permitted to compose my excited feelings—to have returned thanks for such unexpected happiness, and paid a tribute to the memory of so sincere a friend. But in a ship this is almost impossible, unless, as an officer, you can retreat to your own cabin; and those gushings from the heart, arising from grief, or pleasure, the tears so sweet in solitude, must be prostituted before the crowd, or altogether repressed. At last the wished-for opportunity did come. Mr. Wilson, who had been away on service, came to congratulate me as soon as he heard the news, and with an instinctive perception of what might be my feelings, asked me whether I would not like to write my letters in his cabin, which, for a few hours, was at my service. I thankfully accepted the offer, and when summoned by the captain, had relieved my overcharged heart, and had composed my excited feelings.

"Jacob Faithful, you are aware there is an order for your discharge," said he, kindly. "You will be discharged this afternoon into the *Astrea*, she is ordered home, and will sail with dispatches in a few days. You have conducted yourself well since you have been under my command, and, although you are now in a situation not to require a good certificate, still you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done your duty in the station of life to which you have, for a certain portion of it, been called—I wish you well."

Although Captain Maclean in what he said, never lost sight of the relative situations in which we had been placed, there was a kindness of manner in all he said, especially in the last words, "I wish you well," which went to my heart. I replied that I had been very happy

during the time I had been under his command, and thanked him for his good wishes. I then bowed, and left the cabin. But the captain did not send me on board the *Astrea*, although I was discharged into her. He told the first lieutenant that I had better go on shore, and equip myself in a proper manner; and, as I afterwards found out, spoke of me in very favourable terms to the Captain of the *Astrea*, acknowledging that I had received the education of a gentleman, and had been illegally impressed; so that when I made my appearance on board the *Astrea*, the officers of the gun-room requested that I would mess with them during the passage home.

I went on shore, obtained the money for my bill, hastened to a tailor, and with his exertions, and those of other fitting-out people, obtained all that was requisite for the outward appearance of a gentleman. I then returned to the *Immortalité*, and bade farewell to the officers and seamen with whom I had been most intimate. My parting with Tom was painful. Even the few days which I had been away, I perceived, had made an alteration in his appearance.

“Jacob,” said he, “don’t think I envy you; on the contrary, I am as grateful, even more grateful than if such good fortune had fallen to my own lot; but I cannot help fretting at the thoughts of being left here without you; and I shall fret until I am with you again.”

I renewed my promises to procure his discharge, and forcing upon him all the money I thought that I could spare, I went over the side as much affected as poor Tom. Our passage home was rapid. We had a continuance of N.W. winds, and we flew before them, and, in less than three weeks, we dropped our anchor at Spithead. Happy in the change of my situation, and happier still in anticipation, I shall only say, that I never was in better spirits, or in company with more agreeable young men, than the officers of the *Astrea*; and although we were so short a time together, we separated with mutual regret.

(To be continued.)

THE NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, BY E. JOHNSON, ESQ.

Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.

THE Earth, to rear her infant flowers
And make them fragrant, drinks the showers;
The trees are only saved from dearth
By drinking moisture from the earth;
The ocean drinks the passing breeze,
And thirsty Phœbus drinks the seas;
And Luna spends the livelong night
In drinking draughts of Phœbus’ light;—
Then tell me, friends, the reason why
All these should drink and yet not I?

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

" Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
 They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent."

POPE.

WE have all heard a great deal about the march of intellect. Now, in the casual but popular expressions of the day, that is, the fashionable cant phrases of the "*profanum vulgus*," there is seldom or never any sensible meaning to be got. There is, however, something so sounding—so boastful—something, that speaks so proudly of human nature in those few words, "the march of intellect," and, at the same time, something that offers so many opposite explanations, that I would fain inquire in what particular sense the words are generally to be understood. Do the good people, who, with reverential awe and heart-felt rejoicing, pronounce, in their brotherly intercourse, those pompous words, intend to apply them as relative to the present period of the country contrasted with the past, and demonstrative of the assumed improvements in men's minds, feelings, and manners, during the course of a few short years? Or, do they not confine themselves only to the examination of all that is passing more immediately around them; but, on the contrary, take in at a view the whole created world, and then, gazing back upon the past, pronounce the glorious exclamation, "Oh! the march of intellect?" Or do they—nay, assuredly they do not mean to apply such powerful words to the mere passing accidents of the day,—such as Paganini's fiddle—the education of the marvellous fleas—the Penny Magazine—the appointment of the Duke of Wellington to the chancellorship of Oxford, and such other things? Let me give the worthy citizens of London the credit of possessing ideas far too exalted to be allowed to repose upon objects so frivolous. They doubtless wish the words to be understood in their more ample and nobler acceptance. They dare to say that they are in truth much greater and better men than ever their forefathers were—that their institutions are more perfect—their laws more salutary—their parliament more free—their king more royal, than ever institutions, and laws, and parliaments, and kings, were seen to exist in the days of completed centuries. Look, they say, at the French Revolution. Did you ever hear of an event like that in past history, where, in three days of glorious battle, a brave and intrepid people gained, by their single efforts, and without any scenes of plunder, and robbery, and murder, and debauchery, their rightful independence—their just privileges—their own *freely-elected, sympathizing, citizen* king? Tell me, sir, did you ever read, or hear, or hear read in history, any thing like this? No, sir, I am confident you never did. I anticipate your reply. And to what is this owing, sir? It is owing, sir, to nothing more or less than the "march of intellect."

You have heard, sir, of course, (they say again,) of the brave Poles—those noble, valiant, heroic fellows, who, with the numerical odds of one to thousands, sustained, for months, the most strenuous exertions of the huge Northern Bear, the greedy Russia. What was that, sir, but another instance of the march of intellect—but a correct appreciation of the word “liberty,” and its concomitant feelings?

And to look at ourselves, sir, (they continue, after a pause sufficiently long to allow the emotions of the auditor to expand and warm,) our reform parliament for example! There was a glorious work! there was an unparalleled proceeding! A king—aye, and a first rate king, too, sir—that is—I mean a king of a first-rate people, consenting voluntarily,—mark, sir, voluntarily—to yield to the wishes of an enthusiastic and grateful people, and nobly opposing himself to the powerful combination of almost all the aristocracy of the realm. What a brilliant page, sir, will the historian find for so noble a gentleman! And what is this, too, but another argument in favour of the march of intellect; and royal intellect, too, which is slow to move and ameliorate?

We will not speak, sir, (they go on,) of the vast progress which is daily being made towards the perfection of steam—we will not dwell upon the innumerable patents which are continually being granted for improvements in the various objects necessary to our convenience and comfort—steel pens for instance: we will not glory in the perfect condition of our police, through whose able administration crime has so rapidly decreased, so that there is no need now to offer rewards of three and four hundred, and, perhaps, a thousand pounds to detect the guilty murderer;—we will not expatiate upon the mighty contrast between the manners of the present times and those of the past—a contrast that is visible to the most prejudiced eye: not so much riot and drunkenness—not so prevalent a thirst for the vice of gambling—not so many cases of seduction—the annihilation of the pugilistic influence over the great portion of the community—and a thousand other things, which go to prove that men are decidedly better than they were.

Again, sir, we will not stay to examine the present condition of the literature of the country. You must have observed the numerous advertisements of new publications—you must have read the glorious compositions of the authors of the present day, who delineate so admirably the manners of the higher and fashionable circles, with their conversations and tastes; whereby the humble individuals of the land may polish their own habits, and throw off somewhat of the grosser portions of their materiality. The publications, sir, styled fashionable novels do a world of good; and to prove this, you have only to mark the surprise and admiration of foreigners, who visit our blessed land, and who are astonished to meet with so much elegance, and dignity, and education, and politeness, among the middle and inferior classes of the people of England. And all these enviable advantages which we enjoy, and which I have enumerated, do all spring from one source, (a proud and mighty source, I allow, but still one only source,) and that is, sir, the “march of intellect.”

Really, I doubt not that the good citizens of London have many

"Exactly so."

"Am I to suppose, then, sir, that when you look around you and exclaim, as you have done to me, 'O the march of intellect,' you mean to say that mankind are generally better and more virtuous now than they were some (say) fifty years ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Am I to suppose that you think mankind more enlightened now than at the same period of fifty years back?"

"Assuredly."

"Am I to think that you deem your government—your institutions—your laws—your moral principles—your entire condition better?"

"Positively."

"Then let me tell you, sir," I answered with some heat, for I became disgusted with the gross vanity of the man, "that every time you speak those words, you utter a base falsehood."

"Sir!"

"How can you bring forward," I continued, "the French Revolution of 1830 in support of your proposition? Granting that the achievement in itself was a grand one—granting that it was a triumph, which, for a display of devoted heroism and of sublime moderation in the midst of the wildest excitement, stands almost unparalleled in the history of nations. Yet surely there must have been something more intended than merely this. Paris could not have sacrificed so many of her citizens only for the sake of bringing the trumpet of fame to her mouth, and hearing her blow a blast to proclaim her deed. There must have been deep resolves circulating—hopes long cherished sent out to blossom—purposes to be effected, abuses to be eradicated, improvements to be realized. There must have been something of this. It could not be for the mere emptiness of passing praise that the battle of liberty was fought and won. And let me ask you, sir, if the hopes, under which that brief yet mighty struggle was maintained, have been realized? Do they enjoy the freedom which they bled to procure? Have they preserved the rights and privileges, which their comrades died to save? What has the citizen king done for the people, who placed themselves under his controul? Why, sir, he has made them all April fools. They are greater slaves now, than when, with patriotic indignation, they burst the bonds, which an imbecile and tyrannical king (and all imbecile kings are tyrannical) had thrown over their liberties and lives. What, then, is the consequence? It is this: that thousands of noble spirits have died—not that their brethren might be free, but be bondmen. What does this say, sir, of 'your march of intellect?'"

"Sir!"

"You spoke of the Poles," I continued, for I knew that if I once allowed him to interrupt me, I might not again find the opportunity of saying what I wished to say, and I was determined, moreover, to lash him. "You spoke of the Poles; you called them noble-minded, brave, heroic fellows; and, certainly, they ever have been, and are, and, I trust, will always be noble-minded, brave, heroic fellows; and you spoke complimentarily of their short, unsuccessful, yet glorious and immortal struggle. But what availed them your paltry cheer?"

what cared they for the voice of your approbation? The voice of their own hearts spoke approvingly enough to them. They wanted your arm, sir,—they asked for your courage—they wished to see you by their sides in the walks of battle. And how did you behave to them? Why, sir, you looked at them calmly as they were butchered before your eyes—you heard their dying groans—you caught their expiring, imploring glances—and yet you stirred not—not a step—not an inch of ground. What, sir! do you uphold the glory of a kingdom that could see and suffer this? But no, pardon me, you *did* something; you threw a few pieces of coin to the wretched, miserable men, who escaped from their unhappy country, and fled from the fangs of the tiger that pursued them. You received them, and consoled them, and lauded their conduct. Yes, this was doing *something*. But suppose yourself attacked, sir, by a number of greedy robbers—you fight with the energy of despair, for you know that the lives of your children, your wife, perhaps your old father, depend upon your own. In the midst of the deadly strife, you cast your eyes around you, and you see me standing by and gazing on your useless efforts. You call to me to aid you—you entreat, you implore me; yet still I stir not. At length, enfeebled by loss of blood—exhausted—vanquished—overcome—you fall senseless upon the ground—the plunderers strip you, and you are left to recover as you may. It is then that I approach, I pity you—I endeavour to comfort you—I extol your courage—I give you money. Would you not, sir, had you the strength, dash that money back into my face? What does this say of your march of intellect?”

“Sir!”

“You spoke,” I went on, “of your reformed parliament. O what a pitiful subject to speak upon! What have you got by your reformed parliament, sir? What have your representatives done for you, of all that they promised and assured you? Where are your hopes, expectations, your dreams, illusions, now? They laugh at you, sir; they mock, insult, deride, scoff at you! Your reformed parliament, sir, does not say much for your march of intellect.”

“Sir!”

“You mentioned the state of the drama. Beware, sir; you tread on difficult ground. What have your theatres produced within the last two or three years? Buffoonery—mere buffoonery—plagiarisms—translations. I ask you, sir, ought not an Englishman to blush now when he hears the names of Shakspeare, and Massinger, and Otway? And yet, (a strange inconsistency of human nature!) if a foreigner but dare breathe a word of dispraise against the first of those sacred names, your heart indignantly spurns it. You defend the mighty bard with all the eloquence of national pride and gratitude—you declare him to be faultless. And yet—mark it well, sir—and yet this very same man, whom you thus uphold against the criticisms of the stranger, you cast from you at your own home. You will not hear him—you desert and neglect him, thus furnishing a great and convincing argument either against your own taste—I beg pardon, sir—against, I should say, your march of intellect; or else

against the divine poet himself. You may tell me, sir, perhaps, that you have no actor, at the present day, capable of understanding the beauties of your great dramatic poet, and personifying his conceptions. It is a weak excuse, sir. Patronize the stage; I mean the stage with Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, Sheridan upon it, and, believe me, that poetry will soon procure herself a spirit that shall take up her cause. Your state of the drama, sir, thus speaks against your march of intellect."

"Sir!"

"A word or two," I proceeded, "upon your literature. It is your weakest point of all, sir. How can you sit and read the mighty load of rubbish under the title of fashionable novels? How can you feel interested in the tales they tell you, (and which are rendered more revolting by their unhappy truth,) about seduction, and adultery, and deceit, and gaming? It is too much for us even to suspect that such things transpire, where we ought to look for examples and guides, without being assured that our suspicions are confirmed, and having the revolting actions publicly divulged.

"Sir!"

"Once more, sir," I continued, "and I have done. You have taken upon yourself to speak about the manners and people of the present day, without, I should think, having well examined the matter. What the condition of the inhabitants of this country may have been some fifty years ago, I will not take upon myself to analyze; but, God knows, ours is bad enough. Yet I think, that as far as the moral worth of the people of the two periods in question goes, there is as plain a distinction as there possibly can be; and that distinction, sir, is decidedly against ourselves. I am certain that there is far more sin among us than there was among our grandsires; there is more hypocrisy, more deceit, more self-assumed importance, less urbanity, less neighbourly love, less religion. Good God! sir, what are the scenes that are nightly taking place at the playing-houses, or as they are emphatically and properly called, the 'hells' of the metropolis? What do you hear and see there? Why, you see, sir, men whom you are pleased to call individuals of the first respectability—men, who take their places in your senate-house as the representatives of the nation; you see, too, men, whom you are proud to call the nobility of your land—the true and exact specimen of what perfect gentility should be; and you see, again, mingling with these, and claiming and receiving a right of equality, a set of as low, heartless, merciless wretches as ever proceeded from the vilest scum of the population of a large city. This is what you see; but it is a trifle—it is a feather—it is nothing compared to what you hear. The name of God profaned—oaths, such as would make the heart shudder elsewhere, loudly and recklessly uttered; lies—imprecations—threats—insults—all mingled together, and succeeding each other with the rapidity of thought. And yet these same men will meet you on the morrow with a brow as serene as a spring morning, and will speak to you in a language, which wins—oh! how it wins its way to your heart! Sir, the deformity of the human heart is the greatest degree of ugliness that exists. And yet, sir, knowing, and seeing, and

hearing these things, you dare, nevertheless, to exclaim, with exulting satisfaction, 'O! the march of intellect.' Sir, I wish you could see yourself the black thing you are."

I spoke throughout with much warmth, for I spoke from my heart, and from a conviction that I was addressing one of the poor deluded fools, who go about prating of what they do not know, and who, believing that mankind have wonderfully increased in knowledge, think, from their very souls, that they themselves have increased theirs wonderfully, too. The little orator, however, in spite of what I had been saying, would not abandon the good opinion which he entertained of his sentiments and of himself. After I had finished speaking, he looked at me steadily for a few moments, and then, taking a pinch of snuff, and rising from his stool, he said, "Sir, you are a very singular character indeed;" and with this brief observation, he turned away, and I saw him no more.

And yet I had not spoken to him more than the truth. There is such a word as, refinement, in the English language, and people have received within their minds the idea which that word conveys, and they think they are daily becoming more approximated to it. I would to heaven we had less of this refinement, and more of that genuine old English bluntness, which our ancestors possessed! There was more truth, more love, more noble qualities concealed beneath that rude outside, than in all the fine speeches, and promises, and smiles, of your men of refinement. This refinement, too, is doing away with all our ancient and exclusive enjoyments; it is robbing us of all those stated periods of mirth, at which we were wont to let our hearts go more than usually free, and our halls were open to hospitality, and our souls to friendship. What a poor shadow of its past gladness and glories is the season of Christmas now! It was wont to be the happy meeting-time of the young and old, and then youthful lips spoke the heart's thoughts in frankness, and the advice of the aged was given with a smile. And then there were the sly tricks of the misseltoe, and the merry dance and song, and the music of the village band—and then the honest, open countenances of the boors, who looked and felt grateful for their round of beef and home-brewed ale, or elderberry wine—and then there was the good-natured, liberal host, shaking hands with these same rough, but proved spirits—all of which served to put us in mind of the connecting links between man and man. And altogether it was a glorious time, was Christmas. Ah! God speed thee, thou man of refinement: but yet I wish thou wert far away, and we could return again to our old recollections. Poor Christmas! we've seen the best of thee!

I can't write any more. The days of earlier years and their associations crowd upon my thoughts, and carry me back to scenes from which I wish I had never wandered. And yet, why do I wish this? Those scenes are no longer the same—they, too, have changed—past away like a dream. The march of intellect has been there, too, and ravaged and ransacked every thing around them. Well, well, "Allah Akbar!" God is great, but men are certainly fools.

LOMUS.

SICILIAN FACTS.—No. XIII.¹

THE PHANTOM.

THE late Marquis of A—— was in the habit of residing part of the summer on one of his estates in the vicinity of Palermo; in the year 1808, during one of these visits, his only daughter became enamoured of a young officer whom she accidentally met. Having no hopes of obtaining her father's consent to so unequal a match, she endeavoured to overcome her passion; but the officer being about to leave Palermo with his regiment, she consented to give him, one evening, a last interview, for which purpose he was to present himself at a certain hour underneath the window of her apartment. As she waited according to her promise, in the balcony, and strained her eyes through the darkness to obtain an early view of the beloved object, she perceived something move at a short distance from the castle, in an avenue leading to a neighbouring village. She at first naturally imagined that it could only be her lover, but she soon found reason to change her opinion. The figure she beheld was of gigantic stature, clad in white, and moved along with a pace so slow and solemn, as scarcely seemed to belong to an inhabitant of this world. Startled at the appearance, she hastily shut the window, and was unable to muster courage sufficient to return again to the balcony. Next morning, an old woman, resident in the village above mentioned, brought a note from her lover, complaining of her unkindness in not having given him the promised interview, and entreating her to be more punctual that evening. The young lady had by this time forgotten her fears, and resolved to keep this appointment better than the foregoing.

At the same hour, as on the preceding night, she presented herself at the balcony, and with the like success; for the same gigantic figure, clothed in white, again made its appearance. Alarmed as she was, her reluctance to disappoint her lover, and the reflection that in her apartment she was perfectly safe, kept her still at the window. The phantom, moving with the same deliberate pace, was soon out of sight. The young lady waited anxiously and long; but the object of her expectation came not. At length, hearing the clock of the neighbouring chapel strike two, alarmed, fatigued, and disappointed, she retired to her chamber.

At the appointed hour the officer leapt the wall of the park, and hastened on the wings of love to the interview with his mistress. As he drew near the mansion, he was alarmed at the sound of footsteps, and, a minute after, saw advancing towards him the gigantic figure in white, already described. Surprise caused him almost involuntarily to lay his hand on his sword; the spectre was not slack; both drew, and a furious engagement commenced, which soon ended unfavour-

¹ Continued from p. 248.

ably for the mortal champion, who received a deep wound in the body, and fell at the feet of his adversary. The victorious spirit no sooner saw his opponent extended on the sod, than, without taking any further notice of him, he continued his course.

But the clash of swords so near his residence, had not escaped the ears of the marquis, who, calling his domestics together, related what he had heard, and directed them to examine every part of the grounds, and secure all persons they might find trespassing at that hour. The servants, in obedience to their master's commands, made a long but ineffectual search, not a vestige was found to indicate the events which had so lately taken place.

The marquis seemed very little pleased with the fruitless effects of the research; but contented himself with observing that he must have been mistaken. His daughter suspected the real state of the affair, and that the officer and the phantom must have had an encounter. Anxious for information, she determined, as soon as she could, on visiting the old woman I have before mentioned, hoping she would be able to satisfy her on the subject. As, in company with a female attendant, she had almost reached the extremity of her father's grounds, she was surprised at observing a favourite dog bark violently. Having called it repeatedly in vain, she approached to draw it off from the object which excited its anger or terror, when she was struck with horror at perceiving the body of a man recently murdered concealed among the brushwood: imagining in the instant of alarm that it was that of her lover, she fainted. The exclamations of her maid soon drew people to the spot, and among others, the woman to whose house they were proceeding. On the young lady's coming to herself, the latter communicated to her tidings, which, in comparison with what she feared, were even consoling—that her lover was at present concealed in her cottage, severely, though she hoped not dangerously, wounded. The young lady now concluded that the dead person could be no other than the phantom, whose appearance had caused all their disasters. She returned home in great distress. At night her agitation and anxiety prevented her from sleeping, and threw her into a fever; in this state, to breathe the cold air, she rose to open the window. I shall not attempt to describe her astonishment and terror when she once more saw the figure of the preceding evenings. She now believed that the old woman had deceived her, and again imagined that the murdered person was her lover. She passed the remainder of the night in sleepless horror.

The officer was, however, really, as the old woman had said, at her house. Hearing of the murder, he in turn fancied that he must have inflicted a mortal wound on his antagonist before he fell himself. The marquis, in the mean time, caused the strictest inquiries to be made; but not only could no information be obtained respecting the murderer, but the murdered person also could, in no manner, be identified. A variety of reports spread through the vicinity, which were so disagreeable to the marquis, that, giving his family only a few hours to prepare for the journey, he precipitately left the castle for his residence in another part of the island.

Among other rumours current among the superstitious peasantry,

it was said, that the ghost of the person murdered had been heard to groan in the chapel of the adjacent village, which belonged to the marquis, and in which he had procured the interment of the body, though it was ordinarily kept shut, except on the celebration of the principal fêtes of the church.

Without inquiring into the truth of these reports for the present, we must interrupt the course of our narrative to observe, that the marquis had some time before forcibly carried off a girl of great beauty, but low condition, and placed her with people enjoying his confidence in the adjoining hamlet. As his wife was living, to avoid giving cause for scandal to his family, he was in the habit of visiting the young woman only at night. The reader will by this time conjecture, with reason, that the phantom was no other than the marquis himself, who knowing the credulity of the inferior orders in Sicily, assumed so singular a disguise, to keep his amours and motions a secret from the members of his household. On one of these nightly excursions he encountered the officer, whom he supposed an enemy who had waylaid him for the purpose of assassination. Not finding his adversary after the affray, who had managed, notwithstanding his wound, to reach the spot where his servant was waiting for him, and had been by him conveyed to the village, the marquis remained ignorant of his assailant, and being unable to fix suspicion elsewhere, conceived that it was a young man to whom the girl above mentioned had been promised in marriage before she fell into his hands. This idea once formed, knowing that she had always entertained an affection for his rival, and that he himself was the object of her aversion, he imagined that the supposed attempt to murder him must have been made with her concurrence. Being of a character at once jealous and vindictive in the extreme, he determined on taking a signal vengeance on both the parties who had so innocently excited his suspicions.

On the morning after the meeting with the officer, a letter was sent to the young man, purporting to be from his mistress, requesting that he would be present that evening at such hour and in such place, in order to assist her in escaping from the power of the marquis. The unfortunate lover fell into the snare; he attended at the spot appointed, and was received there, not by his mistress, as he expected, but by three ruffians, who instantly dispatched him with their stiletos. The body was then concealed until it could be conveniently disposed of, in the place where, on the succeeding morning it was found, as related, by the marquis's own daughter. The young woman also, on the same evening, mysteriously disappeared from the house in which the marquis had placed her.

Nothing new transpired for several days after the departure of the marquis, except that the groans at the chapel seemed to have something of reality in them; they were not now heard only occasionally, by solitary individuals, but at all hours, and by all who passed the building. The inhabitants of the village at last grew so alarmed, that it was resolved to examine the interior of the chapel, which being opened, those who entered were conducted by the same laments to the burial vaults beneath the fabric: there, in the most deplorable and distressing condition, on the point of expiring from want of food, was

discovered the young woman who had so lately disappeared. When proper assistance was administered to her, and she recovered sufficient strength, she related that she had been eight days confined in these frightful regions, with no other sustenance than a small loaf and a jar of water. She had at first been placed in a still deeper recess, in which, to complete the horror of her situation, was deposited the open coffin of her murdered lover. It was impossible that from hence her voice could have ever reached the ears of any human being; despair lent her force, the door yielded to her repeated efforts, and she reached an upper range of vaults in which her groans were heard, and at length preserved her from the dreadful fate she had so nearly experienced. What increased the atrocity of so horrible an action, was the cold-blooded barbarity of the marquis, who told his victim, when he thus buried her alive, as if to tantalize her with hopes he was resolved should be fruitless, that he had not determined whether he should ultimately release her, but advised her to prepare for the worst; and in case he did not visit her before the expiration of three days, to resign herself to her fate, as his failure to come would be a certain proof of his intention of leaving her there to perish.

The young woman recovered; but her unsupported testimony was not allowed to weigh against the wealth, influence, and powerful connexions of her oppressor.

No. XIV.

HORRID MASSACRE OF THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FRENCH REFUGEES IN AUGUSTA, IN 1800.

FURNISHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE people of Augusta have deservedly the worst reputation in Sicily. Their treachery and cruelty are proverbial, and within these few years they have given more than one proof of their brutal disposition. Some Greek sailors not long since, who were watering at the aqueduct, were, without provocation, wantonly attacked and cut to pieces by them. This was sufficiently dreadful; but what shall we say to the infamous murder of three hundred and fifty French invalids, in the year 1800, on their return from Egypt? These unfortunate people, suffering under the ophthalmia and other diseases, unable to remain longer at sea, put into the port of Augusta, confiding in the hospitality of the inhabitants, and obtained permission to land and erect tents under the walls of the place. They were fast recovering their health, when the townspeople, imagining they had brought great wealth with them, rose with one accord, and precipitating themselves on their unsuspecting guests, murdered them with every species of barbarity; neither sex nor age was spared, women and children, of which there were many among these unfortunate people, were stabbed in the very act of supplication by these atrocious assassins. Having dispatched all they found on shore, they proceeded on board

in quest of those who had gained the ships by throwing themselves into the sea, and finished the tragedy by destroying them. The wife of the French commandant contrived to push off in a boat with four sailors, and had got to some distance when her flight was discovered, and it was vociferated that she was escaping with the treasure. The blood-thirsty wretches pursued and soon overtook her; in vain, on her knees, she conjured them to spare her life, and to excite greater commiseration, informed them that she was advanced in pregnancy. These monsters—am I speaking of human beings? spurned the unhappy woman from them with their feet, and beat her brains out with their oars. After the dreadful deed was completed, a party of the assassins, covered as they were with blood, sat down to a meal which was prepared on board one of the vessels; whilst they were eating, an unfortunate creature, who had concealed himself, was discovered and dragged from his lurking place. They made him sit down with them, and diverted themselves by obliging him to swallow a large quantity of macaroni. The poor man began to entertain hopes of having his life spared; he was deceived; one of these fiends coolly rose, and coming behind him cut his throat at the table, amidst the shouts and acclamations of his horrid companions.

This dreadful event is now usually designated as "*Li piccoli vesperi*," or the little vespers, in imitation of the famous Sicilian Vespers under Charles of Anjou, when every Frenchman in the island was murdered; at which time the enraged Sicilians did not even spare their own relations, but ripped up women who were pregnant by Frenchmen, and dashed the half-formed infants against the walls, as we are told by Giannone, in his History of Naples; whilst the priests, catching the general frenzy, butchered their French penitents. What increases our indignation is, that the court of Naples suffered the crime of the Augustanese to pass without any attempt to punish it, and without any indication of disapproval.

No. XV.

MONASTERY OF SANTA CHIARA; OR, SICILIAN BANDITTI.

A FEW years since a company of robbers infested the environs of Catania, committing with impunity every species of depredation and enormity. Encouraged by long success, they even ventured to enter by night into the town, which contains a population of at least sixty thousand souls, regularly making an undisturbed retreat in the morning. Not contented with breaking into, and plundering the houses of the unfortunate Catanese, their visits were often attended by murder and violation. Husbands and parents were bound hand and foot, and constrained to witness the affronts offered to their wives and daughters. Strange as it may appear, these outrages were continued for a length of time, until the present Marquis of San G——, a man of spirit and courage, was elected "*Capitano di Giustizia*." Even he did not

think it prudent to oppose his fellow-citizens to this desperate banditti, but hired for the purpose a company of Calabrese, who, though hated by the Sicilians from national rivalry, are nevertheless exceedingly dreaded by them on account of their supposed ferocity. Between these and the robbers more than one nocturnal engagement took place. The indefatigable San G——, always at the head of his company, defeated and drove them from the town; but not before his assistant, the "Capitano di Notte," and three of the Calabrese, were left dead on the spot. These miscreants, after this, continued their depredations in the country, until they were surprised and cut off by a detachment of a German legion, dispatched for that purpose from the garrison of Syracuse. They defended themselves for some time in a house with great resolution, but were at length obliged to yield to superior numbers. Their captain, having been paraded on horseback through the streets of Catania, with the hangman behind him, was executed with four of his companions; the rest were sent to the galleys.

In Sicily, where, under an absolute and needy government, there are not so many secure and convenient methods of laying out capital as in commercial countries, wealthy persons, who are in possession of much ready money, for which they have no immediate call, not to incur the risk of robbery, much more probably in their own houses, are in the habit of depositing it, as I have elsewhere noticed, in the monasteries, as places of greater safety. A Catanese nobleman, C——, if I recollect rightly, sent a large sum in silver, in a strong iron-bound chest, altogether an enormous weight, requiring the efforts of many men to carry it, to the Monastery of Santa Chiara. This got abroad in the city, and soon reached the ears of the worthy fraternity, whose feats we have above described. They determined to risk an attempt to possess themselves of so rich a prize. A vigilant watch was kept for a convenient opportunity of executing their purpose, but it was long before one occurred. At length the supply of firewood being exhausted, it was requisite to replenish the magazines of the convent with that article, which is usually done twice a year. Of course, a great quantity is brought in at a time. The man charged with the delivery is generally a person appointed by the bishop, or the vicario, who executes his commission under the eye of the zitelle, or servants of the convent, who, it is to be remarked, are not nuns, but merely domestics kept for the service of the convents, who remain or leave them as in ordinary households.

The doors of the magazine, which was in the convent garden, were accordingly opened, and the carrier was unloading the fuel, when a porter volunteered his assistance for a glass of wine; the zitella employed to superintend on the occasion, wishing to get through the work as soon as possible, though strictly forbidden to employ strangers, thoughtlessly consented. When the delivery of the wood was terminated, the girl ran to the convent for the wine she had promised, but on her return the porter had disappeared. The carrier did not know what had become of him, and said he thought he had gone away, being tired of waiting. The zitella had some misgiving that all was not right; but seeing the wood and faggots as she had left

them, she at length shut and locked the door as usual, and reconveyed the key to the abbess.

After supper one of the nuns, looking out of the window, thought she saw the figure of a man gliding among the trees. The zitella we have mentioned, apprehensive of being punished for the neglect in the morning, thought that, although a person might be in the garden, the thick walls and iron-grated windows rendered the convent perfectly safe, and did not therefore disclose her suspicions. She resolved, however, on retiring to her cell to keep a look out from her window on the garden. Neither seeing or hearing any thing for some time, she at length lay down. Still, somewhat anxious as to the result, she could not sleep. In this state, the sound of a low whisper excited at once her fear and attention. She instantly hastened to the window, and there was dreadfully alarmed at the sight of seven or eight persons engaged in conversation, directly beneath the spot where she stood. Listening attentively, she partly made out the subject of their discourse, though carried on in a low tone. She discovered that one of their accomplices, clearly the fictitious porter, who must have taken an opportunity of introducing himself in the dark, whilst the nuns were at supper, into the convent, was concealed under the bed of the abbess, whom he was charged to strangle to prevent her giving the alarm; but it appeared that he was directed first to extort from her, by force of threats, the knowledge of the place where the money was deposited, and oblige her to give him the keys, if in her possession. Affrighted at the nearness of the danger which menaced her superior, she resolved without delay to give the alarm to the neighbourhood, by tolling the convent bell, the customary signal when assistance is required by night in religious houses. As she hurried to the belfry for the purpose, she heard the bell of the abbess ring violently, which seemed to her the signal of death, and made her accelerate her pace. In a few moments the great bell of the convent gave the alarm to the vicinity, and the townspeople soon came thronging to the gates of the convent to afford such assistance as might be necessary.

The nuns, terrified at a signal which they knew betokened fire, or some no less disaster, came running out of their cells in confusion. The robbers, finding themselves discovered, took to flight. Those in the garden succeeded in effecting their escape, but the ruffian within the walls was not so fortunate, he was arrested; consigned into the hands of justice, and soon after paid with his life the forfeit of his iniquity.

The abbess was found in a swoon in bed, but uninjured except by the effects of the fright. She related that she had been awakened by a cold hand which grasped her throat; to her horror, she perceived it was that of a man, who with threats inquired for the money kept in the convent. Being unable to speak from the force with which he compressed her throat, the robber relaxed his hold a little, when she took the opportunity of seizing the bell-rope at the head of the bed; almost at the same instant the great bell of the convent began to sound, on which the robber ran off with precipitation.

A convent of monks near Messina was, during the occupation of the island by the British, the scene of a similar outrage. The plate

of the monastery was reputed to be of great value, but the number of stout friars who inhabited it, seemed sufficiently to guarantee the safety of their property. We had, at that time, in our service a regiment formed of Calabrian refugees, driven from their own country by the fear of punishment for crimes of every description, principally those connected with brigandage. These lawless people, unable to tolerate the restraints imposed by regular discipline, deserted in great numbers, often in parties together. Some retired to their own country, others took up in Sicily their former profession of robbery, retiring to the forests and fastnesses which the mountains of Sicily present at every step; the military, unable to follow them to their retreats, were often eluded or baffled by them. A band of about twenty of these deserters formed the plan of plundering the convent, though tenanted by nearly twice the number of stout and resolute monks. So early as seven o'clock in the evening, soon after dusk, whilst the brethren were at supper, the whining voice of a mendicant dolefully supplicating for alms, was heard at the door. One of the fraternity told him from the window to wait until they had finished their meal, when they would give him the remnants. As the brethren were fond of good living, and sate long at table, it was some time before their promise was fulfilled. At length a serving brother opened the door with a huge dish of fragments in his hands. He was instantly overthrown by the rush of twenty desperadoes, well-armed with musket and sabre. Leaving four of their number with their pieces cocked, to prevent the flight of any of the surprised brotherhood, they lost no time in commencing the work of pillage. The rich candlesticks, lamps, silver vessels, and other valuables, were unceremoniously torn from the holy altars of the monks to be deposited in the profane haversacks of their assailants. In a few moments the late quiet chapel resembled a place taken by storm. The good monks were *sans façon* knocked down in all directions. Here was a fat brother trampled under foot, there another running about with a broken head. But, fortunately, ere these desperate ruffians put a finale to their work by cutting the throats of the terrified brotherhood, the convent bell was heard loudly summoning the neighbouring peasants to the assistance of the pious place under pillage. Imagine the rage of these disappointed villains; they well knew that the whole country, roused by the alarm, would in a few minutes surround the monastery, and that there was no chance of their escaping with their booty.

To secure their persons was now their chief object, and they made off in all directions, but, previous to flight, enraged at being thus baffled, they resolved to revenge themselves on the unhappy friar whose prudence and vigilance had defeated their plan of operations, and for this purpose ascended to the belfry. The poor man had, indeed, taken the precaution of fastening the door within, but as there was neither bar nor bolt, the impediment was too weak to withstand the efforts of these irritated ruffians. Forcing an entrance with ease, they hastily rushed in, and intending to make the work sure, which they had little leisure to do, they hurled the poor man from the turret of the belfry, a height of eighty feet, on the stone pavement beneath. Being a bulky person, he presented a horrible spec-

tacle when taken up, every limb being shattered. In this state he survived in great agony nearly three hours.

It is satisfactory to add, that five of these ferocious outlaws were apprehended by the armed peasants before they reached their strongholds, and, in due time, underwent the last penalty of the law.

A VISION.

DARKNESS, and thunderings, and speechless awe—
 And lightnings flashing wildly on the verge
 Of the black horizon—or, in one quick gleam
 Seeming to fill the universe with flame !
 And from a lurid orb, up-poised on high,
 Comes writhing down the monster serpent fiend ;
 And oh ! the fearful, agonizing shriek
 Of hopeless millions in their dark despair !
 Tremendous forms are flitting through the gloom,
 Wild, moaning o'er their banishment from earth,
 Condemn'd in other worlds to seek their prey.
 Next—silence deep and dreadful,—only broke
 By the sad flashing of a bloody shower,
 Or the fierce rushing of resistless winds,
 Bearing upon their troubled bosoms forms
 Not seen, but noticed by the rustling sound
 That bursts, appalling, from unearthly wings.

Lo ! in the distant east a lovely star,
 The harbinger of him, the blessed One,
 Mortality's Redeemer ! Prince of Peace !
 See how the gentle light in pencilled rays,
 Tinted with every soft and gorgeous hue,
 From brightest sapphire to the purest white ;
 Slowly diffused, first paints the mountain tops,
 Then flows in mildest splendour o'er the lakes,
 'The spreading plains, the vast and stormless sea.
 Suspense stands breathless ! While heart-thrilling notes
 Of sweetest music vibrate in the air,
 Swelling through boundless space in waves of sound ;
 Their centre Him, the first great cause of all !
 What perfect harmony ! So richly blent,
 That mortal senses faint with height of bliss,
 And throbbing, own the matchless blessedness
 Of those who wait upon the eternal throne.—
 Near and more near it comes. The dazzling forms
 Of smiling angels fill the wide expanse ;
 Concealing from the gaze of anxious man
 The everlasting source of love and truth,
 And purest virtue ! Then, as redoubled peals
 Of heavenly music, loud, and louder grow,
 Th' angelic veil, receding slowly, shows
 Such bright effulgence, that the dazzled eye
 Of human nature can endure no more,
 But prostrate sinks. While in a voice most sweet,
 Yet full of majesty, the final doom
 Is slow, pronounced.

CLARA; OR, LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

GIL PEREZ was one of the most narrow-minded individuals. Having never received the advantages of an enlightened education, and his natural talents being on a very limited scale, he had imbibed all the vulgar prejudices of which a weak mind is susceptible. His days had been spent in making money, and reciting long prayers. Gil Perez was a furious devotee, who firmly believed every syllable that a friar chose to utter, and he was very lavish in dealing out damnation to any lukewarm christian who chanced to come in his way. His religious temperament had increased to a tenfold degree with the progress of years, until it settled at length into a sullen gloom, and a bitter feeling of enthusiasm. Perhaps he felt some compunctious visitings on the score of his wealth. It had been accumulated somewhat too rapidly, even considering it was in South America; but to silence any qualms of conscience, Gil Perez took those efficient means which the church, with no less charity than prudence, recommends to her offending children. Nothing tends so much to tranquillize a restless and guilty soul, as bestowing one's money on convents, and ordering some thousand masses (price 2s. 6d. each) to be said every year. Gil Perez adopted this orthodox method of setting to work in order to gain repose. He associated with friars—made a new settlement in favour of convents upon every case of emergency—heard two masses in the morning, and recited interminable prayers in the evening. Yet, strange to say, despite of so many masses and so much praying—despite of the edifying company which he kept, and the great sums which he paid for the advantage, the poor man was never a jot the more tranquil, more happy, or more satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures.

The wife of Gil Perez was also a devotee, although not quite so melancholily religious as her husband. She also believed in the efficacy of masses, long prayers, friars, beads, &c. &c.; but then she prudently conceived there were other ways of passing one's time in this vale of tears more consonant with common sense, than preserving a fixed, lugubrious expression of countenance, fasting, and the use of the discipline, sighing, groaning, preaching, croaking, railing against sinners, and abusing the d—l every hour of the day. Not but, that like a good devotee she loved scandal dearly, but then she was more varied in selecting the objects of animadversion. Young, handsome girls specially called forth her zeal. She had their welfare so much at heart, that she could not endure to see a beautiful specimen of her sex cross the street, on account of the great danger there is in the possession of charms. Fortunately Dona Josepha had never had this awful peril to encounter; her motives were therefore perfectly disinterested, she acted from mere love of charity, and she never felt so happy as when she saw a female pass by in all the security of age and ugliness.

Gil Perez was blessed with two nieces that would have made the happiness of a reasonable relative. The two girls were no less remarkable for the beauty of their persons than the superiority of their moral endowments. They were, however, of very different dispositions. Agnes, the elder, possessed a strong will, and a boldness of spirit that would shrink from no danger. Clara, her younger sister, was made up of all the softer attributes of her sex. Agnes was endowed with no ordinary

talents: she had an inquiring mind, and was averse to yield her judgment to any power except that of conviction. Her temper too, was irritable, although she possessed one of the kindest and most generous hearts. Her sister, though not so rich in the stores of talent, was by no means deficient in intellect: she was less brilliant, less witty than Agnes; but the gentleness of her character was, in a great measure, responsible for any deficiency of mind which a careless observer might discover at first. From her infancy, Clara had been taught to bend blindly to the slightest sign of parental authority; she would never inquire into the justice or injustice of one act.

There was also a striking contrast between the style of beauty of the two sisters. That of Agnes was of a more intellectual character—Clara's was more remarkable for a soft and winning expression. Agnes appealed at once for admiration to the mind, and she never failed to command it—Clara won gradually and unobtrusively her way into the heart. The eyes of Agnes were full of brilliancy—those of Clara were composed of softness and gentle tenderness. Agnes possessed an elegant and commanding figure, and her carriage was distinguished for its ease and dignity—Clara was not so striking, her frame was more delicate, and, although all her movements were remarkable for feminine grace, yet they escaped observation at first, from the retiring modesty and shrinking nature of her disposition.

Unfortunately Agnes and Clara had been left orphans, unprovided for and unprotected, at a very early period of infancy, and they had fallen under the care of two fanatic devotees quite incompetent to appreciate the value of the gems intrusted to their guardianship. Don Gil, wrapped up in the gloom of his religious reveries, was not susceptible to that tenderness of heart which would have operated in a more enlightened mind. Dona Josepha, on her side, was a weak, credulous woman, who would not certainly put herself forward to harm her fellow-creatures; but who, at the same moment, was totally incapable of contributing the least share to their happiness or comfort. Besides, Agnes and Clara were in the possession of youth and great personal beauty, and this, in the opinion of the *beata*, was a misfortune amounting almost to sin. Had her nieces been deformed, aged, and disagreeable, they would have possessed far more valuable charms in the estimation of their aunt.

Every one is acquainted with the vast influence which the clergy exercise in Spain. Don Gil Perez was, as a matter of course, labouring under the yoke. He was the nominal master of his house, whilst the real power was engrossed by a friar of the order of barefooted Franciscans.

The ascendancy which Father Bastos had acquired over the mind of Don Gil, and the absolute sway which he exercised in the weak Indiano's house, was, to Agnes, a source of continual misery and indignation. She dwelt constantly on the vexatious subject, until a rooted hatred for the usurper was engendered in her heart. This hostile feeling was not long a secret to the friar, and his vindictive nature was roused, whilst his policy pointed to the danger of so powerful an enemy. The superior understanding of the young girl, and her decision of character, were serious obstacles towards that plan of absolute, despotic dominion which he had acquired in the *Indiano's** family. To remove this impediment was the scheme which, at present, occupied the friar's mind. It was indispensable to check the evil before it could produce a corresponding effect in any of the other members of the family. Like every holder of usurped power, Father Bastos trembled lest his slaves should awake to a sense of their degradation, and assert their freedom.

* Name given to those Spaniards who made a fortune in America.

The scheming friar had already harboured the thought of bringing Don Gil to bequeath his fortune to the convent. There was nothing extraordinary in the plan, and the success with which such attempts are crowned in Spain emboldened him to proceed with buoyant hopes in his undertaking. He watched for one of Don Gil's most religious moods, and having worked on the superstitious fears of the weak man, after an edifying sermon, continued, "And yet, dear brother, what avails the fulfilment of our religious duties, when the weak flesh is rebellious? Blind deference to the voice of the church——"

"Nay, Father Bastos," interrupted the gloomy Indiano, "no one in my family, I trust, pretends to dispute that power."

"Your eldest niece does. I am sorry to find her imbued with the spirit of the world. The dangers that surround her path are manifold and awful, and I dread to think what may be her future destiny."

Gil Perez felt duly alarmed at the words of his ghostly counsellor. Besides, he had observed in the conduct of Agnes certain tokens which awakened his anxiety. He fancied he observed in her a reluctance to long prayers. He never heard her speak a single word in praise either of convents or friars. Nay, she went once so far as to question the necessity of attending two masses a day. Now all these were fearful symptoms of a dislike to piety, nearly akin to irreligion. Father Bastos, on his side, readily availed himself of the occasion to work upon his jaundiced feelings and superstition, and he succeeded to the fullest extent.

The life led by the young girls, one may easily imagine, was one continued series of misery and annoyance. Dona Josepha was an indefatigable sentinel. Cerberus was a mere blind puppy to her in point of alertness. When they went to church (the only pastime allowed in the Indiano's family) the activity of his wife redoubled. Don Gil himself being deeply engrossed in working the salvation of his soul, had no time to observe the conduct of his nieces. Whilst he remained at church he was profoundly absorbed in devotion, and no event short of the altar tumbling down would drive his attention from his rosary and prayer-book.

Dona Josepha was not so selfish. Certainly she thought of her own salvation, but then she had an eye (nay, two) for that of other people. Her nieces were a source of the deepest interest and solicitude. Sensible as she felt of the unfortunate gifts which nature had bestowed upon them, it was her duty to keep always on the alert. Accordingly, with exemplary self-abnegation, instead of fixing her eyes on her prayer-book, she kept them steadfastly on the girls. This was certainly an extraordinary instance of charity. Nothing escaped the observation of the pious sentinel, and when they returned home, the nieces, in addition to the church service, were obliged to undergo an interminable lecture from their zealous aunt. Woe to them, if by an unlucky chance, they had coughed, or sneezed, or uttered any sound, which might be construed into a desire to draw the attention of the men! Woe—woe if they had lifted their eyes but for a single second from their prayer-books! for these grievous offences were visited with all the profuse eloquence of religious acrimony. Nay, it was not enough that they had not *looked*—to be *looked* at was, in the estimation of the pious aunt, almost as bad. Such an existence was a perfect martyrdom; and the teasing, preaching, railing, croaking, was so great, that really the nieces deeply regretted at times the enviable situation of those females, who, having neither youth nor beauty, were fortunately exempt from the infliction of their pious persecutor.

This system produced very different effects on the two sisters. In Agnes, it tended to embitter her feelings against her tormentors, and to suggest the idea of bursting from the thralldom in which she suffered. She was conscious of the insult offered to her understanding, no less than of the injustice and cruelty practised on her free will. Clara, from the mild-

ness of her character, was averse to any display of opposition. She preferred to pine away her days in secret sorrow, rather than show the least symptom which might afford scandal to the neighbours. A being so soft, so kind, shrunk from the task of inflicting the least pain even on her tormentors, and she had accordingly chosen her destiny for life—calm resignation, silent tears, and, perhaps, an early grave!

Don Gil Perez and Father Bastos had already conversed copiously on the propriety of sending Agnes to a nunnery. Clara, who had hitherto been blindly submissive to all their whims and fancies, might ultimately follow the example of her elder sister. It was no difficult matter for the friar to persuade the credulous and hypochondriac Indiano that a nunnery was the only safe retreat for a girl of such strong passions and wayward will as Agnes had evinced. With regard to Dona Josepha, she, of course, approved most cordially of a plan which was to render nugatory the baneful possession of that youth and beauty with which, most unfortunately, the life of Agnes was at present saddled. The only difficult point was to gain the consent of the girl herself, and this indeed they anticipated would not be easily obtained. But it is well known in Spain, that when a family is firmly bent on sending a young girl to a nunnery, they are sure to succeed, unless, indeed, the girl is so perverse as to prefer breaking her heart, or going raving mad—a choice which sometimes girls have been known to make from a spirit of contradiction. This, however, is a far lesser calamity, in the estimation of a hot and zealous devotee, than the horror of seeing a daughter, a sister, or a niece, falling in love with a man, when they ought to preserve their affections for the exclusive use of heaven!

From the moment that Agnes evinced a decided opposition, the life of the poor girl became one uninterrupted series of trials and vexations. Nothing that could harass the mind, or torment the heart, was omitted, in order to oblige her to alter a resolution which she seemed determined to abandon only with her existence. She was teased and worried by the aunt in the most tantalizing manner; and when she had gone through this infliction, her uncle came forward with a lugubrious voice and aspect to add the benefit of his gloomy rebukes. Nor was the friar behindhand whenever the work of torturing was going on. The triumvirate were indefatigable in their task, till, at the end of a month, they had fully succeeded, not in making a nun of Agnes, but in impairing her health, and embittering her temper. She fell ill; but this circumstance did not in the least tend to relax the cruelty of her religious executioners. They very coolly and solemnly announced that this was a judgment, and that the hand of God was visible in this malady, which was sent purposely at once to punish her disobedience and obstinacy, and to signify that the patient should take the holy vows of religion.

Agnes recovered, but her resolves had not suffered from the effects of her malady. Her mind, instead of losing any of its tone, had become more firm in consequence of the persecution she was obliged to endure. She was fully aware of the atrocious injustice perpetrated against her inclinations; and nothing, no, not even the fear of the most appalling death, could force her to break a resolution, which was, as it were, interwoven with her existence. Dona Josepha neglected no means of wounding the pride of the poor victim. A series of petty, spiteful trials was systematically pursued in vain. But there was a source of pain to Agnes. She could courageously withstand the assaults of her oppressors, but was not equally proof against the tears of her sister. The aunt had been busily at work, and had partially succeeded in persuading the poor gentle girl that there was great criminality in the conduct of Agnes. Clara was made up of softness and placidity: her mind was not of that masculine order which prefers undergoing all sorts of trials, rather than submit to injus-

tice. Her gentle nature shrank from the idea of opposition, whilst her imagination, already imbued with strict religious notions, was excellently adapted to receive the impressions which her fanatic relatives thought proper to convey.

Father Bastos perceived, in this morbid state of Clara, a rich mine, which might be explored with advantage, and he did not allow the opportunity to escape. The poor girl was convinced of the truth and justice of the friar's observations; but the only triumph which he and his colleagues gathered from the achievement, was that of adding to the misery of Agnes, without in the least altering her resolves. Many a night when silence reigned, and Agnes was thankful that the trials of the day were over, another and a far more distressing one came to perplex her mind and afflict her heart. She, alas! was compelled to endure, not indeed reproaches, for to those the gentle soul of Clara was a total stranger; but what are a hundred times more painful—the visible tokens of her distress and sorrow.

The mischief consequent on a system of oppression is not long in making its appearance. Agnes brooded constantly over her situation. Her independent spirit felt more indignant the more she reflected. But she was not discriminating enough, in the turmoil of embittered feelings, to distinguish the pure essence of religion from its abuse; and the aversion which she had justly conceived for Father Bastos, induced her to believe that every friar was selfish and tyrannical. By a chain of argument she next began to harbour doubts, until the line between right and wrong was scarcely discernible. This tone of mind was extremely dangerous, especially in a female of such decision of character. She was driven to an extreme point, and she secretly made a vow to dare her relatives—the world—opinion—all—all rather than submit to the odious sacrifice. This resolution, under certain restrictions, would have been strictly correct; but in the wild excitement of poor Agnes' heart, she would not disguise from herself, that she considered *any means* justifiable in rescuing her from the present oppression.

Don Gil Perez, from a series of rebukes and sermons, had now proceeded to more violent measures. He peremptorily confined Agnes to her room, where he suffered no one to visit her except the hated Father Bastos. This tribulation Agnes at first endured with fortitude; nay, she felt a sort of pride in being a martyr in the cause of her *free will*; and she took a pleasure in reflecting that all the artifices and devices of tyranny were not sufficient to enslave her mind.

The imprisonment of Agnes began at length to exhaust her patience, and she was ready to adopt the most desperate plan, rather than suffer herself to continue a toy in the hands of her ruthless tormentors. This idea once admitted into her mind, the occasion was not long wanting of putting it into execution. Agnes had observed a gentleman looking at her with peculiar interest as she was wont to return from church; for although the alertness of Dona Josepha offered an insurmountable obstacle to make such observations, what that is gratifying to the female vanity can escape the notice of a young girl? Agnes, however, had too strong a sense of propriety to afford the least encouragement to the stranger by returning his glances. She could feel no partiality for a person with whom she was totally unacquainted, and she never suffered a thought on the subject to disturb her repose. Had she been blessed with other relatives—had she not been unfortunate in her natural friends and protectors—the image of the stranger would probably have been the cause of mere mirth in the family. She would have felt no hesitation in speaking on the subject, and perhaps be the first to join in the laugh against the *inamorato*.

The case, however, was very different at present. Agnes found herself perfectly isolated in this world. Her relatives were her obstinate

oppressors ; and in her sister, instead of consolation, she could only find an addition to her woe and perplexity. In this absolute want of sympathizing friends, her mind was not extravagant in reverting towards an object, which under ordinary circumstances would never have occupied her meditations. The imagination loves to conjure up images of comfort, and there is scarcely an idea, however wild and extravagant, which passing through the medium of an overheated brain and a sorrowing heart does not assume, not merely a consolatory, but a reasonable form. Such was the situation of Agnes, when fate, to prolong the dangerous illusion, presented to her view the subject of her present thoughts.

As she chanced to cast a glance from the small window of her room, she perceived the stranger walking to and fro opposite the house. Her attention was drawn—she caught his eye—there could be no mistake. She occupied his thoughts—probably he knew of the hardships she endured : these and other wild thoughts darted with rapidity across the imagination of the fair prisoner, and they brought consolation to her heart.

The stranger was assiduous at his post on the following day, and he made signs as if he wished to convey a letter. This he contrived to throw into the room. Agnes was weak enough to receive and read it—From that moment her fate was sealed. Her admirer's letter ran thus :

“ I am aware of the cruel treatment you are forced to endure. Allow me to rescue you from your dismal fate. Trust to my honour—the more so, for the sake of that passion which I have long felt for your person, and which the knowledge of your wrongs and sufferings has served to augment.

“ GABRIEL FUENTES.”

Agnes perused this note with a feeling of pleasure and hope. Her imagination dwelt on the subject with a fondness she would have been the first to condemn in another ; nay, in her own self, had she not been so long the victim of oppression. Bold, daring, and extravagant as the resolution was, she made up her mind to quit her uncle's roof, and trust her destiny to the honour and affection of a man with whom she had not hitherto so much as exchanged words. But the proud spirit of Agnes, and the injustice of her relatives' behaviour towards her, had driven her mind to burst those shackles of female restraint, which form at once the ornament and protection of the sex. To carry her plan into effect, however, was no easy task. A woman's mind, always fruitful in resources in cases of emergency, did not desert Agnes in the present. She called dissimulation to her aid, and by feigning to listen with a more subdued spirit to the admonitions of Father Bastos, her uncle, in hopes that she was about to be converted, relaxed in his severity, and delivered his niece from her confinement.

Agnes continued the work of deceit with perfect success. She appeared almost reconciled to the proposition of her relatives. She demanded only a fortnight to reconsider the proposal. Her request was easily granted, and every day that passed, the chances of her taking the veil became more certain. The gentle Clara caressed her beloved sister in all the tenderness of her affection ; but, to her surprise, Agnes, instead of the calm resignation which she evinced before the family, had only bitter tears and heavy sighs for the moments of privacy with her sister.

Matters were in this state, and the *Indiano* had already begun to arrange the preliminaries for the noviciate of his niece, when one day, to their utter surprise and consternation, the intended nun was missing. The whole house was carefully searched in vain. A note, however, was found addressed to Clara, in which her sister informed her that she had trusted her fate into the care of a husband. This word was a thun-

derbolt to Gil Perez, his wife, and Father Bastos. The uncle bestowed a hearty curse on the fugitive for her deception: Dona Josepha crossed herself fervently, and declared that the event did not excite any extraordinary surprise in her—she was prepared for such a catastrophe; the vanity of the girl, and the fatal beauty which she possessed, were well calculated to lead to this result. Father Bastos delivered a long harangue on the temptations of the flesh—the manœuvres of Satan—the weakness of human nature, &c. &c. concluding with foretelling the most appalling end to the fair sinner, and asserting that such crimes called for the deepest vengeance of Heaven. They were all three of accord in one point—in feeling persuaded that Agnes had afforded an example of deception almost unparalleled, and deserving the severest retribution. When they had preached, croaked, abused, denounced, prophetized, and anathematized to their heart's content, the three pious personages sat down to dinner with a very good appetite.

The system of deception followed by a young creature like Agnes would suggest melancholy thoughts, had that plan been acted upon under ordinary circumstances. But the mortifying trials which she had undergone—the prospect of new ones—and the persuasion that the only means of escaping a cruel destiny, was that of seeming to submit to it, may offer not a justification, but, at least, an excuse for her imprudent and rash conduct. In the excitement of her feelings, to avoid one danger she had blindly precipitated herself into another. Had her better judgment been allowed to exercise its power with calmness and repose, she would have shrunk from her headlong design. She had been driven almost to despair; and the combined effects of indignation, sense of wrong, anger, and disgust, made themselves manifest in her flight with a man who was a total stranger, and of whose character she had no other report than the one she received from himself.

Don Gil Perez heard nothing from his fugitive niece, further than that she was living in reduced circumstances with her husband, Don Gabriel Fuentes, a poor officer—a man of good family, but of whose moral qualifications and personal merits little more was known than that he was a professed gambler. This intelligence did not in the least affect the morose *Indiano*. On the contrary, he felt a sort of satisfaction in the anticipated misery and trials which his niece was doomed to suffer from her rash union with such a character. With all the furious zeal of a fanatic, he thundered out that he perceived clearly the hand of God in the various stages of the affair, and that it was certain Heaven had permitted the marriage of Agnes as a just punishment for her guilty obstinacy in refusing to become a nun. This logic was satisfactory to Dona Josepha. Nor could the friar feel dissatisfied, as he had succeeded in removing one impediment from the road to his schemes, if not by shutting Agnes in a nunnery, at least by driving her from a home, to which, judging from the disposition of her relatives, she could never expect to return.

Some months elapsed, and the name of Agnes was almost forgotten, except by poor Clara, on whom the rashness of her sister had made a painful impression. But a new source of anxiety came soon to alarm the family, and more specially Father Bastos. This was the presence of a visitor at the *Indiano's* house—a nephew of Don Gil—a ward of the *Indiano*, who had been absent to complete his studies in the University of Alcala. This young gentleman, whose name was Theodosio, had been fondly attached to his cousins, whom he had known from their infancy. Clara, especially, was his favourite—she was a mere child of twelve years old when he had last seen her. But half a dozen years make a material difference in this period of woman's existence, and he was agreeably surprized when he perceived the advantageous change which had taken place in his cousin's personal appearance, as well as in the de-

velopement of her mental qualities. In fine, Clara preserved all the artless graces, all the winning manners of the girl, combined with the more refined and more intoxicating charms of approaching womanhood. The flowers of spring, and the first beauties of summer, were united in her person without distinction of season.

Youthful affection for his cousin was now exchanged for a more absorbing and manly feeling. In the society of Clara, Theodosio enjoyed a pleasure to which his heart had hitherto been a stranger. Among the females of his acquaintance he had never met one which approached so closely to his idea of female perfection. Angelic softness breathed in all her words and looks. In every trifling act, the kindness of her disposition showed itself, for Clara's supreme felicity was centered in the comfort and happiness of others: the society of such a being was not to be enjoyed with impunity, and Theodosio but too soon discovered that he was the slave of a passion, the more absorbing, deep, and lasting, because of the good foundation on which it was based. His bliss was complete, when his active eye perceived that his love was acknowledged and returned, despite of the efforts which female timidity and blushing restraint were making to keep the secret from him.

The first person who observed the affection existing between Theodosio and Clara was Father Bastos, and the discovery was to him annoying in the extreme. He had already settled it in his mind that the wealth of the Indiano should go to enrich his convent, and to the founding of another, of which he himself felt the ambition of becoming superior—from this step to a bishopric, the distance he considered short; and wild dreams of ecclesiastical preferment and greatness revelled before the imagination of the ambitious friar. He lost no time in communicating his suspicions to Don Gil. The Indiano at first treated the matter with indifference, assuring his monitor, that the affection of Theodosio for Clara was that of an elder brother towards a young sister. When, however, he perceived that the friar's surmises were just, the fanatic man felt no less disappointment than vexation; he again foresaw the fountain-head of evil, and the image of Agnes returned vividly to his memory.

Don Theodosio was a young man of quick fancy and an inquiring mind—his natural talents were good, and a strong love for study had tended to their full developement and maturity. He had always a wish to travel, and, much against the inclination of his uncle, he had spent the last eighteen months in visiting foreign courts. Upon his return to his own country, his ideas were enlarged, and his views of men and things more imbued with that spirit of philosophy, which the commerce of the world bestows on an observant mind. He felt a thorough contempt for the feeble intellect of his relative, while the tyrannic temper which had led to the rash step taken by his cousin Agnes, filled him with disgust and abhorrence. The feelings with which Don Gil regarded his nephew, were ten times more decided and hostile. He considered him as little better than a heretic. The freedom of his speech, the boldness of the maxims which he feared not to propound, and the little respect which he paid to the holy words of Father Bastos, were enough to produce that rancorous and bitter feeling which fanaticism seldom fails to confer on its zealous votaries.

It was, therefore, with a kind of horror that he discovered the partiality existing between his obnoxious nephew and Clara. The friar was not backward in heightening the terrors which his weak mind had conjured up. Theodosio was represented as a man totally devoid of religion, since he scrupled not to doubt many things, which no true son of the Christian church should ever call in question. The notions of the young man on the subject of convents, particularly shocked the sensibility of the friar. Dona Josepha, on her side, was literally thrown into fits at the

idea of harbouring a heretic beneath her roof—and her alarm, of course, was terribly augmented, when the heinous crime of Clara's loving such an object came to her knowledge. She wondered how a Christian girl could be so wicked, and, at the same time, she let not the opportunity escape of launching against that pernicious beauty which had produced the admiration of Theodosio.

Meantime the affection of the young people had developed itself into a deep and absorbing feeling, which now became beyond the power of tyrannic controul to check. One day Theodosio ventured to open his heart on the subject that engrossed all his thoughts. Clara, who already loved her cousin, with all the warmth and sincerity of a first and pure female affection, was thrown into confusion when her cousin revealed the state of his heart. He took her hand, which trembled in his, and to the kind and fervent vows which he made she gave no answer, but the visible agitation under which she laboured, told the lover, if any proof were yet wanting, that his affections were fully returned. 'This was a moment of bliss supreme, for there is not in nature aught so intoxicating as the first avowals of true love. How much is the value of such happiness enhanced when the object of adoration is a young, pure, artless girl, of the possession of whose heart an angel-spirit might feel proud!

This beautiful dream of felicity—this powerful charm of nature, was soon dissolved by the sudden appearance of the Indiano. He fixed an austere look on his young relatives—the crimson flew to Clara's cheek—and this only served to augment the devotee's displeasure and suspicion. He no longer could harbour a doubt concerning the true position of things and he felt a bitter annoyance at what he considered little short of a sin in the young people. Let us return to Agnes.

The condition of poor Agnes was at the present period most distressing. She had at length discovered the error of her imprudent conduct. Instead of a kind protector, a loving friend, she had found in her husband a worthless being, equally devoid of heart and principle. His whole soul was engrossed with gambling pursuits, in which vice, as well as other excesses, he consumed the greater part of his existence. But what produced the keenest agony in the mind of Agnes, was the conviction that she had never truly possessed his affection; his marriage having been prompted more by sordid interest than affection; and this, the most painful discovery that a deluded woman can make, had already produced a melancholy effect in the health of the unfortunate Agnes.

Gabriel Fuentes was well acquainted with the Indiano's vast wealth, and he had settled it within his own mind to possess himself of a considerable portion of it. He imagined that Agnes and Clara would inherit their uncle's fortune, and he forthwith determined to make up to the former. Fuentes was a character any thing but what would have pleased a man of the devotee's strict religious ideas, and he would scout the remotest notion of an alliance with a notorious profligate, even if no attack had been premeditated against his pocket. This obstacle, however, did not make our enterprising adventurer give himself up to despair. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the avenues to the female heart, and extremely conversant with all the little arts which have so high a value in the estimation of young girls, and which are so available in ensnaring their affections. The personal appearance of Don Gabriel was prepossessing—his manner and deportment elegant, and he was a practised master in the science of tender looks. Having once secured the object of his scheme, he felt no apprehension with regard to the result. He argued on the old notion, that parents sooner or later will relent, and forgive the fault of young transgressors. Thus he flattered himself with the idea that, at a future period, a portion of the Indiano's fortune would fall into his power.

How distant was the poor deluded Agnes from suspecting the real na-

velopment of her mental qualities. In fine, Clara possessed all the winning manners of the girl, combined with the refined and more intoxicating charms of a woman. The flowers of spring, and the first beauties of autumn, were not more beautiful than her person without distinction of season.

Youthful affection for his cousin was not less absorbing and manly feeling. In the society of her pleasure to which his heart had hitherto been devoted, females of his acquaintance he had never seen so closely to his idea of female perfection. Her words and looks. In every trifling conversation she showed herself, for Clara's supreme pleasure was the happiness of others: the society of her was enjoyed with impunity, and Theodore, who was the slave of a passion, the most devoted of slaves, the good foundation on which he stood, when his active eye perceived her, turned, despite of the efforts he was making to keep the

The first person who Clara met and Clara was Father. He was the extreme. He had the Indiano should be other, of which he

Don took any care to conceal the detestable feeling of rage and disappointment, which he had already begun to express, was converted into unequivocal contempt. He bitterly took any care to conceal the detestable feeling of the sordid character of his mind. He bitterly reproached Agnes with his misfortune, and cursed the mother of her fatal person. This addition of misery produced a new sensation on the almost broken heart of the poor victim; evil, assurance of woe was not yet complete. It was in the midst of Don's sorrow, in the midst of poverty and remorse—abandoned by his wife—hated by her husband, and forgotten by all, that poor Agnes to the world was a mother! In the infant born to her, she might have experienced some alleviation to her affliction and sorrow, had not the birth of the child redoubled the bitter feelings of her husband.

Appalling poverty—utter destitution came now to weigh on the wretched and ill-assorted couple—the transition from habitual vice to the commission of crime is almost imperceptible. Don Gabriel, after a midnight broil, and instigated by despair, had associated with some profligates, and taken a part in a desperate robbery. The act came to the knowledge of the police, and an active pursuit of the delinquents commenced. What was the horror of the wretched Agnes, when she beheld her doors broken open in the silence of night, and the agents of justice rush into her very chamber in search of a public malefactor—a robber! Still more—what were her feelings when, in the person of the detested criminal, she was compelled to recognize her husband! Hitherto her pride had supported the unfortunate woman in all the stages of bitter sorrow, disappointment, and wretchedness, but the last stroke of fate—the brand of disgrace and shame, was beyond the power of fortitude. Poor Agnes uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless on her bed by the side of her sleeping babe.

The circumstances attendant on the robbery were of so flagrant a nature, that Fuentes, after being ignominiously expelled from the regiment to which he belonged, was, despite of the powerful interest made for a commutation of punishment, condemned to banishment to the prisons

Clara; or, Love and Superstition.

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concluded to trust in the saving a farthing from

principal depôt for the Spanish convicts. Agnes had been her husband in a state, not only of utter destitution, but of the humble dwelling which she occupied was his. He had waited a long time for his rent, and never obtaining his due, he came to the cruel ill-fated Agnes from his premises. He allowed her affairs, and the term having expired, involved by the horrid picture of her distress, her execution.

able of the least value, to provide for her wants, and even her dresses, had gradually instant of her expulsion away with her—nothing but the severest gripe of misfortune. Wounding her pride and energy, she quitted the house, and whither to direct her steps, and almost indifferent and callous

As she was descending, when the ill-fated Agnes was gazing at the dazzling rain had begun to fall, the day was an emblem of the state of her mind. Every thing approaching night would be one of darkness and gloom. Agnes for some time wandered about the streets of the city, careless what course to pursue. She applied at last for shelter to the house of an elderly female relative of her husband, in whose house she had experienced the only comfort which her bitter life had of late enjoyed; to her utter consternation she found the doors and windows of the house closed; the crime and ignominious destiny of Don Gabriel had compelled his relation to quit the scene of his disgrace, and retire to a distant part of the country. This discovery vanquished the last remains of the poor sufferer's courage. She gave herself up to despondency, and totally regardless of what might be her fate, she continued for some time her melancholy perambulation through the capital. The night had closed in utter darkness, and the rain began to fall profusely. Fatigue, exhaustion, and the increasing storm, compelled at length the wanderer to seek refuge from its fury under the porch of the convent of St. Philip Neri.

There poor Agnes, crouched like a dog, endeavoured by her caresses to hush the cries of her infant. What a dreadful picture was this! What fearful isolation! Agnes, in the midst of a great capital, was like a being who had no communion, no sympathy with those of her species; the world was a blank—a dreary waste to her. Shivering with the piercing cold, drenched in the rain, which fell in torrents, and from which she could only obtain a partial shelter, she looked with a sort of listless apathy on the gloomy prospect before her. A few stragglers, flying from the storm, hurried by in haste, and took no notice of the wretched being, they were too busy in seeking the comfort of their homes, to bestow even a passing thought on the sufferer. A sumptuous equipage came by—then another; and as the rolling of the wheels became more faint in the distance, the awful silence which followed served to augment the fearful feeling of desolation and horror. A reverend friar belonging to the convent then approached close to Agnes. She received no other consolation than a pious rebuke from the man of God. Mistaking her probably for one of the wretched females who pay the forfeit of their virtue with a life of shame and misery, he bestowed a smart reproach on the poor victim, and then hastened to a comfortable bed, no doubt, well satisfied with the zeal he had shown in the cause of morality.

In this awful and bitter moment the memory of poor Agnes reverted to her sister. Was she happy? would not her ulterior destiny be equally appalling! No—no, her gentle nature would bend to the will of her relatives, and calm resignation would ultimately lead to comparative repose and happiness. This idea diffused a momentary gleam of consolation over the darkened heart of Agnes. But the increasing and more painful cries of her child dissolved the transient dream, and recalled her senses to all the horrors of her situation. Although the fire and boldness of her temper had been subdued by the iron pressure of misfortune, still enough remained of that desperate courage, which in a moment of moral oblivion, might counsel the adoption of a fearful act. The image of self-destruction for a moment intruded on the throbbing brain of poor Agnes. She dwelt with a bitter complacency on the horrible thought. It would put a termination to her constant and overwhelming sufferings. She would press her child to her bosom, and by one bold, fearful act, place him and his wretched mother beyond the power of a world in which they were outcasts, doomed to misfortune. Fortunately this frightful idea was soon repelled by that principle of right, which not all her formidable trials had been able to eradicate from the mind of Agnes. She shuddered at the crime the next moment after the spirit of evil had instigated its perpetration, and this last victory of hapless, forlorn, and forsaken virtue, brought along with it that gratifying and consoling sensation, which is its constant attendant.

The pathetic wailing of the little sufferer attracted, at last, the notice of a charitable being—for happily in this world of selfishness there are still those who come forward to vindicate the better attributes of the human species. This humane person was a female, who lived hard by, and who had been moved by the incessant cries of the child. Alas! when the voice of sorrow and distress fills the air, the ear of woman is always first to catch the mournful sound! Agnes was offered a shelter by a charitable individual of her own sex. She felt deeply thankful, but the hand of consolation came too late. A violent fever, consequent on the dreadful suffering both of mind and body which she had undergone, rendered indispensable her removal to a public hospital.

What a dreadful contrast did poor Agnes offer at this sad period, with what she had been a few years since. All her charms had withered—her cheek was hollow and ghastly—her eye sunk and lustreless—her lips cold and quivering—her raven locks, tinged with the silver of premature decay, and the lines of sorrow furrowed her smooth and beautiful brow. Her mind had undergone the same melancholy change: her spirits were broken—the fire of her fancy extinguished—even the power of memory was bedimmed and almost lost. Thus a lovely, intelligent, and beautiful being—the expectant of fortune and happiness—born to ornament society, sank in early youth on the bed afforded by public charity. From this bed she was never more to rise; in a few days her suffering spirit was released from the miseries to which it had been so long condemned. Poor Agnes expired in the hospital, abandoned by her relatives, neglected by her friends, and surrounded only by strangers and images of woe and isolation. Her child followed, soon after, its wretched mother to her early grave. By charity their remains were consigned, without delay, to the earth. The ceremony was over, and they were forgotten!!!

(To be continued.)

THE METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Revolutionary Epic. The work of D'ISRAELI the Younger. Author of "Psychological Romance." Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

"A solemn temple is the human mind:" so saith our author. We like the idea. Let, then, the reader figure to himself an imaginary one, of beautiful yet vast proportions, pervaded by a dim religious light, and affording by its solemnity of architecture, at once chaste and awful, a fitting fane wherein the thoughtful may feel a calm joy to wander, and muse over the wonders of antiquity, and commune with the mighty dead. Let us suppose that under the lofty and swelling dome, there are four pedestals, upon which are placed the statues of Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and yet a fifth unoccupied. Let us also suppose that hundreds come daily with holy respect, to look on in silence, and bow before the sacred emblems of the all-conquering mind. In the midst of this silent and general adoration, let him figure to himself a smart, dapper gentleman, springing upon the before vacant pedestal, and placing himself in a truly epic posture, exclaiming, "For me remains the revolutionary epic." This modern claimant for immortality, forgetting that not one of the originals of the great statues, into the company of which he has so sacrilegiously thrust himself, attained their semi-deification until the lapse of ages, and attained their high places by the suffrages of generations, at once arrogates to himself, living, what was but too slowly conceded to the mighty dead. There is something so ridiculous, and yet so bold in the idea, that the inclination to laugh is suppressed by the stupefaction of wonder. Still, almost every act of real genius, however erratic it may appear, carries a sanctity about it, that would disarm us of our wrath, at deeds that would appear the very acmé of presumption in mortality of the common mould. Our author has stepped, uninvited, upon the pedestal reserved for the fifth epic poet of the world. Let us hear him—let us weigh attentively what he says, and listen with scrupulous care to what he supposes he sings, in order to form some judgment whether his act of assumption be an act of madness or of genius—whether his harp shall be hung up, and honoured as a trophy in our poetical temple, or, as he with a peculiar felicity expresses it, "Hurl his lyre to limbo."

Our aspirant for epic immortality has given us only one book; and, as far as this will permit us to judge of the rest of his twelve or twenty, it is now our office to give an opinion as to the final success of the undertaking.

May 1834.—VOL. X.—NO. XXXVII.

B

As yet, it appears to us to be only an extravagant allegory—indeed, so extravagant, that we shudder when we think how near a little, very little increase of the poetic furor that dictated it, approaches to a state of mind that we shall merely hint at. The poem opens with the “Genius of Feudalism” and the “Genius of Federalism” appearing before the throne of Demorgon. The whole of this book is occupied by the pleading of Magros, the Feudalist. Of course, we only hear one side of the question, and we will now examine, but briefly, the materials of which this tremendously long oration is composed. Notwithstanding all Mr. D’Israeli’s violence, we found the perusal excessively dull, and we shall hereafter firmly believe that it is in the power of a virago to scold us to sleep.

The poem opens well, with a something of a Miltonic grandeur of expression, though we do not like the placing the cloud before Demorgon, “to soften the terrors of his shadowy mien;” for were it shadowy before, we think a cloud was quite unnecessary, unless it were for the purpose of actual obscuration. But this may be termed hypercriticism—let us proceed, and we shall find that at the twentieth line, or thereabouts, the raving commences. We here find that the voice of Demorgon is like the wind, when the storm, panting for ruin, wakes from a dream, and murmurs his rage to a trembling world, in such a manner that, among other things, the crouching “*beasts* cling to the earth in *pallid* extacy,” and just so, like the *pale beasts*, did all the attendant angels veil their bright crowns, &c., until the rainbow, that spanned the whole conclave, with the encreasing sound shook in the *flaming* air. The angels are certainly not much the gainers by the simile. But we must not pause. The whole passage finishes with these two lines—it is to Demorgon they refer.

Almighty words the *almighty* silence break,
It is the voice of the *almighty* throne.

This is, as brother Jonathan hath it, almighty fine writing. The mystifications now increase upon us. We have the “shadowy ken of dark creation”—yet followed immediately by some beautiful lines—a strange sort of alternation of mist and sunshine. We have next mighty spirits, that are compared to crocodiles; and, strange to say, they fling their shadows o’er the blazing orb; what orb it may be we know not, unless the sun be meant; but we do know, that a blazing orb may make shadows, but not receive them. The poem is pregnant with strange epithet. We have among others, “tempestuous ship;” when the poor ship itself is the victim of the tempest. Again, we have roots *conate* with chaos. A bad soil, we should think, for any thing to take root in; and D’Israeli has made it prolific only of bombast. He merely means very old trees. In the straining for originality, he is sometimes as singularly unfortunate, as he is at others droll, in his adjectives. When speaking of the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, generally a light-haired, and light-eyed race, upon the kings of the south, he calls these last “pale-eyed monarchs.” The reverse of pale would have suited them infinitely better; and the epithet would have been more appropriate to the other party. Well, when these northern invaders come to the vineyards, what does the reader think that they do?

Yea! they dash
Dash from its clust’ring *form* the *blood* of grape,
And *press*, with maddened *glance*, the unknown fruit.

How very awful this is! Genius can create wonders out of things in themselves passing simple. Of all faults that can disgrace an attempt at epic poetry, affectation is the most disgusting. The two following lines are, to us, very sickening.

The *dedal* faith of the old world had died
An *euthanasia* of divine despair !

This affectation of uncommon words, that are nearly obsolete, ought to be here held to be beneath the real talents of the author ; yet it appears that he cannot be affected, without at the same time being absurd. How any thing can die off easily, and in despair, at the same time, is surely wonderful ; and to mark the wonder more distinctly, the author has terminated the sentence with a note of admiration. Never before was that significant sign so well applied. We have no space for quotation, but let any inveterate reader attempt the passage beginning in large black letter, "Solemn temple," and he will find as complete a chaos of metaphorical confusion as ever puzzled the brain of poor student. None other but puzzled brains could have created them. This remarkable passage terminates very aptly in the two lines that we have just cited. The admirer of that pretty prettiness of speech, alliteration, will find, much to his delight, abundance of lines like the following—

Grove,
" Gleamed with the glittering form of glancing nymph."

A very dignified march truly, for the heroic measure. Mr. D'Israeli has shown a diligence, that would be truly commendable if better directed, to commit every possible fault attendant upon bad writing ; here is specimen of the bathos, of which a mere schoolboy would feel ashamed ; he begins with anguish—goes on to woe—then to agony—proceeds to consternation, baffled purposes, and winds up the anticlimax with merely broken hopes ; and this in a passage that he wishes to be most moving and emphatic. Now let us have a piece of absurd imagery. Make a picture of the following description.

In vain, with skill divine
A God, upon the *balanced* plumes of love,
Would poise a *social* globe.

Let us first paint Love, in the centre of the canvas, with a pair of beautiful and extended wings, for that must be the meaning of the word "balanced." Now we have got to clap a god upon them astride, one foot on each, for we read that he is on the *wings*. There he is—his footing is unenviable enough certainly—but it matters little, as he is a god—he can stand any where. Now let us hand him up a *social* globe to poise in one of his hands. This is no mean undertaking. By the "social globe" is understood that poor piece of earth that we all inhabit—that very globe that the ancients supposed that Atlas so laboriously bore upon his shoulders. Well, the god is now *poising* it very handsomely in his hand, and himself very gingerly on the tips of Cupid's wings. Is it not, when finished, a very pretty picture for a child's horn-book, or one of Moore's hieroglyphics, at the end of his almanac ?

Here we must pause. We have only got to the eighteenth page of a book that contains eighty-nine full ones, yet have we culled the absurdities with a most niggard hand. Other books, as much less pretending as they are more sensible, claim our time and space for notice. Mr. D'Israeli has been ambitious of producing something extraordinary ; he has succeeded, but to this word extraordinary we have too much politeness to give its appropriate adjunct. That we find amidst all these things so preposterous, passages that are startling, beautiful, even sublime, is a reflection that gives us but a melancholy pleasure. If he can write well, and will not, it is perversity ; if he can neither help writing well or ill, it is insanity. Any one of our readers who has been compelled to listen to the ravings of a well-educated mind, when under the influence of delirium, will well understand our meaning. If we might hazard a conjecture, we should say that, judging from the fraction of a poem that the author has

been so temerarious as to give to the public, that he has either drunk too freely of the Circean cup of pleasure, or, peradventure, has become intoxicated with the still more debasing draughts of false praise and fulsome adulation. At some future period he may wake from his illusory dream, and do something worthy of his talents and his country. In the excess of our friendship, we have merely given him a gentle fillip in order to arouse him.

Principles of Geology; being an Attempt to Explain the former Changes in the Earth's Surface, by recurrence to Causes now in operation. By CHARLES LYELL, Esq. F.R.S. &c. &c. Vol. III. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

We cannot approach this stupendous and magnificent subject without some feelings of awe, as even a slight consideration of its vastness must impress every mind at once with a sense of deep humility, as far as our mortal part is concerned, and of decent triumph, when we reflect upon the wonderful energies of the human mind. We are not of those timid natures that would make religion a plea for crushing the efforts of science, but rejoice to see science herself made the herald and expositor of religion. We do not trace through all its ramifications, in a geological truth, a covert attack upon the tithes, nor can we see in the antedating of a strata, the overthrow of ecclesiastical dignities, or an oration against pluralities. Geology, as far as we comprehend it, strengthens, by philosophical proof, scriptural assertions, for it must be always borne in mind, that Moses did not write for a society of *scavans*—he told only the broad truth, the unvarnished fact, in the dialect and the idiom of those who could not have understood an elaborate lecture; and thus the end was fully answered. The purport of this third and last volume of Mr. Lyell's Geology, is to show that all the changes produced upon the crust of the earth we inhabit were, in every probability, produced by natural, and, as far as our orb is concerned, eternal causes, incidental and appropriate to this globe itself. That it is of an origin almost infinitely remote to the human comprehension, is, we think, as clearly proved as the subject will admit, and, that the very recent appearance of man upon its surface confirms the Mosaical account of the creation of our first parents in an extraordinary degree. As far as we can understand by comparative anatomy, we find the noblest animal created the last, and, that it was so created by a spontaneous act, and could not have been the product of the improvement of countless ages upon some other species, is thus made almost morally certain—or some approximation to the human skeleton must have been found in some of the more recent fossil remains. All this is strongly corroborative of Holy Writ. Before the crust of this globe was fit for the habitation of man as he now is, it was, to all purposes, as far as adaptation to his existence was concerned, a complete chaos, “an earth without form, and void.” But it is not on that account to be supposed that the matter of which this earth consisted antecedently to our creation rolled uselessly and unoccupied in its eternal course—and that such was not the case, this work would, we think, satisfy the most sceptical mind. Again, we think it a much more pious faith, and one infinitely more honourable to Omnipotence, to believe, that in all changes that he ordains, he acts upon fixed, eternal, and natural causes. All disorder, seems to imply in the ruling hand some weakness, or in the contrivance some oversight. It is the purest of religions to acknowledge but one vast and grand miracle, the Eternal Great and Good himself. We say this in reference only to those vast organic changes every where so apparent on the face of the earth, which many would account for by violent and

unnatural means. But Mr. Lyell shows us that we do not want an unbridled comet, an erring impetus, or any other defective accident, to bring about all that we have yet seen, wonderful as those alterations may appear. Our limited space will not even let us hint at the facts adduced, and the arguments dwelt upon, that so firmly seems to establish all this; but all who wish to lift up their souls in adoration to the Great First Cause, should attentively study this work, and they will find that the praise of knowledge will be infinitely more elevated, and quite as pure, and we trust equally acceptable in that quarter where all praise is due, as that of ignorant though honest superstition.

The two preceding volumes, to which the one before us is a sequel, have appeared some time since, and the whole forms as complete a system of Geology, as the progress of this yet infant science can permit us to expect. The industry and research that this work displays is eminently praiseworthy to the gifted author—wherever there was room for uncertainty he has had the courage to doubt, and this, in a person who establishes a system, must be held to be high praise indeed. We conclude our necessarily brief remarks, by saying, that this work is an acquisition to science, honourable to the author, and to the country that we feel convinced will be proud of registering his name in the ample scroll of those who have adorned her annals.

Cleone, a Tale of Married Life. By MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE, Author of "Woman's Love," "Characters," &c. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We think it to be an unsatisfactory method of endeavouring to establish a principle, by means of a tale. Mrs. Grimstone's arguments we conceive to be but indifferent, whilst her novel is very good. If we understand the lady rightly, she advocates for her sex more rights, more privileges, and a more masculine education. Of the two first, the better sort of the sex have more than they know what to do with, and the worse take just as many as they can seize or abuse; and, as to a more masculine education, we do not think that it would suit the women, merely because—they are not men. We should like to know, in distinct terms, what our authoress asks for the ladies. Is it more influence? Impossible—they either meddle, make, or mar, in almost every human transaction. Is it more power? Impossible—they govern the world, and every thing that is in it but themselves. But perhaps she wishes them to possess all this ostensibly, as well as actually; did they do so, they would gain nothing by the exchange. For every fresh right and privilege that they acquired, they would lose a charm and a grace. But we never perfectly understood of what definite grievance Mrs. Grimstone complains. Is it of the present institution of marriage? What are we to think, what are we to suspect, when she thus describes the intending a marriage on the part of a man? "How did he canvass the *slave* he meant to indenture to his *service*, and *brand* with his *debasement*"—with much more to the same purpose. That the violence of expression is not meant so much to stigmatize the individual husband, as all husbands, is evident from the whole tenor of the book; and the sophistry with which she tries to make of none effect the oath "to obey," so as to make it signify to obey when the lady likes, is a fine specimen of mental reservation, which Mr. O'Connell might study to advantage when he is going to plead for liberty to legislate for the established church. None honour, none reverence the sex more than we. We acknowledge their superiority in most things in which superiority is beautiful and enchanting. Yet still, Mrs. Grimstone must write many more excellent novels

before we concede to her that the feminine mind demands a masculine education. Let the sterner and the stronger man go first forward and clear away the path of life, and when he has removed the thorns, and found a place in which to erect a fitting bower, let woman *follow* to bless, to adorn, and to dignify it.

Our Town; or, Rough Sketches of Character, Manners, &c. By PEREGRINE REEDPEN. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

"A palpable hit." Let no one disregard this work because it contains merely the annals of a very circumscribed country town. What is the most brilliant court ever held at Vienna, but another edition of the same work, bound in gold, with jewelled clasps, and ornamented with ribbons? The same passions and the same pettinesses, the same cabals and the same cares, actuate the conduct of each sphere, and prove men still to be children in their wisdom, and giants in their vices. The dramatis personæ of "Our Town" come forward, each true to the character, with a vividness that no other painting than that of eloquence could produce—but it is the eloquence of a very peculiar style; and comes as near to original writing as any thing we have lately seen issue from the press. There is a felicity of expression conveying an archness of meaning that makes the narration sparkle like champagne, whilst the whole contains a body of good sense, to which port wine is an apt similitude. Though our author is almost always upon the banter, yet we perceive here and there touches of high and impassioned feelings, that give proof that drollery and humour are not the only talents that he possesses in perfection. With the exception of one or two misplaced personalities against Mr. Hume, and about as many excesses in exaggeration in whimsical description, this work, in its line, will be found excellent. We are really taught how to be merry and wise, yet the reader will find to his delight that merriment predominates; laugh, and that heartily, he must—will he, *nill* he—and wise he may grow if he chooses when his laugh is over, by the means of a little reflection upon that which has just given him so much delight. This work must be continued. We shall pine with unsatisfied curiosity if we do not know how the fracas of the little doctor and his large uxorious appendage terminates; and the "reefer" too—that sarcastic, impudent dog—has fallen in—what? a duel or a dilemma—or only in love? We must know, or we shall certainly fall out with the author. In the mean time, while all the world are reading these two volumes, let him be writing two more—we give him two months.

The Importance of Agriculture to a State, the Necessity for Protecting it in Great Britain, and the Principles of that Protection explained. By DONALD BAIN. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

We took up this pamphlet with the shrinking feeling with which the too much reading on this subject has imbued us; but we were agreeably disappointed. We found ourselves, instead of being wearied by the perusal, pleased, and on some points instructed. It may at first startle the reader, when he finds that it is proposed to tax every individual in the empire at the rate of forty shillings a year, for the protection of the landed interest; but before condemnation upon such a scheme be passed, the reasonings that have led to its proposition should be well weighed. Ten shillings a quarter as a fixed duty on all imported corn, would lay that imposition upon every man; but, as the law now stands, we are paying

much more than double that amount: 1*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* is the present average duty. Mr. Bain has also discovered what we have so often insisted upon, that the institutions and the operations of our present internal policy, are fast reducing us to a nation of *serfs* and *princes*, *capitalists* and *beggars*. This little work we heartily recommend; it is clear and argumentative, and written with a spirit of fairness towards all parties, that foolishly conceive their interests to be conflicting. We wish that our duties to other works would permit us more room to descant upon this.

The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems. By EBENEZER ELLIOT. Vol. II. Benjamin Steil, Paternoster Row.

“ His thumb could fillip off thy worthless head,
His foot, uplifted, spurn thee o’er the moon.”

This is what we designate as strong writing. This is only what a blind peasant could, if he chose, perform on a scented dandy. The besetting sin of all Mr. Elliot’s poetry is exaggeration. Strong feelings are not always the best expressed in the strongest language. The Village Patriarch is a rather rambling, disconnected, but energetic philippic against all and every that do not crowd to do honour to the working classes. We do not hesitate to say, that the tone of the whole poem is highly inflammatory. It certainly abounds with passages of great and original beauty, but there is a one-sidedness so offensively apparent pervading the whole, that we receive but little pleasure in the perusal. Of the next poem, “ Love,” the first book is very sweet, and nearly faultless; but, in the second book, the spirit of aristocracy scares him into radical politics, and we lose the impassioned poet in the “ Corn Law Rhymer.” We like most the poem, entitled “ The Letter ;” any panegyric we might bestow upon it would not be flattery. It is a tale of a beautiful bride struck blind as she is led a wife from the church. It is a touching thought, the making her close her sightless eyes on the bosom of her husband, and deceive herself with “ a dream of eyelids closed in sleep.” We think that the story embodied in the metrical tale of “ Withered Wild Flowers,” would have had a finer effect, if told in Mr. Elliot’s eloquent and impassioned prose. The mind of the author is of no mean order, but not yet sufficiently cultivated; and we feel convinced that he is still far from having obtained the meridian either of his powers or of his fame.

The Philosophy of Legislation. An Essay. By ALEXANDER MUNDELL, Esq. Longman and Rees, Paternoster Row; and Ridgway, Piccadilly.

The philosophy of legislation. Yes, it is a sonorous phrase; but we are compelled to say, that the treatise that boasts it, though written with considerable talent, by no means approaches to the magnificence of its title. Every man is prone to create an Utopia of his own, which, like bachelor’s children, is very excellently governed in theory. For many, many years to come, all legislation must be only a tissue of expedients; errors must be unlearned and rectified; evils, acknowledged evils, must be but slowly remedied, lest more injury be inflicted by the reformation than was occasioned by the abuse. It is not the laying down a few abstract principles in themselves as undeniable, as they are generally impracticable, and then vigorously jumping to a conclusion, that can do good, but which may produce mischief, by being taken up too easily, or insisted upon too strenuously. Mr. Mundell sets out with a proposition

that nearly amounts to the asserting of the necessity of compulsory education. Compulsory education would be worse than compulsory religion, because it has not the plea of conscience, or magnitude of its object, to cover its injustice. Give the people plenty, happiness, and leisure, and they will give themselves education. But are not all classes at all times educating themselves? and that, too, precisely in accordance to the fitness of things? To millions on the surface of the globe, literary education is, and must be, a stumbling-block. Put knowledge, if you will, within the reach of the humblest; and if he finds it necessary for his well-doing, he will stretch forth his hand and take it. Again, in this book, there is too much of religion mixed up with it. Legislation, to be strictly philosophical, ought to be for all sects and for all persuasions; giving a moral protection to all, though unavoidably a religious preference to one. We do not predict for this book a great circulation, nor should we think, did it by some accident acquire it, that the circulation would beget final popularity. We do not think that it deserves it. Yet we must not dismiss it without saying, that on some subjects it affords admirable hints; and, on others, scientific expositions; but as a whole, as a system, we think it decidedly vague, unsatisfactory, and faulty.

The Young Muscovite; or the Poles in Russia. Edited by Captain FREDERIC CHAMIER, R.N. Author of "The Life of a Sailor," &c. 3 vols. Cochrane and McCrone, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

Whatever, in a literary point of view, is touched by the hand of Captain Chamier, will be embellished. He has been fortunate in a subject which required it so little, and for which he has done so much. This novel was originally written by Michael Zakosken, and at its first appearance it became as suddenly popular throughout all Russia as did Don Quixote in Spain. It is a spirit-stirring story, graphic in its descriptions, and powerful in the delineation of character. It glows in almost every page with the fire of enterprise, the excitement of danger, or that rapture, so well understood and so much enjoyed by the wild warrior—the rapture of the mortal strife. Were we inclined to be hypercritical, we should say, that there is hardly relief enough to the sterner scenes. As, however, they were written for a Russian taste, we cannot pronounce upon the matter unhesitatingly. We must here also remark that the prejudices displayed savour strongly of a barbarous nation. All the subjects of the Russian empire, from Siberia to Circassia, are models of truth, heroism, and virtue, whilst all red-headed Poles, and Poles with heads of every possible colour, are made objects of disgust and execration. The story is a free imitation of the manner of Walter Scott, and at its appearance in his native country, must have been highly gratifying to the author, and to his countrymen, even before its merits had become fully appreciated. It must be something to a semi-barbarous country, to have some one in it to be able to undertake and complete a regular novel contained in the orthodox number of three volumes. We have no doubt but that an early call for a second edition will be a pleasing testimony to the editor, that the author he has selected to give to an English public has been duly estimated, as well as his own judicious labours.

The Romance of History. France. BY LEITCH RITCHIE. Vol. II. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

These impressive and faithful pictures of the times of the early ages of chivalry are really delightful. The incidents are exciting, and are sweetly

told. The "Serf" is a striking exemplification of the iron barbarity of the times, and makes us shudder amidst all our interest for the tale. "The Pilgrim of St. James" has most of the requisites that make a romance excellent. We do not hesitate to say, that the plot of the story, and the skill displayed in working out the catastrophe, is quite equal to any of the Tales of the Crusaders. It would form an excellent drama; and is indeed, in this work, very dramatically treated. There is, too, a vein of tenderness running through and softening all the harsher incidents that makes us dwell upon the narrative with delight. "The Bondsman's Feast," the third and last romance in this volume, is by no means inferior to its predecessor, and would also make an excellent acting play. There is great consistency, as well as fidelity, in all the delineations of character; though we wish the author would make his stories long, and give us more time to become acquainted with his actors; for no sooner do we either begin to love or hate them, than they make their disappearance from the stage. Such rich materials, combined with so much talent, deserve to be paraded with more pomp and ceremony before the reader. The train is certainly gorgeous, yet too brief. Another, and an inferior novelist, would have spun out into three volumes, what Mr. Ritchie condenses into thirty pages.

Salvador, the Guerilla. By the Author of the "Castilian." 3 vols.
Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

During the occupation of Spain by the French armies, a Spaniard of family and consideration, already too susceptible of every indignity that might be offered to his wounded pride, kills a serjeant of the French army, in the act of putting a gross insult upon his mother. He flies to the woods and commences guerilla. During some of the vicissitudes natural to such a course of life, he lies wounded at the house of an Hidalgo, whose daughter fixes upon the chieftain an unrequited and, on his part, an unperceived attachment; which is not surprising, as he is betrothed to another, who is, by-the-by, the amest and least interesting of all possible heroines. The unloved loving one enters, disguised as a cavalier, into the troop commanded by Salvador—but as she finds his heart pre-occupied, is as anxious to throw away her life as she had thrown away her love, and succeeds to a miracle. The action of the story proceeds *pari passu*, with the triumph of the Anglo-Spanish arms, until they are crowned by success in the final expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. The hero is then made happy in marriage with the lady who has done so little to deserve it, to the exclusion of the real heroine, who, we before observed, did all the work heroical, and permitted herself to be shot. Many incidents, are of course evolved, from out this, the main ingredient of the story. In these volumes, there is a great deal of adventure and whimsicality, much shrewdness displayed in the delineation of character, and a few ludicrous scenes, worked up to the highest pitch of burlesque. Yet, keeping in mind the past success, and the generally acknowledged talents of the author, we must confess that we are a little disappointed in this novel. Not that we would wish, by any means, to infer that it is an indifferent production, but we think, that, had the author's mind had fair play, something better would have been produced. Whilst he was in the act of composing it, many anxieties both of a private and public nature, bore heavily on his spirits. In honourable exile from a country, the rulers of which were eager to banish all that would have made that country respectable among nations, and dignified in the eyes of her worthiest sons, he could not avoid feeling the force of excitement that Spain's renovated hopes called forth, and it can easily be perceived, that Don Trueba

was not in the best possible state to elaborate a successful work. He has now gone to his native country, to join in, perhaps to lead, the ranks of those, who wish, by a liberal policy, to ameliorate the condition of his undervalued, and hitherto oppressed countrymen. May success attend his efforts, and the mild glory of peaceful achievements in the cause of humanity reward him! If the reader should find, in the perusal of the *Guerilla*, that the zeal of the patriot has somewhat obscured the brilliancy of the writer, we feel assured that the Don will rather gain than lose in his estimation.

Allan Breck. By the Author of "the Subaltern," "Country Curate," &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

A novel, certainly some degrees above mediocrity, and well calculated to please a large class of readers. The materials, from which it derives its interest and its action, are taken from the circumstances, and influenced by the state, of society in Scotland, attendant on the unsuccessful rebellions of that turbulent country against the dynasty of Hanover. There is something great as well as ferocious, we may add even grand, in the character of the hideously visaged and vagabond hero. The moral, that great talents, quick feeling, and strong passions, are never bestowed with impunity, when a previous good education has not taught the possessor how to controul them in subservience to virtue, is well developed in these volumes. We pronounce that the mother of Allan Breck is delineated as unnaturally ferocious, and the catastrophe of hanging in chains the only socially good and reasonable man of the *dramatis personæ*, will shock the sympathy of most readers. If the hard facts of history bore out such an event, the tact of the writer should have been displayed in correcting or ameliorating them—for the office of the novelist is not to record, but to please. The outlawed, good, though eccentric parson, is one of the best imagined and ably sustained characters of the tale. Historical events are largely mixed up with the story, are accurately stated, and ingeniously interwoven with the plot. So judicious a conducting of the narrative tends to fix upon the memory scenes and occurrences that a well educated person ought never to forget. Poetical justice, that is looked upon by a novel reader as his inalienable right, is but indifferently preserved, and after the perusal of the three volumes, notwithstanding the talent displayed in them, we feel dissatisfied. If we have not been exaggerated in our praise, the author must take it as an earnest of our sincerity, and a few ounces of judicious commendation is worth more than a ton of misplaced adulation. We use measures of weight for our simile, as we are convinced, that of weight our opinion has no mean proportion.

History of England, by Hume and Smollet; with a Continuation by the REV. T. S. HUGHES. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

The Third Volume of Hume's *England* is now before the public, embracing the time contained between the minority of Richard II. and the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. An eventful epoch, in which the destinies of the empire received a new direction, and which was silently preparing it for a great reformation in spiritual, as it had effected one in secular affairs. The engraved portraits are very good. The frontispiece is not of equal merit, though the design is after Northcote. The engraver has bungled the business. This is, however, but a minor defect, and much more than compensated for, by the goodness of the type, paper, and binding.

A Report of the State of Public Instruction in Prussia. By M. VICTOR COUSIN. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This translation will procure for itself, as it deserves, a general attention. It is introduced by Miss Austin, with a well-written preface, upon the merits of which there will not be a second opinion as to its zeal, but a vast diversity as to its doctrine. Education, to be serviceable, in a national point of view, ought to be universal, and we well know that it cannot be universal, without being compulsory; and, in these speculative matters we think compulsion most unwarrantable and disgusting. But what is education? We have a right to ask the question, as we feel assured that we should find much disagreement in the answer, were the interrogatory put to many persons of different creeds, and various modes of life. May not all training of the body and of the mind, in order to bring about certain results, and to produce certain duly qualified agents, be termed education? We think it may. If this be conceded, we have a right to assert, that at no time in England has education ceased to be universal, and, until the world had been so lately shaken by the march-of-intellect mania, education was, in this country, found to be competent to all good purposes, for we had then good husbandmen, good mechanics, good tradesmen, good sailors and soldiers; and we had also all those valuable, though subordinate classes, comparatively well off and happy. Now, that a majority in all these classes are impoverished, wretched and discontented, educate them and their children, say the doctrinaires; we have no objection, but do not tax us in order to pay for the experiment. The kingdom of Prussia is now held up to us as a model of a prettily behaved, docile, and docile nation. It is one mass of human beings, under the surveillance of eyes that never close, and under the operation of a drill that never ceases. From seven years of age until the grave affords its imperturbable rest, the government and its functionaries never cease to meet the Prussian—at home or abroad, in public conviviality or in social privacy. Over all this there is the seeming of liberality most artfully thrown, but the reality is, a vigilant and a searching tyranny—a systematic training of a whole nation to the subservience of one individual, to the preservation of one despotic will, and to that prostration of intellect over which autocracy so delights to gloat. Let those who think we are speaking too strongly but read this translation, and he will be convinced that we are actually tame on this subject. The government dictates to the nation of parents, under the fear of penal inflictions, not only what schools they shall use, but what those schools shall teach, and who also shall teach in them. And for all this complex and expensive machinery these parents must pay. It really reminds us of the tyranny of those pedagogues who flourished some thirty years back, who obliged the flagedelated to purchase the rods with which they were punished. The Prussian system is no example for us. Let education be as much as possible procurable by all classes, but no compulsion. We have honest Jack Falstaff's feelings upon that point: as he would not give a reason upon compulsion, though they were plenty as blackberries, so we would not receive a whole college full of it; admirable mental wealth as it is, were it forced upon us. We think that this sentiment would be very general among our countrymen.

Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding. By the ETRICK SHEPHERD. James Fraser, Regent Street.

As the Shepherd seems to deny all jurisdiction to the reviewers, or rather to deny the existence of such a class of culpables altogether, it

would be but justice to punish him, by the mortification of passing by his work with significant silence. We will not do so, nor will we visit his work with that severity that his sweeping accusations would seem to justify, when he says, in attempting to prove that the occupation of the legitimate reviewers is gone, "that it is no wonder, considering the woful want of candour and miserable political party spirit which have pervaded the *whole* of their (the reviewers') lucubrations, from the highest to the lowest." Now, as far as we are concerned, this we utterly deny. If the Shepherd could convict us of one illiberal bias, or any one act of assault for party purposes, or of defence for friendly interest, we are content that moment, to renounce our pens for ever. As the author seems to court candour, he shall have it, and let him not, like a spoilt child, grumble when he gets it. These lay sermons will not increase his reputation, and we will tell him why. Their merits, which are of a pleasing description, showing much of what is called mother wit, are profusely overlaid with the twaddle of common-place. We have no where, throughout the book, met with a sentiment that we have not seen elsewhere much better expressed, and, if he can show us one, we are content publicly to beg his pardon. Is the arrangement then new? No. What then are the recommendations of the book?—A simplicity, a good nature, and a single-heartedness, that give a charm even to the commonest subjects. Yet this *bonhomie* is sometimes very exacting, nay, even dictatorial, and it too often happens, that because a man is honest he is too proud of it, and this too oppressive consciousness will sometimes betray him into absurdities. We believe the Shepherd to be a pious, right-minded person; yet with all his humility, and all his piety, he tells us that the Holy Scriptures are not *altogether* readable; that he could have supplied some omissions to the precepts of the apostles; and finally, that logic and philosophy only serve to strengthen men's minds into atheism. We dare say that these are inadvertencies, or if not, he can explain them satisfactorily to his own conscience, but they have a strange effect in the perusal. There are some pleasant anecdotes interspersed in these sermons, of which we like "Reason and Instinct" best. By-the-by, while people are teaching morality, we think that they should not be making use of fiction as to mere assertion. But, however, on this point we feel ourselves in the wrong to insist, as the example has been set by the most eminent writers. If this work contain in its pages more merit than we can discover, we hope that the public will not be so blind as ourselves, and that we also shall contrive to be enlightened.

Emigration. Practical Advice to Emigrants, on all points connected with their Comfort and Economy, from making Choice of a Ship, to Settling in and Cropping a Farm. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This practical, common-sense pamphlet should be bought by every emigrant, and treasured by him as his *vade mecum*. In it there is nothing set down that may confuse those for whose service it is written. No attempt to found a system, or to build a theory. If a man has made up his mind to go, he will here find instructions as to the best way of going. The place of his destination is not, on the one hand, painted as an El Dorado, nor, on the other, described as an abyss of misery, sickness, and death. Truth is told in moderate and sensible language, and the useful is studied and achieved. The statistics at the end of this work are exceedingly valuable, and the whole shows evident signs of being the production of a man of sterling sense, well versed with business and the world, and whose advice may be fearlessly taken as that of an upright and intelligent person, who has made the best use of manifold opportunities.

Eustace Conway ; or, The Brother and Sister. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

We have contrived to get through these three volumes, and a heavy toilsome drag it has been. When we take up a novel, we expect to travel fast, to run over the ground with four horses ; and if we do not find much of interest during our journey, at all events it has been a rapid one. But here we have all the ruts and bogs of a *cross* road—and very *cross* were we before our journey was over. The writer of this work is what may be termed an “*unfledged philosopher* ;” he has attempted to fly before his wings are feathered, or his tail grown. From his repeated observations upon the universities, we have no hesitation in asserting that he is still at college. We can fancy him, with a book in his hand, sitting under a birch tree, (a few branches of which, well tied up, might still be useful to him,) crossing his legs, arranging his gown, squeezing his cap, and looking up to the sky like a dying magpie, fancying himself a Goëthe or a Byron. We will swear that he is one of this description, and that he has thus poured out his ill-digested, crude matter, which he has mistaken for philosophy, and sunned his pride in the contemplation of what the world will say to his book. Now, what we say to it is, that it is a very heavy, non-readable, inconsistent, and absurd sort of production ; and we earnestly recommend the author to wait some ten years before he attempts another. When his tail may have grown, and his wings have all their long feathers, then perhaps he may have arranged his ideas, and found out what he really means, which is more than we can pretend to do at present. As for his want of taste, or whatever it may be which may have induced him to make use of names at present before the public, we can only say, that whether done from ignorance of the world, or from *malice prepense*, the shaft will fall harmlessly to the ground, as no one, unless obliged to do so, as we have been, from a sense of duty, will ever get through his first volume.

The Naval Sketch Book ; or, The Service Afloat and Ashore. By the Author of “*Tales of a Tar.*” 2 vols. *Second Series.* Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

Captain Glasscock’s is the very best *forecastle* authority that ever yet made its appearance : his language of the common sailor is perfect ; if it has any fault, it is rather overcharged. Unfortunately, the truth of the picture is so correct, that it never can be but duly appreciated by sailors themselves, and landsmen, puzzled by a series of metaphors, to them almost incomprehensible, will feel inclined to throw down the book as a dead language, or an unknown tongue. But to us, who have been bred up to this *lingua franca*, and who can talk it as fluently as our own language, there is a great source of enjoyment. We can fancy ourselves an officer of the middle watch, and just stepping forward from our eternal up-and-down wild-beast-like tramp on the quarter-deck, and with our elbow on the hammock-rail, just a few feet before the main tack (perceived or unperceived, for the sailors would not stop because we were there) listening to the quaint remarks, the good sense so shrewdly expressed, and the feeling for the beautiful, wrapped up in such curious metaphor, which is part and parcel of the true English sailor. Not that the whole of these two volumes is composed of sea dialogue. There are other points discussed with great acumen and good sense, and written in plain English. The chase is very well told in sailor’s dialect, and is very comprehensible to any reader. We do not however agree that *tiny Tom* was exactly correct in his manœuvres when the man fell overboard. The most judicious plan is, to put the helm down immediately, let the ship go

about, squaring the mainyard in stays. You then near your object, and bring it to leeward, instead of to windward; the boat is sooner to the man's assistance, and you are much better able to distinguish him than when left in the wake of the ship. But this is a matter of opinion, and after all has nothing to do with the real merits of the work. We wish Captain Glasscock would write more than he does, and give us three volumes in his own style, that he may remain as a record of the "*Traffgar Jack*," before he is run down by the march of intellect, over the wave.

P. S. I say, Glasscock, why don't you take your hammocks out of the quarter-deck nettings, before you turn in your main dead eyes afresh? No tar in your barkey?

National Lyrics, and Songs for Music, and Hymns for Childhood.
By FELICIA HEMANS. W. Curry, Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

All who love poetry are familiar with Mrs. Hemans' muse. We do not yet award to her poetical breathings the high title of "*National Lyrics*," and yet we will not say that they do not deserve it, but we think that the honour ought not to have been self-imposed. The first volume contains a multifarious collection of poems and songs, as various in beauty as they are in metre, none of which descend beneath mediocrity, and many attain positive excellence. But still, with all the talents that the gifted authoress has displayed, the book, as a reading book, is but a dull affair, a lengthened perusal of which is heavily wearisome. We are cloyed with a concentration of sweets. A dip and away, and the poems then will be duly estimated. Any one of these little compositions, taken singly, cannot fail to be pleasing, but when they are drawn up in battalion, they lose their power, or are powerful only in a narcotic sense. The other little volume, "*Hymns for Childhood*," in its gorgeous array of gold and crimson, is altogether a pleasing publication. The verbiage of the hymns is a little too scholastic for infancy, but a kind tutor, or a parent, can remedy that defect by explanation. "*The Child's First Grief*," is eminently beautiful, and as simple as it is touching; had we room we would extract the whole of it.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By ROBERT MACNISH, Author of "*The Anatomy of Drunkenness*." Second Edition. W. R. McPhunn, Glasgow.

This is an amusing volume. The reader will find, that though it treats of sleep, it is an excellent somnifuge. In many points of view this book is valuable. No one can dispute that sleep is a blessing or a curse, accordingly as it is used or abused; yet from habit and example, few know how fully to make the most of what ought to be at once so conducive to health and to happiness. All may here gain much information on the subject. The chapters on dreaming, with all its various modifications, are highly interesting, as well as philosophical. That on spectral illusions cannot be too generally read, as all are liable to them; and it is a fearful thing to reflect on, that superstitious horrors too often render fatal the delusions of mere indisposition. That this work has created for itself a call for a second edition, is a more flattering testimony to its merits than any words we can use, and must be our apology for not dwelling longer upon that which has added so much to our information, and no less to our amusement.

Faust. A Tragedy, translated from the German of Goëthe. By DAVID SYME. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

Among the many that we have seen, next to Haydon's prose translation, we like this the best, and we give the preference to the prose only because we get more precisely at the exact meaning of every word that Goëthe wrote. The present translation reads exceedingly well in metre, and has a much more finished and artist-like appearance than any we have yet read. Taking it for granted that Haydon's prose is an exact transcript of the thoughts of the original, we find that the blank verse of Mr. Syme is remarkably close to the meaning of the great German, and shows great skill in the art of versification. The author ought not to be chagrined at our preference of the prose version, for he may depend upon it, that had any one in a metrical translation exceeded even the beauty of the German original, there would have been still a call for a literal construction, and a decided partiality to it when it appeared. The lyrical parts of Mr. Syme's work are really of a very superior description; he seems to have felt the beauties of his author, and the mantle of his genius has been borrowed for a time, if not wholly appropriated. How many more translations the world may have to pass judgment on, no one can predict, and we shall doubt that there will be a better metrical one till we see it.

The Stoic; or, Memoirs of Eurystenes, the Athenian. By JANE KENDERLY STANDFORD. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

A tale at once pleasing and pious, and placing in striking contrast the harsh doctrines of stoicism, and the soothing precepts of Christianity. The scene is laid at Athens, at a period when Christianity was just emerging into light, and rising to warm to eternal life the Gentile and the heathen. At a time when its practice was dangerous, and to proselyte was death, the daughter of the Stoic receives from her converted mother, that faith, that gives to the heart, "the peace that passeth all understanding." And from thence commences the series of trials to both father and daughter; and, where the stern stoic trembled and succumbed, the mild Christian remained unshaken, and triumphed. It is certainly a sweet tale, and the costume of the times is admirably preserved. It is really a story of other days; and the awfulness of antiquity rises upon us as we read its eloquent pages.

The Lay of Life; a Poem. By HANS BUSK. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court.

We will dismiss this poem in a few words. We do not understand it. It would be presumption in us, and injustice to the author, to give an opinion upon a work that we profess not to comprehend. As life itself is a mystery, so is this, the lay that celebrates it. We can compare it to nothing else but a tessellated pavement, formed with variegated stones, many of them precious—which are meant to represent something—some vast chimera, that is wholly beyond the power of our understanding; we see nothing consecutive, no design, and acknowledge no completion. The reader may be less puzzled and more gratified than ourselves, for what is obscure upon a great scale is always imposing. If the "Lay of Life" be destined to live, we shall perhaps see, at a future time, some commentary upon it—we may then edify and understand. In the "Lyra Attica" (a title confident enough) there are some pretty verses; yet even many of these have a sad tendency towards the incomprehensible.

The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Cochran and Co., Waterloo Place. Second Volume.

This, the second volume of Burns's poetry, which we received too late to notice the previous month, contains many of his most approved works, among which the "Cotter's Saturday Night" will hold an honourable distinction. The most remarkable of these poetical gems are enhanced by very elegant pendants, in the shape of excellent observations, by Allan Cunningham, the talented and most appropriate editor. This edition seems to bid fair to become worthy of the genius of this, the bard of whom Scotland has so much reason to be proud, and, we have no doubt but that it will be held, by the public in commensurate estimation, and be crowned with deserved success. The frontispiece and vignette that really embellish this volume are designed with taste, and both delicately and forcibly engraved.

The Cabinet Annual Register and Historical, Political, Biographical and Miscellaneous Chronicle, for the Year 1833. Henry Washbourne, Salisbury Square; Robert Cadell, Edinburgh.

This is essentially a library book. It is a gathering up yearly of those single sheaves, which hereafter are to be garnered together in the form of national history. A well-arranged epitome of all the striking events of the year is excellent as a reference, and ought to be thought indispensable in the house of every gentleman. There is nothing left us to wish for in the arrangement of this work; though only a selection, it is ample in its information, and the compiler has displayed much tact in dwelling most upon those facts that embrace the greatest interest.

Illustrations of Social Depravity. No. I. "*Who is the Gentleman?*" By JOHN REID. John Reid, Glasgow; William Tait, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

Brief and bitter. This is a severe medicine, that those on whom it might have a good effect, will not only not take, but will not even approach, and where it will be received eagerly, we think that it will tend rather to exasperate than heal. As it teaches the first and best of all lessons—every man, according to his intrinsic worth, to respect himself—it is our duty to recommend it. But we hope that the reader will not confound classes with, and condemn them for, individuals.

A Popular History of Priestcraft, in all Ages and Nations. By WM. HOWIT. Effingham Wilson. Third Edition.

We noticed the first edition of this work, and our notice was noticed by the author; with which, however, we do not quarrel, the more especially, as he concedes to us the distinction of wisdom. Looking at the troublous aspect of the social world, we do not yet see reason to alter our first opinion; we, therefore, cannot possibly have any thing more to say upon the subject.

An Outline of Sacred Geography, with References. By ALEXANDER REID, A.M. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

A well-arranged and diligently composed little manual, necessary to the perfect understanding of the Holy Scriptures.

The Sacred Classics, or Cabinet of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. Messrs. CATTERMOLE and STEBBING. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

The introductory essay to this, the fourth volume of this truly Christian work, is a grave and every way fitting herald for the important subject that it introduces. It is, at once, both elegant and logical, and gave us sincere pleasure in the perusal. The subject that occupies this volume, is Spiritual Perfection, by Dr. Bates, one of the Chaplains of King Charles the Second. It is a masterly performance, and in it, learning is made most gracefully ancillary to holiness. Here all is reason, quiet, cogent, and convincing; and how infinitely preferable to the misguided appeals to enthusiasm, and the working upon excited passions, that is so often the practice of some most worthy and popular preachers and writers of the present day! Christianity, and its mild precepts, require no other aid to make them loved and held tenaciously to the heart, than the most simple explanation. To become a good Christian it is necessary only to understand well. The volume now under our notice will really prove a solace in the closet, when the mind loves to meditate, and the bosom is expanding with grateful worship.

Biblical Extracts, from the History of the Creation to the Institution of the Regal Dignity in the Jewish Nation. Baynes and Harris, Gracechurch Street.

This little work forms an abstract of Sacred History, for the time that it embraces, in the words of the Bible itself. The purchase of this book will be the saving of time and trouble to the preceptor and the parent.

Family Classical Library. No. LII. A. J. Valpy, M. A., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This number contains the eighth and last volume of the historian Livy, with a list of the contents of the lost books—a loss that the literary world will never cease to regret. Mr. Baker, the translator, has done his part well, and effectually seconded the enterprising efforts of the publishers. We have merely to notice the issuing of the volume, for commendation of a work already in such high public estimation would, on our parts, be superfluous.

The Vigil of a Young Soldier. ANON. C. Chapple, Pall Mall.

Verses indiscriminately huddled together, without any other apparent end or aim than to show the world the author could write them, is the characteristic of this poem. It contains some passages of merit, many of mediocrity, and still more below it. Short as it is, it is anything but a vigil to read this attempt; drowsiness, and not watchfulness, is the effect.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Curate of Marsden, or Pastoral Conversations between a Minister and his Parishioners, by E. and M. Attersoll. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- The Anatomy of the Human Eye, by John Dalrymple. 8vo. 12s.
- The Second Fasciculus of Anatomical Drawings, selected from the Collection of Morbid Anatomy in the Army Medical Museum at Chatham. Folio, 21s.
- Catalogue of Preparations, &c. in Morbid, Natural, and Comparative Anatomy, contained in the Museum of the Army Medical Department, Fort Pitt, Chatham. 8vo. 5s.
- Matthias's Greek Grammar abridged, 4th edition. 12mo. 3s.
- The Accidence, separate. 2s.
- Davidson's Pocket Commentary on the New Testament. 24mo. 4s.
- Selections from the Conversations, &c. of the Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. 32mo. 2s. 6d. silk; 2s. cloth.
- Wright's School Orator, 5th edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Whately's Elements of Logic, 5th edition, with Additions. 8vo. 12s.
- The Juvenile Spectator, by Arabella Argus. 12mo. 6s.
- The Amaranth, a Selection of Religious Pieces in Prose. 32mo. 3s. 6d. silk, 2s. 6d. bds.
- Dr. Brookes's General Atlas of Modern Geography. 8vo. 12s.
- A New Treatise on Chess, by George Walker, 2d edition, enlarged. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- An Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place, London, By Edward L. Blackburn, Architect. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- A Series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding, by the Ettrick Shepherd. 12mo. 7s.
- Medical Case-Book. Oblong, 3s. 6d.
- A Spelling and Reading-Book, upon new principles, by the Rev. J. F. Denham. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- The Royal Parisian Pastry-Cook and Confectioner, by M. A. Carême. 8vo. 12s.
- Abbott's Child at Home, Part II. 32mo. 1s. cloth; complete, 2s. cloth.
- Reece's Medical Annual for 1834. royal 8vo. 5s.
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- Treatise on the Hair. 24mo. 1s.
- Progressive Exercises in English Composition, by R. G. Parker, A. M., 2d edition. 12mo. 3s.
- Cruikshank's Cabinet Library of Fun. royal 18mo. 3d Series, 7s.
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- The Conspiracy, a Venetian Romance. 3 vols, post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
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- Sir Harford Jones Brydges' Account of His Majesty's Mission to the Court of Persia. 2 vols. 8vo. plates, 28s.
- Sir James Sutherland's Map of part of Persia, forming a companion to Sir H. J. Brydges' Mission to Persia, 3 sheets, coloured, 21s.
- Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Vol. I. 8vo. 10s.
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- Sermons, by John Buxton Marsden, M.A. 12mo. 6s.
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Milhouse's Destinies of Man. 12mo. 5s.

Nautical Magazine, Vol. II. for 1833. 8vo. 13s. 6d.

Nautical Magazine, Vol. I. 11s. 6d.

Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works. Vol. III. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works, 3 vols. complete. royal 8vo. 4l. 13s. 6d.

Part III. of the Second Edition, greatly enlarged, of Billington's Architectural Director.

Memoirs of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the late Rowland Hill, M.A., by William Jones, M.A., with Fifteen Sermons, as delivered in the eighty-ninth and last year of his Life.

A Voice from the Counting House, by Raymond Percival. 1s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A Treatise on Field Fortification, and other subjects connected with the Duties of the Field Engineer. Illustrated with Twelve Plates, by J. S. Macaulay, Captain in the corps of Royal Engineers. In one volume duodecimo, with the Plates in oblong quarto.

The Second Edition of the Life of the original Laurie Todd, entitled Forty Years' Residence in America; or, the Doctrine of a Particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thornburn, Seedsman of New York. Written by Himself; with an Introduction, by John Galt, Esq. Illustrated with a Portrait.

The new Novel, "Speculation," by the author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," is, we understand, nearly ready for publication. The talent and success of Miss Pardoe's first work on Portugal, which has, we observe, already reached a second edition, will induce us to look with considerable expectation to her first novel. Miss Pardoe possesses all the requisites for a successful writer, and we have no doubt she will become one.

The Case of the Church of England. 12mo.

The State and Prospects of Toryism in 1834. 8vo.

In occasional 8vo. vols.—Archaeographia: being a Series of Papers on several Antiquarian and Scientific Subjects relating to, or connected with, the History and Chronology of the Jews, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Chinese, and other ancient nations; the Physical History of the Universe; and the progress of Religion, Civilization, and Knowledge. Read before the Royal Society of Literature, published in several periodical Journals, and others not before promulgated. Including Memoirs on the Hieroglyphic Symbols and the Chronological Machinery of the Inspired Writings; on the Hieroglyphic Records and Mythology of Egypt, the Destination and Epochs of the Pyramids, the Spheres, Zodiacs, and Calendars of the Ancients, the Arrow-head Inscriptions and Monuments of Babylon and Persepolis; together with Tests for the solution of several problems in Sacred and Profane History and Institutions, and in Science, as connected with Revelation; a restoration of the Historical Canons of the Proto-chronographer Julius Africanus: and other Subjects connected with the History of Man and of Nature. By Isaac Cullimore, M.R.S.L.

Remains of the late Alexander Knox, Esq., of Dublin; containing Letters and Essays on the Doctrines and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive Character of the Church of England.

Miss Isabel Hill's Novel, "Brother Tragedians," will appear in the middle of May. Its announcement has already excited much interest among the admirers of her former works.

Retzsch, the German Artist, whose Shakspeare's Illustrations have acquired for him a European reputation, has just consigned to English Publishers some exquisite designs, which are to appear under the title of "Retzsch's Fancies."

A Second Edition of Dr. Wardlaw's Lectures on Christian Ethics.

Early in May, the Correspondence of John Jebb, D.D. F.R.S., Bishop of Limerick, with Alexander Knox, Esq., from 1799 to 1831.

An Original Essay on Primitive Preaching. By John Petherick, Minister of the Gospel, Totness.

Under the direction of his Executors, a uniform Edition of the Works of the Rev. Daniel Isaac, including his latest Corrections, and several Posthumous Treatises, never before published : together with a Memoir of his Life.

FINE ARTS.

We shall, in our next, give a detailed account of the works of art in the various exhibitions now open to the public ; several of which merit the attention of all who take a just pride in the rapid advance of their country towards the perfection of civilization, among these the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, claims distinguished notice.

Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street ; Chapman and Hall, Strand ; J. Cumming, Dublin ; John Menzies, Edinburgh ; T. Wardle, Philadelphia ; Rittner, Paris ; and Asher, Berlin.

This, the eighth number, commences with a moonlight view of the Abbey of Melrose. These splendid ruins have been long familiar to the public by the means of numerous engravings that have been taken of drawings of this justly celebrated place. The sky in the one before us is well managed, and the catchlights that relieve the dark mass of masonry, have a very pleasing effect ; yet we think that a more imposing view might have been taken. The building is too remote from the spectator. "The Lady Clare" is one of the sweetest ornaments that have yet embellished this series. Were we to dwell upon its attractions, we should be infallibly betrayed into poetry, for it is really a fascinating subject for contemplation. The artist and engraver both deserve to be recorded. The former is T. Phillips, Esq. R.A., the latter H. Robinson, Esq. "Dumferline" is a characteristic plate for the work it is intended to illustrate, though feebly engraved. "Coatsfells of Arran," a wild, mountainous and romantic view—a noisy solitude ; we can almost fancy, in looking upon it, that we can hear the dash of the many-voiced waters, as they foam over the descending ledges of the rocks. The marking and handling of this plate is too coarse. The design deserved a more elaborate manipulation. The Alhambra gives us a good idea of that splendid specimen of Moriscan architecture ; but the representation wants an artist-like effect.

Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by STANFIELD, TURNER, &c. Engraved by W. and E. FINDEN. With Descriptions by the Rev. T. H. HORNE. John Murray, Albemarle Street ; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

The second number is now before the public, and worthily follows in the steps of its predecessor. It contains a view of Sidon, drawn by Turner, R.A., from a sketch by C. Barry, Esq., engraved by W. Finden. The impression that this engraving conveys to the spectator, is that of a mighty, elemental commotion. The sea comes roaring in with its giant voice, and the clouds are rushing with violence across the heavens. The city with its bridge, its fortifications, and minarets, vast as they seem, are only made accessories to the general effect of the delineation. Altogether this is excellent ; but had we seen the coloured drawing, we think that we should have found all this spoiled. Turner is always best in an engraving. The second plate is a view of the interior of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It must be interesting to all Christians : it would have been much more so, had the temple not been overlaid by so much votive, yet tawdry, architecture. This, how-

ever, is no fault of the artists. The street in Jerusalem is picturesque, and mournfully indicative of ruined greatness. It is called the "Via dolorosa," or Street of Grief, on account of the tradition, that through this street our Saviour was led, when delivered up to Pontius Pilate. "Nazareth" is shown to us in one of Turner's, not nature's, hazy sunsets. There is nothing to recommend this plate, excepting the associations connected with it. Altogether this is a highly interesting number.

Illustrations of the Bible, from Original Paintings made expressly by
RICHARD WESTALL, Esq. R.A. and JOHN MARTIN, Esq. the Painter of
Belshazzar's Feast. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

What is, in this undertaking, the most remarkable, is its excessive cheapness. This number contains wood-cuts only, yet still they are of the first description, and convey adequate ideas of the paintings of the artists who have devoted themselves to this work. This, the first number, contains eight impressions, all of which have been before the public in larger form and in splendid engravings. We augur well for the success of these illustrations, and trust that every care will be taken that the blocks be placed in the hands of the very best workmen.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We referred last month to two causes that impeded manufacturing and commercial industry generally, and to one that pressed partially upon it. The two first were the proceedings of the Trades' Unions, and the state of the American market. These two causes still remain with very trifling present amelioration. The Trades' Unions must ultimately die a natural death. They have the elements of decay within them, and the leaders of them have virtually acknowledged in a recently published statement relating to their body, that the measure was a failure. Still in their decline they will materially embarrass the commercial relations of the country, as the late exhibition in the metropolis, without reference to any other place, fully exemplifies. On the 21st instant business was nearly suspended in the docks, in warehouses, in manufactories, and shops; and when the immense mass of transactions in one single working day in this vast emporium of commerce are considered, the loss to capitalists, to the operatives, and to the public at large, may in some degree be appreciated. A sail down the river from Blackfriars Bridge to Greenwich, may give a general outline of the loss occasioned by so idle and unprofitable a day as that of the 21st, when the busy scenes usually going on at the wharfs and warehouses on the banks of the Thames, were converted into Trades' Union processions, and the men, who on ordinary occasions would be, and whose proper sphere is, to endeavour to get an honest livelihood for themselves and families, converted into the ready dupes of designing demagogues, whose only object is to make money by the deception they can practise upon the credulity of the working classes.

The late advices from America state that two or three days previous to the 19th of March, the day on which the packet sailed, the money market was rather easier; but this circumstance, taking it for granted that it is progressive, can have no effect at present upon the state of trade between this country and America. It appears that large supplies of specie had been imported into the United States from this country and South America; in the one instance, in payment for raw cotton, and in the other, in payment for flour. The present remittances would have been made from England in goods instead of money, if the late derangement of public credit in the United States had not occurred.

Of the circumstance that has partially interrupted the free exercise of manufacturing industry, we will now speak. We allude to the high price of wool, which had materially affected trade in the west riding of Yorkshire when we last wrote. The raw material had reached such a price, that manufacturers could not execute orders. Casual circumstances prevented this inconvenience from coming suddenly; but since our last, it has been seriously felt. The general opinion now is, that the value of the raw material must decline, and the consequence is, that large holders are bringing out their stocks. This has relieved the manufacturers, who are now doing business upon better terms; and if, as it is asserted, the stocks of wool throughout England and the continent, are not so short as was anticipated, prices must permanently decline. In the meantime, speculators for the rise in the raw material are exerting every effort to sustain the market.

The indigo sale at the India House has gone off with great spirit, at an advance, as compared with the previous sale, of 2*d.* per lb. It was a small declaration, under 4000 chests, and the impression amongst the trade is, that the general stock of this merchandize is short, and that cultivation of it is narrowing. Since the sale, parcels have been changing hands at a further advance of 2*d.* as compared with the sale that is just ended.

It may be useful to some of our readers to know, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will make no alteration in the spirit duties until he receives the report of the Excise Committee, which cannot be made in time for this session.

The advices from the continent, as to the general state of trade in all the mercantile towns, are very satisfactory, and orders for produce and manufactured goods have been freely received. In Holland every branch of commerce is flourishing. We will give one instance in illustration of this assertion. A cooper in this town, who employs a great number of men, has been much hindered in his business by the *strike* amongst the journeymen, as it is technically termed, and applied to a gentleman largely connected with Holland to procure him two or three hundred Dutch coopers. The answer received was, that such was the activity of trade throughout the Dutch territory, that the writer did not believe ten unemployed coopers could be found in it. A few might be met with up the Rhine, but that was very uncertain; "and yet," adds the letter, "although there is a scarcity of hands in this country, artizans are not acting here, as they are doing in England at this time—endeavouring to force their masters to give higher wages than they can afford. We have no combinations in Holland. Masters and workmen are contented with each other."

The continental and home demand for produce and manufactured goods continues very steady; but the colonial demand is languid, for articles generally required among the inhabitants of British dependencies. Since our last, another extensive failure has taken place at Calcutta, which has given a fresh shock to credit in India, and consequently but few orders for piece goods and other merchandize, applicable for the Indian market, will be given. Orders for the West Indies are also limited, and the commercial embarrassment in the United States has crippled the means of Canada as to her consumption of European goods. These, however, are only temporary causes of a diminution of demand, and if no sudden political event arises involving the peace of Europe, there is every prospect of general commercial activity, although, as must always be the case, partial interruptions to it may occur.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 25th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 214 half, 15 half.—Indian Ditto, 260, 1.—Consols, 91 one-eighth, quarter.—Ditto Account, 91 one-quarter, three-eighths.—Reduced, 90 one-eighth, quarter.—Ditto Three and a Half, 97 seven-eighths, 8.—New Three and a Half Per Cents. 98 seven-eighths, 9.—Four Per Cents. 102 one-eighth, three-eighths.—India Bonds, 29, 31.—Exchequer Bills, 49, 50.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian, 90 half, 100.—Brazil, 72 three-quarters, 3 quarter.—Columbian, 26 one-quarter,

three-quarters.—Danish, 73 three-quarters, 4 quarter.—Dutch, 95 and quarter, half.—Ditto, Two and a Half, 50 one-quarter, three-eighths.—Greek Anglo, 112.—Ditto Russian and French, 100.—Mexican, 40 one-quarter, three-quarters.—Portuguese, 73 three-eighths, five-eighths.—Russian 104 half, 5.—Spanish 34 half, three-quarters.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8 half, 9.—Bolanos, 120 half, 132 half.—Brazil, 61, 2.—Columbian, 11, 12.—Delmonte, 33 half, 4 half.—United Mexicans, 7 three-quarters, 8 quarter.—Canada, 48, 9.—British Iron, 31, 2.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—There was a disposition in English securities during the early part of last month to advance, but the apprehension of capitalists as to the proceedings of the Trades' Unions caused large sales, and Consols drooped for many days previous to the 21st. After that day the advance recommenced, and the price in the annexed list is nearly one per cent. higher than the lowest point that the alarm we have noticed produced. Peninsular bonds have been in extensive demand, at improving prices, but there has been very little doing in other foreign stocks.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 25, TO APRIL 18, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

March 25.—J. Paul, Paternoster Row, bookseller.—C. F. Graseman, Liverpool Street, merchant.—R. Chambers, Chirk Bank, Shropshire, shopkeeper.—C. D. Metcalf, Birmingham, grocer.—T. Walley, Stafford, shoe manufacturer.—J. Twist, Rhyddlan, Flintshire, timber merchant.—E. Mousley, Haunton, Stafford, malster.—T. Morris, Derby, draper.—B. H. Bullock, Bath, wine merchant.—J. Bainbridge, Richmond, Yorkshire, ironmonger.

March 28.—J. J. Davis, Newbury, upholsterer.—D. Good, Surrey Canal Basin, Camberwell, timber merchant.—E. A. Beecraft, Curzon Street, Mayfair, embroiderer.—P. Goldring, Brighton, builder.—M. March, Sen., Gosport, Hampshire, wine merchant.—F. T. Jeyes, Wootton, near Northampton, malster.—J. Jones, Monythasloyne, miller.

April 1.—C. O. Rooks, Eagle Wharf, Southwark, coal merchant.—B. and H. Joseph, Bristol, jewellers.—H. Brettargh, Manchester, hat manufacturer.—G. Bailey, Rudge, Shropshire, victualler.

April 4.—J. and C. H. Metivier, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—P. Youngman, Chatham, bookseller.—R. Blackburn, Basinghall Street, surgeon.—G. Statham, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, tailor.—J. Poynton, Covent Garden Market, victualler.—S. Harris, and D. Reeve, Minories, linen drapers.—J. Hickling, Warwick, brick maker.—M. Snelson, Nottinghamshire, lace manufacturer.—G. Wragg, Sheffield, table-knife manufacturer.—D. Steber, Dover, watchmaker.—J. Glover, Wigan, Lancashire, draper.—J. Doughty, Bristol, tavern keeper.

April 8.—J. Briggs, Lawrence Lane, Nor-

wich, silk warehouseman, and Victoria Bazaar, High Holborn, dealer in French goods.—W. Boys, Eastbourne, wine merchant.—G. W. Rhors and F. W. Jacob, Mark Lane, Corn factors.—D. Morphew, Dover, chemist.—R. Gooch, Birmingham, grocer.—J. A. Richardson, Cannon Row, Westminster.—R. Moffit, Horselydown Lane and Shad Thames, Horselydown, mealman.—I. Smart, Brydges Street, shell fishmonger.—E. Sharpe, Lincoln, merchant.—T. Padley, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, victualler.—D. Pincas, Devonport, silversmith.—W. Battie, Sheffield, silver plater.

April 11.—W. Hardcastle, late of Beaufort Place, Chelsea, ironmonger.—T. Askey, Leadenhall Street, jeweller.—T. C. Davies, Wrexham, grocer.—T. Barnett, Barford, Warwickshire, butcher.—W. Philpott, late of Penmain, Monmouthshire, coal merchant.—T. Harding, Worcester, glove manufacturer.—D. Hadden, Liverpool, iron manufacturer.

April 15.—R. Merry, Norwich, corn merchant.—S. Huckerby, Scalford, fell-monger.—W. Cooke, Hereford, coal merchant.—P. Bretherton, Liverpool, stage-coach proprietor.

April 18.—D. Shepherd, Hereford Place, Commercial Road, Haberdasher.—J. Nation, Birmingham, turner.—W. A. Jarrin, Quadrant, Regent Street, confectioner.—H. Binstead, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, dealer in cigars.—J. Hunter, Cheapside, shoemaker.—M. Wertheim, Friday Street, foreign warehouseman.—W. Battle, Sheffield, silver plater.—J. Tregoning, Manchester, merchant.—S. West, Swathling, Southampton, fell-monger.—A. West, Wilton, Wiltshire, fell-monger.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
March					
23	37-51	29,90-29,70	W. b. S.	,075	General cloud.
24	39-49	29,08-29,73	N.W.		General cloud, rain at times.
25	31-44	29,79-29,85	N. b. W.	,025	Cloudy, a few flakes of snow in the afternoon.
26	24-45	29,99-29,90	N.W.		Generally clear.
27	33-57	29,80-29,71	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times.
28	38-49	29,63-29,58	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times.
29	39-53	29,56-29,66	S.W.	,05	Clear.
30	31-49	29,74-29,86	S.W. & S.		Clear.
31	30-48	29,93-29,99	S.W.		Clear.
April					
1	33-49	29,98-29,91	S.		Clear, except the morning.
2	40-53	30,01-30,09	S.E.	,075	Raining generally during the day.
3	45-55	30,17-30,24	S.E.	,4	Cloudy.
4	40-55	30,44-30,46	N.W.		Generally clear.
5	33-57	30,40-30,33	N.W.		Generally clear.
6	30-58	30,20-30,17	S.E.		Generally clear.
7	26-57	30,23-30,24	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	34-51	30,16-30,11	N.E.		General cloud.
9	37-54	30,10-30,18	N.E.		General cloud.
10	27-47	30,24-30,21	N.E.		Cloudy, a few flakes of snow at times.
11	26-47	30,14-30,02	N.E.		Generally clear.
12	30-44	29,93-29,88	N.		Freq. showers of hail, one at 3 p.m. with thunder.
13	33-47	29,90-29,99	N.E.	,05	Cloudy, except the evening.
14	24-51	30,07-30,19	N.E.		Generally clear.
15	27-53	30,27-30,33	S.E.		Generally clear.
16	29-55	30,37-30,39	E.		Generally clear.
17	33-57	30,40-30,44	N.E.		Generally clear.
18	35-59	30,40-30,37	N.W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
19	39-51	30,34-30,29	N.W.		Generally clear.
20	31-55	30,23-30,18	N.		Generally clear.
21	34-58	30,14-30,11	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
22	39-60	30,09-30,06	N.E.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Ramsey, of Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square, Middlesex, Esq. for certain improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music and other books. February 26th, 6 months.

V. Nolte, of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, in the City of London, Esq. for an improved hydraulic power engine. February 27th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Deanstown Works, in the Parish of Kilmadock, Perth, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for carding cotton, flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous materials. February 27th, 6 months.

J. D. Harding, of Gordon Square, Middlesex, Artist, for certain improvements on pencil, pen, and chalk cases or holders. February 27th, 6 months.

J. Whitehorn, of Manchester, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Machinest, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cutting screws. February 27th, 6 months.

R. H. Goddard, of Woolwich, Kent, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of weighing-machines, and in the mode, manner, or method of ascertaining, registering, and indicating the number of operations or quantity of work performed by weighing, measuring, or numbering apparatus or machines. February 27th, 6 months.

T. J. Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing of nails. February 27th, 6 months.

W. A. Archbald, a Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy, at present residing at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, Middlesex, for a certain improvement in the making of sugars. February 27th, 6 months.

H. Pinkus, late of Pennsylvania, in the United States of America, now of North Crescent, Bedford Square, Gentleman, for an improved method of, or apparatus for, communicating and transmitting or extending motive power, by means whereof carriages or waggons may be propelled on railways or common roads, and vessels may be propelled on canals. March 1st, 6 months.

T. J. Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an improvement in the shape or form of nails, spikes, and bolts. March 6th, 6 months.

W. Morgan, of the Kent Road, Surrey, Esq., for improvements in certain kinds of steam engines. March 13th, 6 months.

J. A. Manton, late of Calcutta, in the East Indies, but now residing with his Brother at the Small Gun Office, in the Tower of London, Gun Maker, for certain improvements in fire arms. March 13th, 6 months.

J. I. Hawkins, of Pancras Vale, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improved instruments for facilitating the cure of disease by administering galvanic influence into the human body. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 13th, 6 months.

J. J. Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making rivets and screw blanks or bolts. Communicated by a foreigner deceased. March 18th, 6 months.

J. J. Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. Communicated by a foreigner deceased. March 18th, 6 months.

S. Slocum, of the New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails. March 18th, 6 months.

S. Slocum, of the New Road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for making pins. March 18th, 6 months.

J. Paterson Reid, of the City of Glasgow, Merchant, and T. Johnson, of the same place, Mechanic, for certain improvements applicable to certain looms for weaving different sorts of cloth. March 20th, 6 months.

H. Crane, of Wolverhampton, Stafford, and J. Young, of the same place, Patent Lock Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the making or manufacturing and forming of iron for hoops of casks, and other purposes. March 20th, 6 months.

T. Baker, of No. 19, Upper Stamford Street, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction or mechanism of chronometers, watches, and clocks; and which may also be applicable to other mechanical purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 20th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MAY 1, 1834.

House of Lords, March 17.—The North American Postage Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 18.—Lord Durham named the 24th of April for the second reading of the Warwick Disfranchisement Bill.—The Judgments' Bill was read a second time.

March 20.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of substituting declarations in lieu of oaths, in certain cases.—Lord Warncliffe gave notice that, after the recess, he would bring forward a motion respecting secondary punishments.

March 21.—Earl Grey presented a petition from the University of Cambridge in favour of the claims of Dissenters, and especially of their claim to be admitted to take degrees without the imposition of any oath inconsistent with their peculiar tenets, which produced much discussion.—The petition was laid upon the table.

March 24.—Several petitions were presented, some in favour of dissenters, some for the protection of the established church, and some for the better observance of the sabbath.—The Marquis of Lansdowne laid on the table an order in

council for carrying into effect in the island of Jamaica the provisions of the act of last session for the abolition of colonial slavery.—The Earl of Rossbery presented two bills for the purpose of altering the law of entail in Scotland.—The bills were read a first time, and the noble earl gave notice that, after the second reading, he would move that they be referred to a select committee.

March 25.—The qualification indemnity bill, the pensions' duties' bill, and the consolidated fund bill were read a third time and passed.—The Stafford disfranchisement bill was brought up from the Commons, and, on the motion of Lord Ellenborough, read a first time.—On the motion of the same noble lord, it was ordered that a message be sent to the commons, requesting a copy of the report and minutes of evidence on which the bill is founded.

March 26.—Several petitions were presented, and among them one from dissenters of the city of Edinburgh and the town of Leith, by the Lord Chancellor, which prayed that an end might be put to all taxation for the support of the established church, both in England and Scotland; and that the property and revenues of the established church, in both parts of the United Kingdom, might be devoted to civil and religious uses, having, at the same time, due regard to the present incumbents.—The Lord Chancellor laid on the table a measure to remove the chief inconveniences which at present attend the administration of justice in the metropolis.—Its principal provisions were—the increase of the Old Bailey sessions from eight to twelve annually, and the extension of the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey all over Middlesex, over a part of Surrey and Kent, and over a small portion of Essex; thus vesting the administration of the law in the king's justices, instead of in mere justices of the peace, and getting rid of a number of very ill-constituted tribunals for the trial of criminal offences, especially that most unsatisfactory one at the sessions-house on Clerkenwell Green, composed of Middlesex magistrates.—The bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The House then adjourned to the 14th of April.

April 14.—Nothing of importance.

April 15.—Nothing of interest.

April 16.—The Lord Chancellor moved for certain returns connected with the progress of education; a subject of considerable interest to the morals of the people. The learned lord concluded by moving for "a return of the charities in the following counties," with the list of which he should not trouble their lordships.

April 17.—The Earl of Warwick presented a petition from the master batters of London, for the suppression of trades' unions.

April 18.—Nothing of consequence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 11.—Dr. Lushington, and other members, presented several petitions from Dissenters, when a good deal of discussion arose upon the question of separating the Church from the State.—Sir A. Agnew moved for leave to bring in a Bill to promote the better observance of the Lord's Day.—Mr. J. B. Chichester, in seconding the motion, said he could not support the Bill if its provisions were at all similar to those of the Bill introduced last year.—Leave was given to bring in the Bill.—Sir A. Agnew then obtained leave to bring in a Bill to explain and amend certain acts relative to the observance of the Lord's Day in Scotland.—The same hon. member then moved for leave to bring in a Bill to enable local authorities to change Saturday and Monday fairs and markets to other days.—After a conversation of some length, the proposition was negatived on a division of 137 to 182.—On the motion of Mr. S. Rice, it was ordered that the House should be called over on the 15th of April, the day fixed for the discussion of the question of the Repeal of the Union.—On the motion of Sir R. Ferguson, the Warwick Borough Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 12.—Mr. Bernal moved the second reading of the Hertford Borough Bill, after some detailed observations as to the character of the present constituency, the nature of the evidence, and the description of the remedy proposed. It appeared that 279 out of 313 old householders, together with 71 out of 264 admitted under the Reform Bill, and 63 in 124 freemen, received money tickets at the last election; besides a distribution of flour, tea, and other articles, which were proved to have been administered, from corrupt motives, to a very great extent. The result of the plan would be to add 600 or 700 voters to the present constituency of the borough.—After an extended discussion the Bill was read a second time, and the issue of the writ was further suspended.

March 13.—Numerous petitions were presented from Dissenters, praying for relief from the grievances to which they were subjected.—Mr. Clay presented a peti-

tion from St. George's in the East, agreed to at a public meeting, complaining that the Metropolitan Police Establishment was at variance with the principles of the British Constitution, and praying the House to place that force under the controul of the local magistrates.—In answer to a question from Mr. Wilks, Lord Althorp stated, that government were decidedly favourable to the principle of a general registry of births, marriages, and deaths, and consequently to the principle of the Bill which Mr. Brougham proposes to introduce. Until, however, the details of that measure were before the House, it was impossible for him to say whether the government would support it.—Mr. Brougham obtained leave to bring in a Bill to establish a general county registration of deeds in England and Wales.—Mr. Rippon brought forward his motion, "For leave to bring in a Bill to relieve the Archbishops and Bishops of the Established Church from the exercise of their legislative and judicial functions in the House of Peers." The hon. member quoted the opinion of Lord Bacon against the unaltered constitution of the church, which remains fixed, while other institutions are undergoing reformation and improvement, adapting them to the change of circumstance and the genius of the time; and contended, that the opinion, pronounced two hundred years ago, was now even more applicable than at the time when it was delivered. He therefore called upon that House to decide, whether it was meet and useful that the heads of a christian church, whose profession was humility, and a renouncement of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, should be agents in political affairs, and clothed with temporal splendour. Pluralities, non-residence, and unequal distribution of wealth, were the crying evils of the present system: pluralities were created by placing political power in the hands of spiritual teachers; non-residence by causing the absence of the overseer from his diocese to attend his duties in Parliament; and an excuse was afforded for the unequal apportionment of wealth by the ever-ready plea of extraordinary expenses, created by this political abduction. The bishops were brought to mix in the amusements of the metropolis—to mingle in the plots and jobs of government intrigue—tempted to gratify pride, avarice, luxury, and indolence—wealth and splendour were showered upon them, in forgetfulness that they were but men. The tendency of all church establishments connected with the state had been, and must be, to oppose political improvements. The church, as a spiritual community, had no concern with secular government; the church had property, and that being a temporality, should be represented in Parliament, but not by bishops or christian officers, for these were servants of that Lord and master, whose kingdom was not of this world.—Mr. Gillon seconded the motion. He would remove those right rev. prelates from a scene so unbecoming their presence—from the frivolities of a court and the temptations of a capital, and would enable them, by devoting themselves to the duties of their sacred calling, by the preaching and the practice of christian charity, to make themselves truly respected and beloved.—Lord Althorp said, that if he thought any hon. member felt inclined to agree in the motion, he should feel it his duty to discuss the question; but as he did not expect that that would be the case, he hoped that the House would excuse him from entering into it.—Mr. Shiel remarked that ministers had changed their opinion on this subject since no very remote period. Did not hon. members recollect the menace uttered against the bishops in another place, when they were significantly warned to "set their houses in order?"—The House divided, when there appeared for the motion, 58; against it, 125; majority against the motion, 67.—Mr. Ald. Wood obtained leave to bring in "A Bill to regulate the plying, driving, standing, places of arrival and departure of stage-coaches, omnibuses, cabriolets, and other hackney carriages, and also the passing and repassing of other carriages used for the conveyance of goods within the city of London, and within twelve miles of the General Post-office."—Mr. Ewart obtained leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the disposal of the bodies of criminals sentenced to be executed for murder throughout the United Kingdom.

March 14.—Mr. Brougham brought in the Bill for a general Registry of Deeds in England and Wales.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that he would move the adjournment for the holidays from the 26th instant to the 14th of April; upon which Mr. S. Rice moved to discharge the order for the call of the House on the 15th, and moved that the House be called over on the 22nd.—The House then went into Committee on the Exchequer Receipt Bill, in which Sir J. Graham proceeded to describe the changes which the measure would effect. These were the abolition of certain officers, viz. the Auditor of the Exchequer, the two Tellers, the Clerk of the Pells, &c. It also appointed a new board, and provided for the pay-

ment of the public money, in the first instance, into the Bank. From the report of the commission upon which this measure was founded, it appeared that the Comptroller was to exercise a general superintendence, and the Deputy would have all his work to do. Thus the Deputy was to exercise the constitutional check, which was, in reality, the only valuable part of the office. The contemplated reduction by this Bill was 41,000*l.* to 11,000*l.* Mr. Hume approved the plan, but protested against pluralities of office.—Motion agreed to.—Major Fancourt then brought forward his motion for a clause in the Mutiny Bill to abolish the punishment of flogging in the army.—After an animated debate the house divided. For the amendment, 94; against it, 227; majority against it, 133.—In a Committee of Supply, Lord Althorp moved that a sum not exceeding 7,000,000*l.* be granted from the Consolidated Fund, towards making good the supply granted to his Majesty for the service of the ensuing year.—Agreed to.

March 17.—Mr. Abercromby presented the Edinburgh petition (signed by nearly 13,000 persons) for the removal of grievances affecting the Dissenters, and praying for the separation of the church from the state.—On the motion for going into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Cobbett brought forward his resolution as an amendment, "That it is expedient, after the 5th of October next, all the duty on malt should cease and determine."—After much discussion the House divided. For the original question, 142; for Mr. Cobbett's amendment, 59; majority for the Speaker's leaving the chair, 83.—The House resolved itself into Committee, when, on the motion of Sir R. Peel, a grant of 17,017*l.* to the British Museum was agreed to.—Mr. C. Ferguson moved (Lord Althorp having previously signified the assent of the crown) that a grant of 5000*l.* be made to Captain John Ross for his public services.—After some discussion, Mr. C. Ferguson stated his resolution to move for a Select Committee, in conformity with the opinion of the House.—In the Committee of Ways and Means, the annual duties on offices and pensions were voted, on the motion of Mr. S. Rice.—The Bribery Law Amendment Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee.

March 18.—Mr. Harvey's motion for an address to the crown for a revision of the pension list, was fixed for the 5th of May.—Mr. Divett (after presenting two petitions against church rates) moved, pursuant to notice, a resolution—"That it is the opinion of the House that it is just and expedient to take effectual measures for the abolition of all compulsory payments of church rates."—The motion was withdrawn; the hon. mover consenting to leave the subject in the hands of Lord Althorp, who, some weeks since, gave notice of a motion for the 17th of April, which stands in the order-book thus:—"To call the attention of the House to the subject of church rates in England."—Col. Evans obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the better government of parishes in England and Wales.—Sir R. Inglis moved for the appointment of a Select Committee, "To inquire into the origin and present state of a lottery, purporting to be carried on under authority of Parliament, entitled 'The Glasgow Lottery,' and into any other lotteries, foreign or otherwise, of which, since the legal discontinuance of state lotteries, schemes, tickets, or shares, have been circulated in the United Kingdom."—After some discussion, the Committee was appointed.—The Solicitor-General moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the present state of the Law of Libel and Slander, and to report their opinion to the House.—The Committee was appointed.

March 19.—Mr. O'Connell postponed the second reading of his Bill for securing the Liberty of the Press, to April 17.—The Liverpool Disfranchisement of Freemen Bill passed.—Mr. Tooke obtained leave to bring in a Bill "for the better regulation of the Chimney-Sweepers and their Apprentices, and for preventing the employment of children under the age of fourteen in climbing chimney flues."

March 20.—Mr. H. Handley moved the second reading of the Islington Cattle Market Bill.—Read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

March 21.—Mr. Maberly brought forward the Ordnance Estimates in a Committee of Supply. The saving on this year's estimates was 80,000*l.* It would appear to be 295,000*l.*; but that was occasioned by the transfer of certain charges to the army estimates. The actual saving, however, on these estimates since the present ministers had been in office was 335,000*l.* He concluded with moving for a grant of 70,562*l.* to defray the salaries of the Master-General of the Ordnance and the establishment in Pall-mall.

Mr. S. Rice presented a petition from sixty-three resident members of the university of Cambridge, in favour of admitting all dissenters to be eligible to gain the honours of that university; it prayed the abrogation, by legislative

enactment, of every religious test exacted from members of the university, and that degrees might be obtained by all classes of his majesty's subjects, without any distinction whatever being made upon the ground of the religious opinions entertained by them.—Captain Gronow brought in a bill for erecting an iron bridge from the Horseferry, Westminster, to Church-street, Lambeth.—On the presentation of the report of the committee of supply on the ordnance estimates, Major Beauchamp objected to the grant for Nova Scotia, Mauritius, and North America, and moved their omission.—Mr. Hutt seconded this proposition.—The house divided on the whole reduction proposed—26,000*l.* The numbers were—for the amendment, 22; against it, 76. Majority against it, 54.—The report was then brought up, and agreed to.

March 25.—Sir C. Burrell obtained leave to bring in a bill to explain and amend an act, 2 and 3 William IV. for the better employment of labourers in agricultural parishes.—Sir J. Tyrell inquired of Lord Palmerston what had been done in the case of four fishing-smacks that had been seized by the French, as long ago as July last; and the noble lord replied, that communications on the subject were still in progress, and he could not therefore at present enter into any explanation of the matter; but he trusted that the affair would be settled satisfactorily, and that before long arrangements would be made between the British and French governments which would effectually prevent the recurrence of such cases.

March 26.—Mr. Ramsbottom and Sir J. Pechell presented petitions from Windsor against the proposed line of the Great Western railway, and praying that the line may be so altered as to pass through that borough.—The petitions were referred to the committee on the bill.—Sir J. Graham gave notice that, on the 17th of May, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would apply for leave to bring in a bill "to amend the poor-laws."—Mr. Rotch moved the second reading of the felons' property bill, when he entered into details in illustration and support of the measure.—After some further conversation, the bill was read a second time; to be committed on the 16th April.—Mr. Ewart moved for leave to bring in a bill for abolishing the punishment of death for stealing letters, returning from transportation, and in certain cases of burglary.—After some discussion, leave was given to bring in the bill.—The house adjourned till Monday, the 14th of April.

April 14.—The house having gone into a committee of supply, Mr. S. Rice brought forward the miscellaneous estimates; and, in introducing them to the notice of the committee, he observed that, comparing the estimates of this year with the estimates of last year, the saving effected in the charges which they include was 234,000*l.*; comparing them with the estimates of 1832, the saving was 726,000*l.*; and comparing them with the estimates of 1831, the saving was 1,322,000*l.*—22,500*l.* was then voted for allowances and expenses of the barristers employed in revising lists of voters under the reform act.—11,550*l.* was voted for the purchase of two pictures, by Correggio, for the national gallery.—13,000*l.* was voted for the expense of erecting a national gallery.—Considerable discussion occurred on the grant of 95,486*l.* to defray the salaries of consuls abroad, and their contingent expenses.—The vote was agreed to.—20,000*l.* to enable his majesty to issue money for the erection of school-houses, in aid of private subscriptions, for the education of the poorer classes.—The vote was agreed to.

April 15.—In answer to a question from Mr. Harvey, (whether the Dorchester unionists had left the country,) Lord Howick replied, that the ship had gone round from Portsmouth to Plymouth, and he had every reason to believe that it had sailed from the latter place.—Mr. Roebuck, in moving "that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the political condition of the Canadas," made a long speech, setting forth the grievances under which the Canadians laboured through misgovernment at home and abroad.—Mr. Hume seconded the motion.—Mr. Stanley defended the conduct of his majesty's government, and the language of his own dispatches, as called for by the occasion.—Mr. Roebuck withdrew his motion.—The house resolved into committee, and Lord Althorp brought forward his proposition on the subject of tithes. He began by stating, that whatever question there might be about the abstract right to tithes, it was clear that that right did not exist in the landlords of the country. There might very justly be differences of opinion as to the distribution of those revenues. The legislature was bound to provide an equivalent to the church for tithes—not to the extent of the legal rights of the clergy, but of the customary payments made to them. He proposed that tithes should bear a certain proportion to the rent of the land, and that they should be paid by the owners and not the occupiers. He intended to propose, that valuers should be appointed in each county to

ascertain the value as well of arable as of grass land in the different parishes. It would be their duty to ascertain the payments made during the last five years on account of tithes. This account would be laid before the court of quarter sessions, and an average proportion would be struck, which would be the tithe-rate for that county or district, so that in each parish the tithe would bear a proportion to that of the whole county. It was necessary that hops should be looked upon as arable land, and that they should pay 10s. an acre in addition to the tithe. Wherever a modus existed it was to be considered as not existing, as it would be deducted from the valuation of the tithe. He should further propose an easy mode for the redemption of tithes. He would give to the tithe-payer a right to call upon the tithe-receiver to take a number of years' valuation of his tithe as a commutation for the whole. He took twenty-five years' purchase, as it would enable the tithe-receiver to receive just the same amount that he did at present, as the money could be invested in the four per cents., and for this purpose could be paid to clerical commissioners—the bishop in each diocese forming the commission. If the tithe-payer were unable to raise the redemption money, he should be enabled to raise it by a mortgage on the land at four per cent. payable in a corn rent, and only redeemable at the option of the borrower. The noble lord concluded by moving—"That all tithes in England and Wales do cease and determine from ——. That in future, all land liable to tithe shall pay an average rate in proportion to its value in the different counties. That all land liable to tithe may have such tithe redeemed by the payment of 25 years' purchase."—After some discussion, Lord Althorp proposed an amended resolution to the effect—"That it is expedient to effect the commutation of tithes, and to abolish the payment of tithes in kind, throughout England and Wales, and in lieu thereof, to substitute another payment to be made to the parties entitled to tithes; and that power of redemption should be granted to the payers of tithes at a certain number of years' purchase."—After an extended conversation, the resolution was agreed to, and the house resumed.

April 16.—Mr. Hutt presented a petition, signed by upwards of 7,000 members of the consolidated trades' union of Kingston-upon-Hull, imploring government to remit the punishment inflicted upon the six Dorchester labourers. This led to an extended conversation, in the course of which the severity of the punishment was very generally condemned.

April 17.—Mr. Stanley presented a message from his Majesty, suggesting that the members of the Order of the Bath should be relieved from the payment of fees; and requesting the house to take measures to enable his Majesty to award compensation to those persons to whom the fees were now paid. — Lord Althorp moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws relating to the poor. He proposed that we should introduce an improved system gradually into different parishes, ascertaining its effects as we went along. About 100 parishes had already either entirely or partially introduced an improved system with decided success—some of them in districts that had previously been entirely pauperized. He admitted that the course which he was about to recommend was anomalous—that it went to vest extensive power in the commission which he proposed to appoint; but it was impossible for the present system to be allowed to go on, and a discretionary power must be vested in some quarter. If they vested that discretion in the local authorities, or the magistracy, deprived as they would be of those sources of general information open to a board of commissioners, and biassed as they must be by local feelings, it was plain that such a quarter would not be the fittest one. He should therefore propose that his Majesty be authorized to appoint a central board for that purpose. There was one part of the administration which, however difficult to effect, yet was essentially necessary, but with regard to which no discretionary power ought to be extended, and that was, to fix a day (and that day he should propose to be in one of the summer months of the next year, when the agricultural labourers would of course be in full employment) when the allowance system should entirely and altogether cease. At first sight the proposition might appear to press hardly on the poor, but it was well to bear in mind that at present the farmer gained an advantage which he ought not—namely, that of receiving parochial assistance for the payment of those whom he employed. Some might think that the labourer having a parochial payment (according to the number of his family) in addition to his wages, would be unable to maintain his family when that payment was discontinued; but he was confident, that as the labourer regarded the parochial assistance now added to the wages he received as making the total wages to which he was entitled for his labour, a very short time would elapse before wages would rise to an equi-

valent amount, and the situation of the labourer be infinitely preferable to that in which he at present stood. The allowance system was the foundation of almost all the other evils which now prevailed. An immense advantage would be obtained by the establishment of an uniform system throughout the country. He therefore proposed, that the commissioners should have power to make general rules as to the mode of relief and the regulation of workhouses. These were great discretionary powers, but he should propose as a check against abuse, that any regulation so proposed by the commissioners should be submitted to the Secretary of State, and remain forty days before brought into action; and during that period it should be competent for an order in council to prevent it from being carried into effect. The central commissioners would also have power to form unions of parishes in order to make larger districts, to arrange classifications of poor in the same or different workhouses, and also have a general power of controul in such unions as might be established without their consent, and to dissolve unions which might now exist. Each parish in the proposed unions must maintain its own poor, or contribute to the general fund the proportion of expense which it had heretofore borne itself. He did not mean that it was not intended to empower individual parishes, if they so thought fit, that was to say, if the vestries in each parish should agree to make a different arrangement; but it was desirable that parishes should have power to unite for the purposes of parochial settlements, and for the poor-rates altogether. The central board would also have authority to suggest to parishes or unions the propriety of building new workhouses, or of making additions to those already erected. He should propose that the owners as well as occupiers of land should have votes in the parochial vestry, with respect to raising permanent sums of money, for facilitating emigration, building workhouses, or other similar purposes. This was only equitable, because a temporary occupier might have very little interest in such permanent expenditure. He should propose that justices should not in future have the power of ordering parochial relief to persons in their own houses. There remained two subjects to which he wished to call attention. The first was the existing law of settlement. The present law was most complicated, involving great litigation, and consequent expense. A still worse effect arose from its interference with the free circulation of labour. The worst portion of the law was that which gave a settlement by hiring and servitude, but he was convinced that every mode of acquiring settlement ought to be abolished, except those acquired by birth or marriage. Every person should follow the settlement of his parents till he was sixteen years of age, and then he should have recourse to his own, which would be the place of his birth. The other alteration he proposed was with respect to the present law of removal and the appeal therefrom. He would provide that no order of removal should take effect until a copy of that order, and of the examination which had led to it, should have been served upon the authorities of the parish to which the removal was contemplated; and that every notice of appeal should set forth the precise grounds upon which it was to be sustained, and that on the trial of each appeal, before the quarter sessions, nothing should be discussed, and no points raised beyond those stated in the notice so given. The present law relating to bastardy was a direct encouragement to vice and immorality, and the effect of imprisoning the reputed fathers was to demoralize and corrupt them. If a woman chose to swear an illegitimate child, the party whom she charged as the father was *ipso facto* liable to be committed to prison until he could find security for the support of the child. It was almost impossible for an agricultural labourer to find such security, and the effect was, the committal of the individual to prison for five or six months, there to be associated with the very worst of characters. He would take away such power of imprisonment, and make the mother liable for the support of her child, in the manner and mode of a pauper widow. He was aware that the proposition he had submitted would be opposed by the pretended friends of the labouring poor; but he would fearlessly assert that it was designed principally for the benefit of that portion of the population. He confidently anticipated that it would restore the British labourer to the independence for which he was once proverbial, and would raise him from the condition of a pauperized slave. The labourer should be remunerated for his industry, and not according to the number of his children. At present no difference existed between the good and the bad, both were in the same situation as to remuneration. Poverty ought not to be visited as a crime, but it was impossible to prevent it as a misfortune.—Sir G. Strickland, Col. Torrens, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Hume, Mr. Hardy, Col. Wood, Mr. Ward, Sir T. Fremantle, Mr. Slaney, and others, generally ex-

pressed their approbation of the measure.—Lord Althorp expressed his satisfaction at the general concurrence it had met with, and leave was given to bring in the bill.—Col. Williams moved an address, requesting his Majesty “to signify his pleasure to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that their bodies may no longer act under the edicts or letters of James the First, 1616, which required subscription to certain articles of faith.”—Mr. G. Wood proposed an amendment for leave to bring a Bill to grant to his Majesty’s subjects generally the right of admission to the English universities, and of equal eligibility to degrees therein, notwithstanding their diversities of religious opinion, degrees in divinity alone excepted. A long discussion followed, which terminated in a division; when the amendment was carried by a majority of 185 to 44.—Lord Althorp brought in his bill for the commutation of tithes in England and Wales; to be read a second time on Monday three weeks.

April 18.—Mr. Secretary Stanley, in committee, submitted a motion on the subject of the royal message, respecting the order of the knights of the Bath. He thought that there should be some enactment to prevent a great increase of this order, so that it might not appear less entitled to respect; he would also move, that it be referred to the lord commissioners of the Treasury to inquire what officers of the order are entitled to claim compensation for fees incident to new appointments, the amount of such fees, and the right in which they are demanded.—Sir E. Codrington held in his hand a bill sent to him when he was invested with a Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, (amounting to between 300*l.* and 400*l.*) which he candidly confessed shocked him when he saw it. He, however, immediately determined not to pay it, and had told the first Lord of the Admiralty that rather than pay for the honour he would decline it.—Mr. S. Rice, in a committee of supply, moved the remainder of the miscellaneous estimates, which called forth desultory conversation; and the following grants were made:—1940*l.* to defray the expenses of the civil establishment of the Bahama Islands.—4299*l.* for the civil establishment of the island of Bermuda.—12,861*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for the civil establishments of the settlement on the western coast of Africa.—5,806*l.* for the establishments in Western Australia.—20,000*l.* for the Indian department in Upper and Lower Canada.—28,000*l.* for carrying on the Rideau Canal.—16,667*l.* to pay the governors, lieut.-governors, and others in the West India colonies.—30,000*l.* to defray the charge, to the 31st March 1825, of salaries to the special justices appointed for the abolition of slavery.—The honourable member next brought forward the Irish Estimates, the chief features of which were the pledge of government to abolish the Foundling Hospital, it having been found productive of extensive mischief, and the vote of 20,000*l.* to promote the advancement of education in Ireland.

Married.—At Woburn, Lord James Fox Russell, sixth son of the Duke of Bedford, and M.P. for the County of Bedford, to Isabella Clarissa, daughter of the late William Davies, Esq., of Pen-y-lan, county of Carmarthen, and granddaughter to the late Lord Robert Seymour.

At St. Marylebone, Thomas Wadmore, Esq., of Chertsey, Surrey, to Charlotte, widow of the late Colonel Mason, of the Hon. E. I. C. Service.

At Paris, Baron Louis Robert Jaen de Noé, of the 5th Hussars, to Louisa Helena, eldest daughter of the late John Burke, Esq., of York Place, Portman Square, and Jamaica.

At St. George’s, Hanover Square, Christopher Alexander Hagerman, Esq., Solicitor General of Upper Canada, to Elizabeth Emily, daughter of William Merry, Esq., of Lansdowne Terrace, Cheltenham.

At All Soul’s, Henry Robert Harvey, of Kyle, in the county of Wexford, Esq. (nephew of the late Lord Brandon,) to Eugenia Fanny, only child of Simon J. Rochard, Esq. of Regent Street.

At Hutton, Kent, the Rev. John Duncombe Sholto, second son of R. E. D. Sholto, Esq., to Catherine, second daughter of the Rev. R. Moore, Prebendary of Canterbury.

Died.—At Hampstead, George Earl of Galloway, K.T., Admiral of the Blue, aged 68.

At Hadleigh, in Suffolk, at the advanced age of 94, Mrs. Ann Whishaw, the last survivor of the subscribers’ nominees in the 5th class of the Government Tontine Annuity of the year 1789.

At Munich, in the 63rd year of his age, Sennefelder, the inventor of the art of lithography.

At Blankenburgh, in Belgium, Colonel Tanquet, well known as the editor of Voltaire’s works.

At Paris, Dr. Bennati, in consequence of injuries he received by a fall from his horse.

In the 64th year of his age, Sir Henry Brooke, Bart.

In Arlington Street, the Right Hon. Lady Dundas.

At Madeira, Archibald Brounlie, Esq., Vice Consul, and Agent for his Majesty’s packets.

At his residence in the Regent’s Park, Rear Admiral Hardyman, C.B.

At Crief, Mary Stewart, at the very advanced age of 104 years.

At Windlesham, Surrey, Henry Cromie, aged 21, third son of Major General De Batts, Royal Engineers.

In Devonshire, in the 80th year of his age, Admiral Sir Edward Thornborough, G.C.B.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Judgment of the Flood. By JOHN A. HERAUD, Author of the
“Descent into Hell.” James Fraser, Regent Street.

When we consider the deep learning, the toilsome reading, the wearying communing with the soul, that were necessary for the production of this long epic, we hesitate to inflict upon it our opinion, with that sort of shrinking that we should feel, were it our imperative duty to strike down an awkward, overgrown, sickly child, whilst the fond father, who had, with infinite pains and labour, raised him to such an unhealthy maturity, stood lovingly by. We cannot say that we regret that Mr. Heraud has attempted this Herculean task, for it is honourable even to fail in great aspirations, but we are unfeignedly sorry, that, in its present state, he has been so temerarious as to give it to the public. It is not our design to write an article upon this poem, and we much fear that the short space that we permit to ourselves for our critical notices will not enable us to give so justifying an account of our disapprobation of this elaborate work, as the public or Mr. Heraud has a right to expect. We must look upon ourselves merely as indicators placed on the road side for the information of literary travellers; and when it is asked of us, is such or such an edifice in the distance worthy of visitation, we can say but little more than yea, or nay—and must leave it to others to explore the interior, descant upon its architecture, or expatiate upon its defects or beauties. If this question be put to us concerning the “Judgment of the Flood,” we feel ourselves compelled, most reluctantly, to say “nay.” It is our duty to tell the inquirer that it is a structure vast, yet unpleasing, though not old, yet dilapidated, laid out upon a stupendous plan, yet built up with wretched materials, and there is a dull mist alternated with darkness, and a deep sense of weariness that will oppress all those who may tarry for a space within it. Viewing this poem as a whole, it wants connexion and continuity; of action there is plenty; with incident it is surcharged, but they roll over each other in gloomy confusion, like masses of gigantic vapour down the distant mountain. With the softer emotions the heart is no where touched, whilst superstitious awe, and holy dread, and all those profound emotions that sadden the mind to humility, and which it is evident the author is intent to multiply upon us, we do not feel; or if we commence feeling them, the sentiment is immediately destroyed by some glaring discrepancy, or risibility nearly provoked by something bordering upon the ludicrous. The author has too much imagination; he wraps himself in ecstasy, loses himself, and his reader is lost with him. True, he is no where dull or commonplace, yet, a more

laborious task we hardly ever attempted or achieved, than the perusal of the whole of these twelve thousand lines. The sensation was that of an interminable dream of gigantic horrors—a succession of magnificent incubi, that was oppressive even to exhaustion, and that we could not shake off. Were we not the most inveterate of readers, we never should have accomplished the task—it was not drowsiness that it created, but an acute sense of wakeful weariness. We wish to dissuade no one from the undertaking—we only advertise what the reader is likely to undergo. This is our impression of the poem in the aggregate; it may appear harsh—we are sorry for it: we acknowledge the strength of the mind that produced it, and we are still more sorry to see that strength “wasted upon the desert air.”

To the detail. The author demands a vision, and he gets it. He sees what highly-gifted vision-seers usually do: and after some apostrophes, that we really cannot understand, (we defy the sneer attendant on the confession,) he proceeds to wail for man, for earth, and for time. We will transpose the last lamentation into prose. “O Time, alas for thee! The keystone of the firm arch that was knit by the prime Architect, and on which thou didst set thy resonant foot, and say, ‘This, my everlasting stool,’ is broken. The Leviathan disports in the halls of mighty men, but they have no morning, but what comes from his (the Leviathan’s) eyelids, nor lamp, nor fire, but of that wrath-breath that smokes and burns scintillant and fierce from his volcano nostrils. Yet fear not, Noah!” We conceive this means the devastation caused by the flood—that all things save Noah and the ark-protected are engulfed in the mighty element; if so, burning, sparks, and smoke, are about as likely to exist in it, as drowned men are to feast their eyes upon the pyrotechnic exhibition. It is true, that the action of the whole poem is seen through the medium of a vision, but if people will dream epic poems, they should dream them consistently. Now let us see a descriptive simile. It is of Noah’s beard, “which flowed gracefully down his chest, like a lime grove, or cirque (circle) of shady trees, where the branches are so thick that the moonlight cannot pierce the shrine they love to harbour and embower.” Does this give us a distinct idea of a Hebrew beard?—it may of rural scenery. But we need not be surprised at these similes that convey no similitude, when we find Noah himself is compared to a vast and towering hill, seen far up in heaven, amidst a low vale. And this is well enough; but the author having thus mentioned a vale, the itch for amplification irritates him and the reader with a streamlet, a lake, silence watching a lily, and the lily pale with grief for an absent lover, hanging over a brook. Having thus got to the brook, he might have, with a propriety equal to that which brought him there, sailed down it in a bean-shell, surveyed its coasts and harbours, harpooned a few minnows, and lamented over the untimely fate of some half dozen love-lorn tittlebats. We have dwelt thus long upon this passage, as from the polish of the numbers, and the euphony of the diction, we feel convinced that Mr. Heraud thinks it a splendid one.

Again, a little farther on he unfortunately happens to mention the hour of dawn. Off and away—we come to night—to eve—a timorous bird that weeps joy and laughs grief—a hermit—cell—moss, (of course,) streamlet—the moon, &c. &c. The hour of dawn was mentioned as a comparison to Noah’s eye. This allowing of idea to generate idea *ad infinitum*, is dreadful. It is the infallible mark of a disordered imagination, that sets judgment at defiance, and laughs at the reasoning faculties. Just so the mind is overpowered when we are about to dream, if in health—or to become insane, if the nerves have recently received a shock. The poem is full of minor defects—prominent alliteration should not be allowed to mar the grandeur of epic phraseology: what are we to think, when in four lines and a half we meet huddled together, “quelled,” “quenched,” “quailed,” “quaked?” Quack! Quack!! Quack!!!

is not the note of the Heliconian bird. This may not be affectation, but carelessness in the writer ; but those who write for immortality ought not to be careless. A little onwards, we have the word "searched" repeated in the course of a few lines—words and views *searches* a man's marrow like fire, and then the electric fluid searches his veins. We have many obsolete words, we do not object to them or to the constructing of new ones, provided they be good, but we do not like "swinkt," nor "hubbub," and many more which are equally old or low—and which we have no space to enumerate. We shall now quote the author's explanation of the Trinity.

"Eternal Silence is not. God bespeaks the Son—I am—and the Word answers—Yea ; Father thou art, and I in thee ! To whom the Eternal Father ; Lo, I swear ; of thee, and for thee, are the host of heaven and earth : both the Beginning and the End art thou. Whereto the Son, According to thy will, I constitute the ages. And, at once beginning was, the heavens, the earths were made ; nor void, nor firmless, nor in darkness hid to the Creators, though unuttered yet, in the Beginning was the Word with God ; profound, unfathomable abyss, anon inspired and vocal . . . God become the Word, and the far Spirit circumscribing space, that wisdom might complete the work of Power."

Upon this we will make no remark. We dare not imitate the rashness before us. Would that the author had, with a similar humility, abstained from meddling with a mystery that inspiration alone ought either to descant upon, or attempt to explain. This is the sort of temerity that so much injures true religion. From the part we are now noticing, for some hundred lines forward, we have a metrical history of Genesis and much of Exodus. The way that the commandments are given is almost ludicrous. Now we are upon the subject of minor defects, we should have thought that no poet would, after the example of the parody of the line in *Sophonisba*, "O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, Oh !" have perilled himself into a like predicament. Yet, Mr. Heraud, with an intrepidity which he will excuse us from praising, has "Me miserable, miserable me." He has imitated Milton in the first words, and been original in the latter. These "miserables" are not, certainly, compressed in one line, but they begin and end a short sentence. Having mentioned Milton, we cannot but remark the many plagiarisms with which this work abounds. "I cannot choose but weep." "From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve," says Milton. "From morn till noon, from noon till silent eve," says our poet. But we must hasten to conclude our remarks. We had noted down for observation a multitude of other discrepancies, but we must consign them to the oblivion that we predict for the poem that gave rise to them. Though evidently written by a man of splendid talents, we cannot call this work even a splendid failure. It is a failure, complete, and irretrievable. It has no one quality of the *epopee*, excepting the sublimity of its subject, though none can doubt, for a moment, of the learning, the piety, and the genius of the author.

Mischief. Second Section. ANON. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

Whatever annoyance the author of this poem may have found in the strictures in this magazine upon its first section, will be more than fully avenged by the passage in his preface relating to our once sovereign pontiff, Mr. Campbell. Yet we believe that Mr. C. was not only innocent, but totally unconscious of the critiques that have called for our author's mischievous reply ; that has, we confess, fairly plucked two or three feathers from the cap of the "Bard of Hope," as it so rejoiceth him to be called. Brother poets should not pull hair ; and in a struggle of this sort, the

"Bard of Mischief" must be a dangerous adversary. However, if, under the former dynasty, there has been a bad criticism promulgated, all we have to do now, is to attempt to make a good one. We say if; for we must stick up for our infallibility, and maintain, like the learned Doctors of the Sorbonne, that two contradictory statements may both be true. What the present "we" would have said upon the first section, we know not; for we never read it, nor do we intend it; for why should an innocent magazine, that never changes its identity, be made to eat its own words? This second section we *have* perused attentively, and like extremely. We find it to be as original as a modern writer, addressing a modern audience, can possibly be, and yet be fully appreciated. The Spenserian stanza, in which the poem is written, is polished into excellent harmony; and the Alexandrian that ends each of them invariably, and with or without a pun, "points a moral, or adorns a tale." We really think that there is something almost exquisite in many of the satirical passages, and completely so in the pathetic ones. This second section finds, with us, an approbation nearly unqualified; and we are sure, when the author has completed and united his poem into one volume, it will not be ephemeral. Seeing that this second part is so infinitely superior to what "we" said of the first, there must have been a vast improvement—*somewhere*.

Curiosities of Literature. By I. D'ISRAELI, D.C.L., F.S.A. Ninth Edition. In Six Volumes. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

The second and third volumes of this convenient and excellently got up edition, is now before the public. This is a work, the reputation of which will be coexistent with the literature whose singularities it so felicitously commemorates. It brings the reader in direct and pleasurable contact with the most amusing points of the most amusing writers. It is anecdotal in that sphere where anecdote is most relished, and most instructive; and is at once an abstract of and food for philosophy. A list only of the contents of the second volume, must make every literary mouth water. To begin, "Jocular Preachers,"—there is something racy in the very title. A jest in canonicals, and from the pulpit, is surely an exciting affair. We wonder how the reverend punster, or the sacerdotal wit, will contrive to reconcile piety with his pun, or sanctity with sarcasm—how he will tickle the fancies of his congregation, without shocking their solemnity—how to be jocular with man, without offending the Deity. Our curiosity is amply and agreeably satisfied by the manner in which D'Israeli acquits himself of the task. Among other things, we have literary follies, literary blunders, and a literary wife. Who so well able to laugh at the first, correct the second—and—and—do we know not what with the third? for who dares laugh at an object so awful, or venture upon correcting what must be incorrigible? In the third volume, among other most agreeable matter, we have a fac-simile of Pope's handwriting, containing some twenty lines of the beautiful episode of Hector's parting with his wife and child—with all the various corrections. We have also a specimen of Addison's written characters, which are much more clerkly than those of Pope. Among the curiosities of literature, some future historian will place this exquisite work that we are noticing. It is a curiosity for its attractions—for its sound reasoning upon the eccentric facts it relates—for the great learning which it displays, and the unpedantic and sparkling gaiety that runs through the whole of these volumes. We are but one, though not the least hearty, of the many-voiced chorus, that unite in the praise of this work.

Two Old Men's Tales. "The Deformed," and "The Admiral's Daughter." Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Eloquence and passion are the characteristics of these volumes; but the eloquence is employed only in the cause of morality, and the passion to make more dreadful the sting of compunction. The terminations of both tales are tragical; and, though we are moved to tears, yet we rise from the perusal with our hearts softened with compassion, and, at the same time, strengthened in virtue. In the "Deformed" we have a history of the feelings of one of those amiable, yet blasted beings, that may be met with in almost every circle, wheeled about in a chair, or supported upon crutches, the object of the pity and the sympathy of all who know them. He is the only son of his mother—long dead—the heir to the title and estates, and the sickly bar to a numerous, healthy, and finely-formed brood, by a second wife. The daily speculations upon the almost avowedly-wished-for death of the decrepit and gentle youth, the event spoken of as a thing that it is an article of faith to believe in—"When our poor brother is dead,"—makes of itself a touching picture; but he lives—he loves—all but marries—and is poisoned. These are stirring materials for effect, and brilliantly have they been employed. The "Admiral's Daughter" is a tale of horror—a tale of the progress of unhallowed passion—of remorse, of misery, and of death. The mental agonies of the guilty are sublimely dreadful. So harrowing is the pathos of the concluding scenes, that we certainly should not recommend them to the perusal of the nervous, or of those labouring under slight indisposition. If punishment be publicly inflicted to deter from crime and vice, our author has put her ideal victim to the most excruciating mental tortures, has racked and mangled her in a manner almost horrible to contemplate, and held her up in all her writhings as a sign and as an example, to the heedless and to the unprincipled. As these volumes cannot be read without emotion, neither can we rise from them without benefit. We trust, for the sake of morality, that we shall again have to contemplate the heart stirring scenes of this highly-gifted author.

History of England, by Hume and Smollet, with a Continuation,
by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. Vol. IV. A. J. Valpy, Red
Lion Court, Fleet Street.

This volume, the Fourth of Valpy's Edition, terminates the reign of the uxorious Eighth Henry, and contains also the whole of the reigns of Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary. We have only to remark, that, in every point, it sustains the character of all Mr. Valpy's publications, and of this undertaking in particular. As this edition is got up in a most convenient form for a domestic library, we trust that it will become a general favourite. Dividing this work into so many neat little volumes, is a good idea. There is something a little risible in the idea of seeing a delicate young lady poring over the huge tome of Hume's England, in folio—to say nothing of the labour and danger of conveying it to and from its awful resting-place—and the chance of the fair peruser getting the undeserved appellation of a blue stocking. This immense dose of history may now be taken in pleasant little modicums, each may be thrust aside without an effort, or into the reticule, if that enviable situation may be deemed more appropriate. It has been truly said, that a great book is a great evil; but it may be divided into a number of pleasant little ones.

African Sketches. By THOMAS PRINGLE. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We have been at once much gratified and afflicted by the perusal of this very interesting volume—the gratification we have derived solely from the talent and excellent spirit displayed by the author—the affliction from the acts of injustice, tyranny, and murder, of which he has been the eloquent, yet unwilling historian. Humanity ought to rejoice at the downfall of Tory ascendancy, were it for no other reason than the emancipating so many and valuable colonies from the rule of super-tory satellites. We have blushed for our country as we read of the series of abominations perpetrated by those who claim it as our common mother, abominations though now happily suppressed, yet unredressed as regards the sufferers, unpunished as respects the perpetrators. We dare not longer dwell upon this revolting subject, lest we should be surprised into an unseasonable though just length of indignation. Mr. Pringle's volume commences with several pieces of poetry, that may satisfy the taste even of these fastidious times, and which evince a mind imbued with all the gentler and softer feelings. They will be read with pleasure, and be long remembered with gratification. He afterwards commences his prose narrative, and we have the whole history of a colonizing settlement. This part of the book is as useful as it is entertaining. We have the wild sublimity of African scenery portrayed to us with a graphic hand. Nor are the animated objects that teem there so numerous, from the monstrous elephant and the lordly lion down to the loathed locust, left undescribed. We then come to the chapters of persecutions,—and we are almost inclined to execrate, as we read of British justice outraged, and the honour of the British name tarnished by men *not* “clad in a *little* brief authority,” but much too large, and lasting much too long, and its abuse escaping at last unvisited. As this volume is, with us, a favourite, our readers need not be surprised that we wish it to be a favourite with them also; and, that it may become such, we feel assured that it will be only necessary to read it.

The Book of Penalties; or Summary of Pecuniary Penalties inflicted by the Laws of England on all Classes who do the business of the Nation, in their several Occupations and Professions. With an Abstract of the Local Acts and Customs of London. By the Author of the “Cabinet Lawyer.” Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

There are three penal abodes for sinful man—the bottomless pit, purgatory, and England. The sceptic may deny the first, the Protestant the second, but who, with the thousand penal inflictions that meet a man at every turning, can doubt for a moment of the awful existence of the last-mentioned penal realm? We have been deprived of our wholesome rest since we have read this book. We seem to be walking among unseen pitfalls, and every man that we meet in the street has the sharp look of the informer. The publication of this book cuts two ways: if it puts one upon our guard against offence, it also enables the informer to prosecute more extensively his vexatious attacks; yet, we think, the actual utility much outweighs the contingent annoyance, and we therefore recommend the work to be purchased by all. We had some intention of enumerating these penalties, and getting at, as Hume says, “the tottle of the whole,” in order to put them down in good round numbers; but we gave up the job, as we found that we had not a whole day to spare, and who would undertake it in less? Our laws cry aloud for condensation; but until those who pay for them, and pay those who exist by

them, take the matter into their own hands, the cry will be in vain. In this reform the lawyers should not be permitted even to agitate a little finger. The least of their leaven in the business would first ferment, and ultimately corrupt the whole. Let honest lawyers, like the author of the work before us, point out abuses, but let honest men correct them.

Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, arranged in Alphabetical Order, and forming a complete Scottish Biography. By ROBERT CHAMBERS, Author of the "Picture of Scotland," &c. &c. Vol. III. Blackie and Son, Glasgow; Curry and Son, Dublin; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

For its population and its area, no country ever produced a greater number of illustrious men than Scotland. Not that we suppose there is anything peculiar in the soil or the atmosphere of that not particularly favoured country, as respects climate; but its situation with regard to England, and the rest of the world, has been the exciting cause. That the effects have been commensurate, this splendid work is excellent evidence. The engraved portraits are really fine in point of execution; but we think that it would have been a better arrangement, had they been bound up so as to face the first page of the letter-press, to which they belong. We have not space to enumerate even the names of the worthies who fill up this volume, the third, which has proceeded as far as the letter M. The style of the narrative is pleasing and unaffected, neither too diffuse, nor ungracefully compressed, and exactly suitable to the occasion. It is a standard work, and honourable to every library in which it may find a place.

Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. By the late Hon. ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER LORD WOODHOUSELEE, Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Commissioner of Justiciary in Scotland, &c. &c. &c. 6 vols. Vols. I. and II. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

The two volumes of this history that are now before the public, form Nos. XLI. and XLII. of the Family Classical Library. With the size of these volumes the public are very justly familiar; it therefore will be well understood that an Universal History comprised in six of them, must be a very condensed abstract. The great merit of this work is in the plan. We do not think that any improvement can be henceforward made in the arrangement of an undertaking of this general description; and we have no doubt but that a much more voluminous work will some day be commenced upon a similar modification. When the mind becomes surcharged with a mass of facts, spread over the entire duration of what we know of time, confusion is so apt to be engendered, that we believe no man, that has not made history his peculiar study, and most men that have, could not, even with the most tenacious of memories, take up history at any particular epoch, and say, *viva voce*, what contemporary memorable events were passing among the principal nations of the earth. But if any thing will enable a person to do it, it will be these volumes, judging from the two that we have already seen. They are, therefore, excellent as a book of reference, as a study for youth, and as inmates of every respectable family.

Speculation. A Novel. By the Author of "Traits and Traditions in Portugal." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

From the previous reputation that Miss Pardoe has so justly acquired, we could not but expect something good from her pen in this line, and we have not been disappointed. Though the construction of the story be simple, yet it is sufficient to the end of engrafting upon it many excellent scenes, that are well acted by well-drawn and original characters. The utter incompetency for happiness that can be found in mere worldliness is admirably portrayed. All the strong characters are vividly drawn, but the virtuous hero and heroine are too good; that is to say, too passively good. The faultless monster is an uninteresting personage in a novel. Much as we admire this work, we are convinced that it is not the best this lady can or will give us. She will shortly get into a train of thinking, and form a style more completely her own; and will no more, as she has done in this volume, rival the beauties of so many of our best writers. She will always be liked best when she draws from the pure springs of her own sparkling imagination; the luxuriant gush and the depth of which she herself is not yet sufficiently aware. There are many passages in this interesting novel that our best authors might claim as their own, and be proud of them; but yet we would have the authoress rest her claims of distinction upon higher grounds. Those who wish for amusement, to have their feelings gently and pleurably excited, and to draw a good moral from what they peruse, will do well to read this book. 'Tis a "*Good Speculation*," and we hope that it will turn out so both for the writer and the publisher.

The History of Switzerland, from its Earliest Origin to the Present Time. A Popular Description, and Faithful Picture of the gradual Rise and Progress of the Swiss Nation. From the German of HENIN ZSCHOKKE. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is truly a popular history. We hardly ever found condensation more complete: the reading of it, even through the medium of translation, strongly reminds us of the Commentaries of Cæsar. The man of reflection and the philosopher will find, in the perusal of this work, as far as the actual sum of human misery and human happiness is concerned, how little are the effects of the forms of government upon mankind. Among these inheritors and preservers of freedom, we find the same scenes acted as under those nations which have been the most despotically governed. War, rapine, rebellion—the insidious conspiracy—the open revolt—the daring and sanguinary slaughter, alternate with each other in dreadful rapidity through the several epochs of this mountain nation. In the arts, in the sciences, and in the refinements, that adorn and elevate life, they certainly are not upon a par with the surrounding countries; or at least were not, until a very recent period. What, then, is the conclusion to which we would come? That autocracies are the best form of government? Quite the reverse. But that strong governments are always the most beneficial; and the more free that the form of government is, the stronger it will be for all good purposes. Were the boasted freedom of the Swiss analyzed, it would be found to have been, for ages, nothing more than an abuse of small knots of patriarchal tyrannies; which, by increase, naturally intruded upon and jostled each other; the stronger absorbing the weaker, and thus establishing over the face of the country a multiplicity of oligarchies, just as remote from the spirit of real liberty, as was Tory domination over a close borough. This book will amply repay, in instruction and amusement, those who may have the fortune to read it.

Necessity of Popular Education, as a National Object, with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity.
By JAMES SIMPSON, Advocate. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, London.

There are none breathing who are more anxious, or who would more rejoice, to see the general diffusion of knowledge, and its consequent happiness, through every existing class, from the ermined peer to the overworked peasant, than ourselves. Whenever a book of this description makes its appearance, we read it with an awakened attention, and weigh its contents with a scrupulosity that we would a testament in which our private interests were concerned; and we would be the first to hail that writer as the regenerator and the benefactor of mankind, who could show us one safe step in the path that is to lead us out of the confusion of interests that make ignorance the apparent birthright of so vast a majority of our countrymen. With this feeling conscientiously entertained, we trust that any remarks we make upon this work of Mr. Simpson will be viewed with a liberal spirit, for he may be assured that we would be the first to go with him hand in hand, were we able to see our way clearly. We know that he would feel it but as a hollow compliment were we to stop to praise the elegance of his style, and the perspicacious manner in which he has arranged his arguments, when his whole soul seems to be wrapped up in the importance of his matter; yet we cannot refuse to ourselves the opportunity of doing him justice, by applying to him a quotation from his own book, "his thoughts clothe themselves naturally in words, with all the precision and brilliancy of crystallization." He says in his introductory chapter, that "the benevolence of Henry IV. of France yearned for the happiness of his people, but his lights were satisfied with wishing that there was a fowl in the pot of every peasant in the kingdom. Had he directed his utmost royal power to achieve this physical object, he would have failed. The peasant *must be capacitated to provide his own fowl*, if he is to enjoy it often. The kind-hearted monarch would have *given* the fowl if he could, and often repeated the *dole*, and thereby have degraded the character of the whole people." How completely and irrefragably true is this! Yet Mr. Simpson would *give* as a *dole* what the lower classes should be enabled to purchase of free will. This providing for the poor without money, what money would purchase, is but a disguised extension of the hateful poor laws. This undertaking to do every thing for them—to clothe them, to feed them, and to educate their children—is the bane of all wholesome exertion. What a man can get as a gift, he will never strain a muscle to procure as a thing to be earned. Mr. Simpson's principal plan is to educate all children, by making the rich pay for it; it is to be a national object, and the country is to be taxed to carry it into effect. An organized army of schoolmasters and assistants, paid by the state, is to be spread over the country; but, alas! we fear that the country cannot afford the expense of another standing army. Generous as is Mr. Simpson's plan, it is inconsistent with the stability of our constitution; nor could it be brought into effect, without ultimately disturbing all property. It is a mournful fact, that can no longer be disguised, that the wealth of the empire, and the claims of those who think that they possess that wealth, cannot be satisfied without as regular and as vast a consumption of human happiness and human life as of the fuel of the steam-engine that also plays its part to produce that wealth. Every man of property, directly and indirectly, demands and gets the life-devouring labour of so many persons; and, if he ceases to get it, his property is nothing but a name. As surely as you gave the proposed education to *all* the children of the ma-

nual labour class, and educated them until they were fourteen, so surely would they afterwards refuse to labour away their lives at the rate of twelve or fourteen hours a day, so surely, when they became men,—would they pitch the tone of their feelings higher,—would they demand to live less like paupers,—would they make many things now deemed luxuries absolute necessities,—would they see the impropriety of overstocking the labour market by a reckless propagation of their species,—and when they had begun to effect all this, would the man of property get his dividends at the bank? This new moral race who would supplant the present great payers of the excise, who, by their wasted energies, have enabled us to force trade and commerce, and thus supply the customs, would no longer pour their earnings into the coffers of the excise, or, by dying at the loom, enable the manufacturers to undersell foreigners. It is the excess of population, the excess of overworking, the dissolute habits of the large majority of the inhabitants, that enable this vast machine of our body politic to move heavily and wearily on. The veriest pauper in the kingdom pays, or causes to be paid, taxes into the treasury. This is a horrible state of things, but property will never quietly consent to their reformation. We think that the educationists begin at the wrong end. They should first strive to find means to enable the poor to procure comforts, and to acquire a little property, and they would then buy as much education as they wanted. God forbid that we should wish to discourage the exertions of philanthropy—they do immense good by exciting the attention, and acting on the fears of the higher classes; but we feel assured that they will not do good by effecting the ends they purpose, though they will stumble on others equally or more beneficial; and let them take this consolation with them, that every man and boy is all his life always educating himself, and the training that they would begin so early, is always, sooner or later, forced upon the individual, when he is obliged to jostle his way through life. Without a complete subversion of all our institutions, and change in the holders of property, this mighty empire will never become an extensive school of optimist education. Whether it be worth the while, for the happiness of future generations, to bring about that subversion, and to make those alterations in property, we beg to be allowed to decline giving an opinion, though we have given the subject many a fearful and anxious thought. To conclude, we honour Mr. Simpson for the production of his book, and we wish that his designs were all fulfilled; but we tremble at, and shrink from, the process.

Sketches in Spain, during the years 1829, 30, 31, 32. By CAPTAIN G. E. COOK, R. N. A. and W. Galignani; Baudry, at the American Library, Paris; Boone, Bond Street, London.

Approbation can be the only sentiment which this well-written and deeply-searching book must elicit. Captain Cook is assuredly well versed in every thing connected with the Spanish nation, whether it regard them as a community or individuals. He seems to have been admitted equally into the salons of the great, the retreat of private respectable life, and into the cottage of the peasant, and, of all these various grades he has given interesting and animated descriptions. The Iberian character, when thus made familiar to us, gives a much more favourable impression than we had, from our previous reading, and partial intercourse with them at sea-port towns, anticipated. From our own experience we know, that much of what the author has promulgated concerning them is true, but he has made us acquainted with facts, of which before we had no idea. He nobly vindicates the morals of the

fair sex, and proves to us, with the exception of England, even if England be excepted, that in no nation are there higher feelings of honour, or greater purity of conduct. Even their superstition takes upon itself a generous form, and, in the more informed classes, becomes rather a patriotic feeling, and a respect for their ancestors, than a religious bigotry. No one should either pretend to write or to converse upon this country, without preparing himself by a previous perusal of this instructive work. It will also be productive of great national advantage in cementing the bonds of union and sympathy between two nations, that assimilate more in character, and high tone of feeling, than any other now existing. Liberal principles are fast working their way among them, and, in whatever way the present disturbed state of the country may find its termination, absolutism and monarchism have received a fatal blow. Captain Cook is another of those naval characters who, scorning to waste their energies in the enervation of peace, has sought difficulties, and, in some measure, courted danger in order to run a course of utility, honourable to himself and beneficial to the country. While the two services boast of so many characters that have distinguished themselves during our long cessation from hostilities, we need not fear, however soon or suddenly we may be plunged into war; for as battles are ever decided more by the grasp of mind than the strength of muscle, we shall bring to the encounter the great requisites that will ensure success, and herald us on to victory.

The British Battalion at Oporto: with Adventures, Anecdotes, and Exploits in Holland, and Waterloo, and in the Expedition to Portugal. By CORPORAL KNIGHT, of the Order of the Tower and the Sword, &c. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; and Thomas Murray, Glasgow.

This is a very pleasant, naive account, of what actually befel a regular British soldier—a good specimen of that excellent material that has mainly contributed to build up our military glory. Very fond of plunder in an honest way, with his heart always all right, but with his head often wrong, he seems, upon the whole, to have enjoyed his fair share of happiness, notwithstanding his hardships, his privations, and his wounds. The emperor, Don Pedro, must be a shabby dog indeed if he allows Knight to go without his forty-three pounds longer than he can help: it is emphatically a debt of honour. In our minds, we have no doubt but that his pay will be shortly, if not at present, settled. A person may get a better idea from this unpretending book of the actual operations of a campaign, especially as it is felt in the ranks of an army, than by a much more laboured and ponderous treatise.

Rookwood, a Romance. ANON. 3 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

There is much good, and much powerful, writing in these three volumes; but the plot is a little too intricate, and the heroic and the ludicrous, though each is excellent in its way, do not well amalgamate. Probability, too, is carried to the very verge of credence, and what is certainly physically possible, is made, by exaggeration, so outré, that the mind rejects it as unnatural. This remark applies only to some few parts of the work, such as the events that are perpetrated in the vaults beneath Davenham Priory, and the unaccountably fatuitous conduct of

Mrs. Mowbray. To reconcile the reader to very startling events, and eccentric feats, much time and care should be used in developing the springs of action, and the philosophy of the minds of the performers. The author of Rookwood has so crowded his pages with incidents, that he has left himself no room to trace out causes, and astonishing facts come too abruptly on the startled reader. We have been thus liberal in our strictures, because we are sorry to see such powers of mind expended in cultivating so rugged a soil as that upon which this romance is constructed. It is a hard and broken rock, elevated, it is true, but bearing too few flowers to make the scene so agreeable, to all classes of readers, as we could have wished. However, if any one has a fancy "to sup full of horrors," and procure for themselves a tremendously magnificent nightmare, this is the very romance for them. The slang part is that which we the least admire, yet this, we are well assured, will entertain a numerous body of readers. We think these volumes likely to do well and reach another edition.

Brother Tragedians. A Novel. By ISABELLA HILL. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

This is a very original production, and very unlike any of its contemporaries. There mantles about it an easy playfulness, mingled with a quaintness of humour that is at once puzzling and pleasing. The characters are all ideality; we see them pass before us in a brilliant dream; we never for a moment look upon them as any thing but fictions; indeed, they strike us as being more like fays and fairies, who have assumed, for the nonce, mortal shapes, and thus, as such, cheat us out of our applause. The moral of the tale seems to be, that all professions, honourably followed, are honourable; and that the histrionic must claim a high rank as being the medium of extensive instruction, and the means of that mental refinement that lifts man so far above the clay from which he was formed. There is in this novel, without any traces of the servility of imitation, a great resemblance to Goëthe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*; but it certainly, and very properly, avoids many of those grossnesses that German taste tolerates, and of which we have not yet become sufficiently continental to approve. We cannot conclude our notice of this work without recommending it to general perusal; and we vaticinate badly, if it do not become a general favourite.

A History of France, from the Earliest Periods to the beginning of the Year 1834, with a Chronological Table of Contents, Birth of cotemporary Sovereigns, and Biographical Notes and Illustrations. Fourth Edition. By MRS. JAMESON, author of a History of Spain, &c. &c. &c.

We congratulate the authoress and the publishers upon the success of this judiciously compiled abstract; it is necessary to the young, and very convenient to those more advanced in education, as a book of reference, and as a refresher to the memory. The style is unaffected, and therefore pleasing, and thus particularly acceptable to youth. The arrangement is perspicuous, and we are hardly sensible, from the number of events that we find recorded, that we have been reading a work so much compressed as that now before us. We predict that it will become a class book in schools; and, though now already in its fourth edition, that it has only commenced its successful career.

India, a Poem, in Three Cantos. By a YOUNG CIVILIAN OF BENGAL. John Priestley, High Holborn.

Had not all this, that is comprised in ninety-two pages, better have been expressed in prose, if expressed at all? When we point out a passage of wild exaggeration, or of downright falsehood, we shall be told of the poetic licence, and yet the author wishes us to believe as much in his assertions, as if he had conveyed them only in argumentative prose. It is true that the English rule in India is not perfection, but it is no less true that it supplanted a rule that was, or rather a set of tyrannies that were, actually horrible. As a poem we find the versification unceasingly mellifluous—many impassioned lines—some few poetical images—and many faults. What is meant by

“ The sun’s intenseness mellowed by the moon,”

excepting that, at the moment he wrote it, there was a *partial eclipse* of the author’s comprehension? We see talent in this poem, but its full developement is, we think, far distant.

The Beggar of Bethnal Green; a Comedy, in Three Acts, altered from the Beggar’s Daughter of Bethnal Green. By JAMES SHERRIDAN KNOWLES, Author of “*Virginius*,” “*The Hunchback*,” &c. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We like this, perhaps, the least of any of Mr. Knowles’ plays. It is not very readable. It requires all the accessories of scenery, music, and stage illusion to make it palatable. The story is in itself vague and improbable. The author has done as much perhaps as any one could do with it, but it neither captivates the attention nor carries the feelings with it. As to the comic parts, “we like not the humour of the thing.” Mr. Knowles can, however, with his reputation, afford now and then to expand his genius upon a barren subject; and, though he has planted upon a rock, the seed was good, and the culture skilful; the only mistake was, in planting there at all.

Cadet Roussel à Londres. Panorama de Londres, en cinq Tableaux, par Mars, auteur de Blaise Evailé, des Cuisinières, &c. Baillière, 219, Regent Street.

An amusing enough brochure. The subject, a Paris cockney, comes to stare at the London ones. Maitre Roussel is a bit of a wag and a bit of a wit, with just simplicity enough to permit himself to be taken in, and droll enough to laugh heartily at it. He finds the good half of the money in England bad, and writes very pretty verses. He thus apostrophizes the broadest of our broad sheets.

“ L’Tim’s est grand
Pour la form’ c’est un géant,
Et pourtant
C’n’est qu’un nain politiquant.”

Outline of the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cheltenham. By RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, F.R.S. &c. &c. Henry Davies, Montpellier Library, Cheltenham; John Murray, London.

This tract is very scientifically written, and will make one more onward step towards perfecting geology. If we continue thus to make discoveries, the crust of the earth we inhabit will shortly boast a more veracious history than can the mendacious inhabitants that are distributed over it. Not only the residents of Cheltenham and its vicinity, but the whole of England, must feel deeply interested in the facts so perspicuously evolved in this little pamphlet.

The Critics criticised, with Remarks on a passage in Dr. Chalmers's Bridgewater Treatise. By the Author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century." Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

The author of this brochure does us no more than justice, in ranking us among his friends. He is of those whom we are proud to love, yet would not elect as leaders. We concede to him that much of his theory is as correct as it is noble, but it contains those sort of principles whose advance we patiently await, but which it would not be discreet to break up the ranks of society to go on tumultuously, and meet.

Hints to all Parties. By a Man of no Party. Bach and Co. 21, Soho Square.

Our friend has clapped the trumpet of remonstrance to his mouth, and, with the breath of patriotism, has blown a sufficient, indignant, and startling blast. It is no more than an eloquent appeal from the spirit that presides over our pockets, to that which should hold sway in our bosoms, in behalf of our too much neglected country. Our absenteeism, our aristocratic seclusionism, our monopolies, &c. &c. which we all regularly deplore, yet never reform, are the key-notes of the arousing call that he makes upon us. We like the author's manliness, and recommend his pamphlet.

The Flower Garden; or Monthly Calendar of Practical Directions for the Culture of Flowers. By MARTIN DOYLE. W. Curry, Jun. Dublin; Simpkin and Marshall, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

An acceptable and judicious little manual, very necessary to amateurs, and not useless to the professional gardener. We neither find, nor is there arrogated, any new discovery in this work; but old matter is well arranged, and the directions so plain that none can misunderstand them. This vade mecum deserves a nook in the library among the humble utilities.

Black Gowns and Red Coats; or Oxford in 1834. Part II. Addressed to the Duke of Wellington. James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

This sweetly versified satire is as good in the second as it was in the first course. It is a highly-seasoned dish, the ingredients of which are both acid and biting. It is hardly generous to hurl such well-pointed shafts against the decrepit old lady; but as there are still thousands who are firm in their faith in her beauty, vigour, and utility, let them rally round her and defend her if they can. They have a truculent assailant.

Guidone. *A Dramatic Poem.* Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

A chaste and elegant specimen of versification, that over embellishes a feeble and common-place plot. It must be the production of a mind attuned to a nice sense of harmony, that feels the force of all that is loveable deeply, and knows how to express those feelings eloquently. We do not think, with all its recommendations, that it is likely to excite a general attention. We may compare it to a fine woman obscured in a crowd, there must be a push made in order that she may be seen to advantage, or even seen at all; but when her beauty has been acknowledged, sufficient room will be made for her, and the train of her admirers will be many. We are but one voice to cry out, "make way," and we do it cheerfully.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations, Illustrative of their Traditions, Popular Literature, Manners, Customs, and Superstitions.
By W. J. THOMS, Author of the "Early English Prose Romances.
George Cowie, 312, Strand.

This is the second Number, and contains the "Lays and Legends of France." They are all very amusing, and display in them much of what we generally conceive to be the French character. They are not so wild or so grotesque as the German, but equally amusing. The narrator has done his part most judiciously—he has inflicted upon his readers nothing extraneous, to prove that he could write, and therefore has written extremely well.

Northcroft's Parliamentary Chronicle; embracing Impartial Reports of all the Speeches delivered in both Houses during the Second Session of the Reformed Parliament. By A. NORTHCROFT, Chancery Lane. Vol. XI. Part XIII. Reports to May 3rd, 1834.

We have looked through these debates, and comparing them with those reported in the diurnal papers, we find them given with fairness and precision, and in a much more extended form, than we anticipated. As to the critical review at the end of the debates, we will all but be silent. We cannot employ our time upon criticising critiques, though we must say that we think them conceived in a laudable spirit, and well expressed.

Rostang, the Brigand of the Rhine; or the Brothers of Sion. A Drama in Three Acts. Smith and Elder, Cornhill, London; and Meyler, Abbey Church Yard, Bath.

This is a poem of much promise, with all the vigorous excesses usually attendant on the youthful, and as yet, ill-restrained muse. The plot is interesting, the characters well-sustained, and uniformly eloquent, yet the poet predominates a little too much in all of them. We have more hope, from the perusal of this drama, which is not excellent, of the future excellence of the writer, than we have of ninety-nine out of the hundred writers who are monthly wasting their pretensions upon an unheeding public.

The Architectural Director. Comprising every thing connected with Architecture. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. John Bennett, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

This very useful publication has now commenced its second edition, considerably enlarged and improved. The plates alone are worth the money charged for each part. This part, the first, contains, as a frontispiece, the elevation of St. Peter's at Rome; and accurately finished, and finely cut the engraving is. The tables at the end must be of eminent service to every practical builder. Self-interest will save us the task of recommending this work.

A Guide to the Wine Cellar, or a Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Vine, and the Management of the different Wines consumed in this Country. By F. C. HUSENBETH, Wine Merchant, Bristol.

The best practical treatise we ever read on this subject. It is rather favourable to the merchant, but shows no mercy to the mercantile quack. Every gentleman should make himself acquainted with its contents, in the first place, that he may guard against impostors, and in the second that he may not expect impossibilities, by supposing that the best things can ever be had for little money, and, lastly, that a good article at a good price is always cheap.

The Affinities of Plants with Man and Animals; their Analogies and Associations. A Lecture, delivered before the Worcestershire Natural History Society. By EDWIN LEES. W. Edwards, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street.

One of the most pleasing lectures that we ever read, elegant without pretension, and learned without pedantry; it concentrates in one view almost all that is curious, occult, and beautiful, in the part of the creation of which it treats. It is short, and related in a manner that must make a deep impression on the memory. The only defect which we find is, that the Latin terms of the genera are too frequently used without its corresponding English synonyme.

Remarks on the Poor Laws, and on the Method of Providing for the Poor in Scotland. By DAVID MONYPENNY, of Pitmilley. Thomas Clark, Edinburgh, 38, George Street.

The title of this able work is one of too much humility. It is a complete and lucid history of the subject. After all the facts have been enumerated the author proceeds to argument, and, we think, satisfactorily proves the right of the actually destitute to relief, on the one hand, and the right also, on the other, to make that relief as sparing as possible, in order to throw every one who can exert himself on his own resources. We think that charitable and voluntary contribution is a little too much insisted upon, for were it in the practice greatly to relieve the poor through those means, the purses of the most worthy only would be punished, and the avaricious and the heartless escape free. Scotland ought to be grateful to Mr. Monypenny for this work, and England may cull advantage from the facts that are so distinctly set forth. For our part, we fear that if things go on as they do, in a few years the social hive must either swarm or suffocate.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Deontology; or, the Science of Morality. By Jeremy Bentham; edited by John Bowring. 2 vols. 8vo. 15s.
- A Plan for the better Security of Vessels navigating the River Thames. By C. H. Ackerley, Esq. R. N. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- The Picture of Scotland. By Robert Chambers. Third edition, with additions, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d., roan; 1 vol. 12mo. 15s., roan.
- Advice to a Nobleman on playing the Pianoforte, with Remarks on Singing. Fourth edition, 18mo. 3s.
- Principles of the Commercial Law of Scotland. By a Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Transactions of the Zoological Society. Part II. 4to. coloured, 24s. sewed; plain, 16s. sewed.
- Hints for Practical Economy in Household Affairs. By James Luckcock. 12mo. 6d.
- A Treatise on the Usefulness of Furze or Gorse, as Winter Feed for Cattle. 12mo. 1s.
- East India Register and Directory. Second edition, 1834. 10s.
- Cunningham's Life and Works of Burns. Vol. V. 12mo. 5s.
- An Essay towards an easy and useful System of Logic. By Robert Blakey. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Divine Providence; or, the Three Cycles of Revelation. By the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D. 8vo. 15s.
- Public Record Commission: Sir F. Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, &c. Folio, Vol. II. 7l. 7s.
- Voyages round the World. By Edmund Fanning. 8vo. with plates, 16s.
- Dictionary of Geography, Ancient and Modern. By Josiah Conder. 12mo. 12s.
- Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology. By P. M. Roget, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. (being the 5th of Bridgwater Treatises.) 1l. 10s.
- D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. Vol. IV. 12mo. 5s.
- African Sketches. By Thomas Pringle. fcap. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Essay on Primitive Preaching. By John Pethrick. 12mo. 3s.
- Dudley Castle. By Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. 2s.
- Cruchley's New Picture of London, with coloured maps. 6s.
- Blair's Mother's Question-Book. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- Origines Biblicæ; or, Researches in Primeval History. By C. T. Beke. Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- The Exposition of the Parables, &c. By Edward Greswell, B.D. Part I. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.
- Ovid's Fasti, with English Notes. By C. S. Stanford, A.M. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- The Melange; a variety of Original Pieces in prose and verse. By Egerton Smith. Crown 8vo. 13s. 6d.
- A Guide to the Isle of Wight. By W. C. F. G. Sheridan. 12mo. 6s.
- The Georgics of Virgil, translated into English Prose. By Isaac Butt. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- Pharmacopœia Homœopathica, edit. F. F. Quin. M.D. 8vo. 7s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Major E. Moor, the talented Author of the "Hindoo Pantheon," has just completed a highly interesting volume of Oriental Fragments, illustrated with a variety of curious plates.

Professor Rossetti's extraordinary work, "Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma,"—"Antipapal Spirit, which produced the Reformation, and Secret Influence exercised thereby on the Literature of Europe, and especially of Italy, as displayed by her classic writers, Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio," &c. &c. &c. has caused a tremendous shock in Italy, and been laid under the ban of the Papal Church. We are, therefore, happy to hear, that the curiosity—we should say, the

deep interest of all the friends of Protestantism will speedily be gratified, by the publication of a translation of this work, by Miss C. Ward, who, while she writes her own language with great elegance, is deeply versed in that of Italy, and has a profound knowledge of the great subject she undertakes to communicate to the English reader.

Mr. D. Richardson has just completed a highly interesting and useful volume for Youth, under the appropriate title of "Trials and Triumphs," and which will take its place on the same shelf with "The Rectory of Valehead," and "Pictures of Private Life."

A Work of very superior merit and utility, under the title of "English Scenes and English Civilization—Sketches and Traits in the Nineteenth Century," will appear in the course of this Month, from the pen of a Writer who has studied the present state of society, with the most liberal and profound views towards its improvement. Individuals of every class are portrayed with nicety of shade, and with characteristic effect; and while the imagination is agreeably occupied, there is much scope for instructive reflection, and not a few excitements to laughter at the foibles, affectations, and perversities of many in the present generation.

"Library of Romance."—The volume for the present Month, comprises a Tale, rendered from the German of C. Spindler—intituled "The Jesuit," a name which indicates much of the contents, to those who have read of the daring intrigues of that Society. This volume is said to be equal to any of its predecessors in novelty and characteristic effect.

The Third and concluding Volume of "Cowper's Miscellaneous Works," comprising the whole of his Poems and his inimitable Letters, will appear in the course of this Month. This is decidedly the most complete edition of our Christian Poet's Works that has ever been offered to the public, and has long been considered a desideratum in the literary world. The rational piety, sound judgment, and critical acumen displayed by Dr. Memes in his very valuable Life of the Poet, would alone render this Edition of Cowper's Works the decided favourite with all readers of correct taste and elevated feeling.

"Manners, Customs, and History of China." The Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, who, possessing a perfect knowledge of the language, travelled in the disguise of a Native, through the interior of China, is now preparing for immediate publication a History of that Empire, almost entirely derived from Oriental Sources. This work will contain a highly interesting account of the Manners, Customs, Religion, Laws, and Government of the Chinese; together with the important Historical details concerning their Commercial intercourse with England, Spain, Portugal, and the other civilized nations of the West.

The Third Edition of the First Series of Miss Stickney's "Pictures of Private Life," will appear in a few days, comprising "The Hall and the Cottage,"—"Ellen Eskdale,"—"The Curate's Widow,"—and "Marriage as it may be."

In the scientific world, Mr. Walker's work on the "Brain and its Functions," is expected with great anxiety. It entirely subverts the prevailing doctrines on the Nervous System, and changes the face of that most important branch of Physiology, by a complete demolition of the doctrines of Bell, Magendi, Mayo, Bellingeri, Flourens, Schoepf, Muller, &c. It has accordingly been sanctioned by the highest scientific approbations. It will, we understand, be followed by a volume on the Locomotive, and another on the Vital System, forming a new and altogether Original System of Physiology, which is likely to drive every other from the Universities.

Part the First of "A Brief Sketch of Modern History," designed for the use of boys at the Public Schools, &c. &c., by two Members of the University of Cambridge. (To be completed in Twelve Parts.)

A Descriptive, Explanatory, and Critical Catalogue of Fifty of the earliest Pictures in the National Gallery, (including the two Correggios purchased by Government,) by John Landseer, Esq. F.S.A.

A Treatise on the System of Intercourse and Communication in Civilized States, and particularly in Great Britain. By Thomas Grahame. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is proposed to publish by Subscription, a work to be entitled "The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily," in which will be condensed the best observations of the more distinguished tourists through those countries. With (as an Appendix) an abridged translation of Lanzi's History of Painting. 3 vols. 8vo.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of Paintings in Water Colours, illustrative of the Sublimities and Beauties of the Holy Scriptures. By RICHARD WESTALL, Esq., R. A.; and JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

This display of art is well worthy attention. The drawings are all of them of small compass, and are finished with different degrees of elaboration. They really possess much merit, and some of them may be termed, without affectation, gems. They are the originals of a series of wood-cuts, meant to illustrate the Bible, the first number only of which (we mention it *en passant*) we have received. These water-coloured paintings are exhibiting at the library of Messrs. Bull and Churton, in a very commodious suit of rooms, and we believe the admission to be gratis. The names of the artists ought, in themselves, to be a sufficient inducement for every person of taste to visit them.

The St. James's Gallery, 58, Pall Mall.

We have visited this splendid assemblage of pictures from the great Spanish and Italian masters, and have found much gratification in the survey. As the reputation of most of these pictures has been long established, a detailed critique upon them from our pen would be but a work of supererogation, the more especially so, as the affair is done for us to our hands, though in a manner a little too panegyric, in the *Catalogue Raisonné*, which may be had at the Gallery. We cannot, however, pass over in silence the allegorical picture of the Triumph of Charity, by Rubens. It is a magnificent affair, and, in colouring, grouping, and grandeur of effect, truly a masterpiece. It is very large; but the genius of the renowned artist seems to expand in the ratio of the space in which it is displayed. For so vast a picture, there is also a wonderful deal of finish. The style of beauty of the figures is certainly not Grecian; yet we can see much beauty in very rounded forms, and somewhat massive limbs. Artists must go to this exhibition for improvement—all other persons for gratification.

We have received two specimens of a newly-invented chalk for all the purposes of lithography, invented by Mr. Hulmandel. As far as clearness of marking, and delicacy of touch are concerned, we see little more to be wished for in this very useful and elegant branch of the arts.

Pictures on Glass, painted by Messrs. GEORGE HOADLY and ANTHONY OLDFIELD.

We had looked upon painting on glass in colours as fixed by vitrification as one of the lost arts. We have visited this exhibition in St. James's Place, Hampstead-Road, and have there found, on conclusive evidence, that, if once lost, the secret is now recovered. The pictures that we saw are the glory of simulating science. The distances, the atmospheric appearances, fire, light, are all resplendently natural, and must give a pang to the experienced artist in oils, to see himself so far outdone in the accuracy of deception. When Napoleon asked after the duration of the immortality of a painting, some one using that word rather too gratuitously, was answered, "perhaps a thousand years." "Bah! for such immortality," was the contemptuous reply. In these vitrifications a Napoleon immortality may be obtained; and knowing this, how sedulously ought this beautiful art to be fostered! Much as we have been pleased and astonished by what we beheld, we still see room for one very considerable improvement; and that is, making the light substances in the foregrounds possess some *body* of colour. The figures, brilliant as they are in their variegated costumes, all appear too transparent. We seem to see through them, and with this impression on our senses, the harmony of the whole is destroyed. In every other respect, we think the representation nearly perfect. A panorama all of stained glass would be a gloriously wonderful illusion. We wish that those in whose hands encouragement rests, would give it to these meritorious artists, so that they might act up to our suggestion.

Illustrations of the Bible, by JOHN MARTIN. Parts VI. and VII. Published by John Martin, 30, Allsop Place, New Road, London.

The Plates that we are now about to notice, are those engraved by Mr. Martin, from his own designs, and adapted for the illustration of a folio Bible. They all evince the grandeur of mind of the artist, and are an excellent exchange for the miserable and often degrading plates that former illuminated editions of the Holy Scriptures bore among their pages. In these two parts, we shall first remark upon the "Fall of the Walls of Jericho." A vast and many-towered city, situated upon a rocky eminence, whose massive, and vainly thought perdurable walls, that seem to have incorporated themselves with the stone upon which they are based, are falling in large masses, in awful confusion. The besieging multitude of Israelites are well grouped in the fore-ground, whilst the elements, in wild commotion, attest the presence of the miracle. It is a vigorous and elevated picture, and honourable even to Mr. Martin's genius. "The Seventh Plague," the plague of thunder, fire, and hail, is still more magnificent than the last we noticed. The time is night, yet the elemental strife affords sufficient light to make all the horrors visible. Crowds prostrating themselves on the terraces of magnificent architecture, or flying from the descending wrath, give a dreadful animation to the scene. There is also a port, in which the tempest-tossed and sinking galleys form another terrible feature in the display of the Divine displeasure. The destruction of Pharaoh's host, is all action and energy. Every thing is in a sublime turbulence. The engulfing sea, the angry heavens, the excited Hebrews, and the desponding and perishing Egyptians, make altogether a grand display of the terrific. In Moses breaking the Tables, there is great judgment shown in placing the venerable Lawgiver high above the multitude, on a ledge of rocks, and invested in a misty light. He seems hardly less than divine. In the middle distance, there is the golden calf, and the worshipping multitude. The surrounding scenery is appropriate to the awful events that is consummating, and gives a grandeur to the whole. The more we contemplate Mr. Martin's productions, the higher our estimate of his genius becomes.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by STANFIELD, CALCOTT, and TURNER, and other eminent Artists, made from Original Sketches taken on the spot. With a Description of the Plates, by the Rev. T. HORNE, M. D. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This third part commences with a view in Jerusalem, by Turner, and is very characteristic of the country. The fountain at Jericho, called the fountain of Elisha, is a most romantic spot, and beautifully drawn and engraved. Pergamos forms also a pleasing specimen of pictorial display, and gives magnificent evidences of by-gone grandeur. Mount Lebanon, and the Convent of Antonio, is full of interesting associations. The letter-press accompanying it is also instructive and amusing. This undertaking seems to improve as it progresses.

A Plan for the abundantly supplying the Metropolis with Pure Water from the River Coln, forming at the same time a Railway, embracing many Advantages. By JOHN MARTIN, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

As this plan is intimately connected with the arts, we shall notice it in this place. It seems to us not only feasible, but almost unobjectionable. Indeed, the only objection to it that we can perceive, arises from the injury it would occasion to existing interests. But private ought always to give way to public advantage. The question then would be, whether the utility of this plan of Mr. Martin's would be such as not only to pay for its adoption, with a profit to the speculators, but also sufficiently to indemnify those who would lose by its adoption. We really think it would. Mr. Martin must get some influential member of parliament to take up his views.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The two obstacles that we noticed in our last report, as temporarily interfering with commercial industry, are, we hope, fast passing away. The one, the embarrassment of trade in America; the other, the operations of the Trades' Unions. In alluding to the first point, we have great satisfaction in stating, that all the communications received within the last three weeks, uniformly assert that confidence was fast reviving, and trade beginning again to extend itself. We are glad to be enabled to observe, that although good accounts have arrived from the United States for some time, manufacturers and others who trade with that country are still sending out very few goods. After such a convulsion as our transatlantic customers have experienced, it will be some time before regular commercial intercourse can with safety be resumed, and this appears to be the opinion of merchants and manufacturers generally; for as far as our information goes, they are continuing to act with a degree of caution, which, if it had been exercised in former periods, would have saved this country from many financial and mercantile panics. With regard to the second obstacle, we may venture to pronounce that Trades' Unions are dying a natural death; but not until they have done irreparable injury to the operatives of the kingdom, and severely inconvenienced the masters: those unoffending parties, who have never mixed themselves up with the societies in question, having been made to suffer all the hardships that want of employment produces in consequence of the tyranny of the members of the Unions, who, because they did not choose to work themselves, would not allow industrious and well-disposed artisans to gain a livelihood for their families. The inconvenience to the masters and the public will be temporary; to the workmen the evil of their doings will, in some degree, be permanent, for in many instances their places will be filled by foreigners.

We have seldom observed a steadier sale of cotton goods than has been taking place for many weeks, and it still continues: the raw cotton market is free from speculation, and manufacturers come regularly into the market as purchasers, in order that they may meet their demands for goods. The home and continental consumption is so steady at present, that the diminished inquiries for goods in America, and in the East Indies, have not been so severely felt as they would have been in some previous years. Upon reference which we have been enabled to make to London warehousemen, and to persons well acquainted with the mercantile depots of the continent, to the amount of goods on hand, we are assured that it is by no means large, either among the retail traders of London, or the merchants of the continent; and when the American market is sufficiently recovered to assist the demand, we may confidently expect increased activity in the cotton manufacture. Those of silk and woollen goods have been well maintained, particularly the latter, since the speculation in the raw material has ceased.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 23rd of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 215 half, 16 half.—Indian Ditto, 269, 70.—Consols, 92 three-eighths, half.—Ditto Account, 92 half.—Reduced, 91 three-eighths, half.—Ditto Three and a Half, 99 one-eighth.—New Three and a Half Per Cents. 100, three-eighths, half.—Four Per Cents. 100 five-eighths, three-quarters.—India Bonds, 28, 30.—Exchequer Bills, 50, 1.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian, 98 half.—Brazil, 75 three-quarters, 6 quarter.—Columbian, 26 half, three-quarters.—Danish, 74 three-quarters, 5 quarter.—Dutch,

96 three-quarters, 7.—Ditto, Two and a Half, 52 one-eighth, three eighths.—Greek Anglo, 114 half.—Ditto Russian and French, 100 half, 1.—Mexican, 44 half.—Portuguese, 79 quarter, half.—Russian 105 half, 6.—Spanish 35 half, 6.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 9, 10.—Bolanos, 120 half, 132 half.—Brazil, 58 half, 9 half.—Columbian, 10 half, 11 half.—Del Monte, 33 half, 4 half.—United Mexican, 7 half, 8 half.—British Iron, 30 half, 31 half.—Canada, 47 half, 8 half.—Irish Provincial Bank, 44 half.—General Steam Navigation, 15 half.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The fluctuations in the prices of Peninsular bonds, since our last report, have been very extensive, and caused great embarrassment in the settlement that occurred in the middle of last month. There was a difference of fourteen per cent. in the price of Spanish stock in one week, and of upwards of eight per cent. in Portuguese. The various reports respecting the negotiation for the loan, which the Spanish government has been endeavouring to raise, and the rumours respecting the military operations in Portugal, having produced a decline and a reaction to that extent. The transactions in these Stocks were very large up to the period of the settlement; but they have since been considerably narrowed. The business in North of Europe Securities has been chiefly confined to purchases for investment, and prices have remained very steady in them. Mexican Bonds were a good deal afflicted for two or three days in consequence of advices of an unfavourable nature from Vera Cruz. They declined four per cent., but afterwards recovered about two per cent. Other transatlantic Stocks have been steady. The financial measure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, relative to the reduction of the four per cents, has had some effect upon English Securities. At first the measure rather depressed them; but the day following its promulgation, Consols advanced, and the money market appeared to be gaining strength upon it. After a lapse of some days, the London bankers found that it would yield them a profit to buy the four per cents., and thereby gain half a year's interest upon them by Michaelmas, and then become dissentients, and demand money instead of Stock. This movement on the part of the London bankers, it was thought, would be carried to such an extent at one time as to thwart the views of government, and Consols declined to 92½, from which, however, they soon recovered.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 22, TO MAY 23, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

April 22.—J. Batty, Ware, Hertford, victualler.—A. Schloss, Strand, bookseller.—G. Adnam, Brighton, commission agent.—J. Eve, Fleet Street, ironmonger.—G. Williamson, Ivinghoe, Bucks, baker.—J. Harding, Kennington Canal Basin, timber merchant.—C. Overton, Monk Fryston, Yorkshire, miller.—W. Baker, Thirsk, grocer.—W. Thompson, Witney, Oxford, coach maker.—E. Ledgard, Mirfield, York, seed crusher.—J. Thompson, Sheffield, grocer.—W. Braithwaite, Middlewich, Cheshire, brewer.—J. Joseph and T. Hallam, Nottingham, builders.—T. Hamer, Huddersfield, woolstapler.—W. Swanwick, Nottingham, innkeeper.—H. Coombs, Liberty of the Close of Sarum, money scrivener.

April 23.—J. H. Green, Finch Lane, bill broker.—D. Douglas, Whitechapel Road, baker.—J. Robinson, Bridge Street, Westminster, bootmaker.—W. Lewer, Wellington Street, Strand, news agent.—G. Harris, Broad Street, corn factor.—J. Hansom and E. Welch, Birmingham, builders.—R. A. West, Leeds, draper.—G. Hocknell, Stone, Staffordshire, innkeeper.—W. Watson, Briggstown, Flintshire, timber merchant.—C. Wyatt, Banbury, Oxfordshire, innkeeper.—B. and R. Butterworth, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Allison, Belper, Derbyshire, wheelwright.

April 29.—T. Scrivener, Mark Lane, corn dealer.—T. Weaver, South Street, Spitalfields, cheesemonger.—J. W. Aughtie, Cheapside, jeweller.—W. Snuggs, Vauxhall, builder.—G. T. Thompson, Bishopsgate Street, dealer in snuff.—J. Arkell, Cheltenham, miller.—W. Bridge, sen., Manchester, timber dealer.—J. Wilson, Liverpool, upholsterer.—H. Gore, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Bugler, Clutton, Somerset, innkeeper.—R. Oakley, Shrewsbury, builder.—J. Prince, Bath, innkeeper.

May 2.—F. Webb, Fleet Street, robe maker.—R. Edgar, Harp Lane, Tower Street, wine merchant.—T. Hunt, St. Mary Axe, bookbinder and stationer.—R. Bowles, Spalding, carpen-

ter.—W. Stevens, jun., Old Jewry, auctioneer.—J. Green, Cheltenham, draper.—J. Chilton, Southwark, boarding-housekeeper.—S. Cranfield, Colchester, innkeeper.—W. Gould, Rosemary Lane, brewer.—T. W. Polton, Bath, fruiterer.—M. Fisher, Huddersfield, provision dealer.—W. Hill, Cradley, nail manufacturer.

May 6.—S. Godson, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, wine merchant.—R. Hartley and R. S. Farr, St. John St., West Smithfield, chemists.—J. Bacon, Greenwich, plasterer.—R. Dodge, St. Austle, Cornwall, saddler.—S. Forster, L. Smith, and J. Jewit, Manchester, cotton spinners.—J. Brindley, Alton Mills, Staffordshire, colour manufacturer.—S. Riley, Farnley, Yorkshire, clothier.—R. Makin, sen., R. Makin, jun., and W. Makin, Liverpool, corn merchants.—S. E. Walter, Madeley, Shropshire, printer.—F. Iveson, Beverley, dealer.

May 9.—G. Penton, Parch Farm, Croydon, cattle dealer.—J. Bennett, Covent Garden Market, herbalist.—W. Mawbey, Edgeware, corn dealer.—J. H. Popplewell, Millbank Street, Westminster, coal merchant.—T. S. Pearson, Leeds, linen draper.—W. Wookey, Upper St. Martin's Lane, victualler.—E. Gannell, Newbury, Berkshire, fellmonger.—M. Thorpe, Spalding, merchant.—J. Middleton, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton manufacturer.

May 12.—F. W. Isaac, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, musical instrument maker.—W. Mason, West Butterwick, draper.—T. Nichols, Wakefield, bookseller.—W. Rogers, Chepstow, mercer.

May 16.—E. Cole, Well Street, Oxford Street, corn chandler.—M. Wake, Wapping, chain-smith.—W. Blanchard, Old Compton Street, Soho, oilman.—J. W. Warren, Blandford, Dorsetshire, draper.—R. Legg, Exeter, coal merchant.—N. J. Callisher, George Street, Minorities, jeweller.—W. Hinde, Liverpool, dry salter.—J. Torton, Birmingham, spoon-maker.—J. Manby, Amesbury, Wiltshire, draper.—J. Salter, Poole, twine manufacturer.—

R. Bates, Wakefield, Yorkshire, linen draper.—J. Reynolds, Manchester, merchant.—J. Moscrop, Manchester, joiner.—R. J. Turner, Norwich, money scrivener.—E. Saunders, Birmingham, tailor.

May 26.—C. Martyn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—W. Compton and W. Andrews, West Bromwich, mercers.—W. P. Robertson, Buenos Ayres, merchant.—H. Francis, R. J. Turner, and C. J. West, Norwich, money scri-

veners.—L. Dachs, Emscote, Warwickshire, cement manufacturer.

May 22.—J. M. Machin, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, wine merchant.—W. Jones, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, wine merchant.—B. C. Boyce, Walbrook, oil merchant.—E. Hodgson and R. Oliphants, Thrumpton and Retford, Nottinghamshire, coach builders.—T. H. Hariston, Birmingham, linen draper.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 22''$ N. Longitude $2^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Taylor, of East Street, Red Lion Square, Middlesex, for improvements in instruments for measuring angles and distances applicable to nautical and other purposes. March 27th, 6 months.

H. W. Nunn, of Wipperingham, in the Isle of Wight, Bobbin Net Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in manufacturing certain kinds of embroidered lace. March 27th, 6 months.

J. Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, York, Cloth Dresser, for improvements in cards for carding wool, cotton, silk, and other fibrous substances, and for raising the pile of woollen and other cloths. March 27th, 6 months.

J. Cooper Douglas, of Great Ormond Street, Middlesex, Esq., for a method of constructing an apparatus or apparatuses from which a motive principle of power is obtained, likewise for increasing said motive principle, applicable to various denominations of locomotion and to machinery that is stationary, and also for raising solid and fluid bodies, and various other useful purposes, and also for constructing and forming of apparatus and vehicles to be propelled or worked by means of the said power. March 29th, 6 months.

W. Hirst, of Leeds, York, Clothier, for certain improvements in machinery for the better dressing and finishing woollen and other fabrics. March 31st, 6 months.

H. Deverill, of Manchester, Lancaster, Gentleman, for a method of engraving and etching on cylindrical surfaces for printing and other purposes. March 31st, 6 months.

G. Millichap, of Birmingham, Carriage Axle-tree Manufacturer, for certain improvements on locomotive machines or carriages. March 31st, 6 months.

H. Hendricks, of the Strand, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the process of dyeing wool and woollen fabrics yellow. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 8th, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of Hooper Square, Leman Street, London, Engineer, for an improved method or process, arrangement, and combination of apparatus, with certain agents used or employed therewith, whereby evaporation of fluids and solutions may be effected advantageously, and also for other beneficial purposes to which the said method or process is applicable or can be applied. April 8th, 6 months.

A. V. J. D'Asda, of Adam Street, Adelphi, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements on pumps or machinery for raising water or other fluids. Communicated by a foreigner abroad. April 10th, 6 months.

S. Morand, of Manchester, Lancaster, Merchant, for improvements on his improved stretching machine, for which he obtained letters patent dated April 14, 1831. April 12th, 6 months.

J. Beare, of Pall Mall East, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in engines or machines for raising or conveying water or other fluids. April 12th, 6 months.

W. Williams, of Pembrey House, near Llanelly, and **T. Hay**, of Kidwelly Tin Works, Carmarthen, Gentlemen, for improvements in preparing certain metals applicable to the sheathing the bottoms of ships and other purposes. April 17th, 6 months.

J. H. Cassell, of Millwall, Poplar, Middlesex, Merchant, for a cement or combination of materials applicable to the purposes for which cement, stone, brick, or other similar substances may or can be used. April 19th, 6 months.

J. Hewitt, of Kenegie, Cornwall, Gentleman, for a combination of certain materials or matters, which being combined or mixed together, will form a valuable substance or compound, and may be used with or as a substitute for soap. April 19th, 6 months.

J. J. Segundo, of Burton Crescent, Middlesex, Esq., for an apparatus or method applicable to side saddles for giving the security to persons when riding. April 22nd, 6 months.

J. Shee, of Lawrence Pountney Place, in the City of London, Gentleman, for certain improvements in distillation. April 22nd, 6 months.

J. Bethell, of Mecklenburgh Square, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making metal screws, pins, bolts, and rivets. April 24th, 6 months.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—**Mr. Davidson** “on the pyramids of Egypt.”—After noticing the opinions of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny, and offering remarks upon them, Mr. Davidson resolved his discourse into the three following questions and their answers:—1st, What is the meaning of the word pyramid—does it explain the subject? 2d, Are the pyramids peculiar to Egypt, or do other countries afford analogies? 3rd, Is there any traditional or recorded event which may be supposed to have led to their erection? With regard to the first, the etymology of the Greeks, whose vanity led them to make every possible adoption to their own language, appears to be the one most commonly received. 2d, The pyramids are not peculiar to

Egypt, but are to be found in all the earliest post-diluvian researches; and, indeed, have been continued amongst those nations secluded from a general intercourse with other people. The pagoda of China is but a modification of the pyramid, rising story by story, and decreasing towards its point; the pyramidal temples of Hindostan present a nearer resemblance; and the pyramids of the Mexican empire, those of Cpolula, Papantla, and Teotuiachao, present a striking analogy. These last, the pyramids of Teotuiachao, which are placed on due cardinal points, are situated in the valley of Mexico, about eight leagues N.E. of the capital; two are of considerable size—that of the *Sun* being 682 feet at the base, rather less than the second, (that of the *Moon*,) and 180 feet in height. They are approached through long avenues of small pyramids placed in exact lines N. to S. and E. to W., and occupy a place called *Micaoth*, i. e. road of the dead; they are said to have served as places of sepulture for the chiefs—the like tombs occur round the base of Cheops. Thus have we the Egyptians, Chinese, Hindoos, and Mexicans, all people of the highest antiquity, all famed for the cultivation of astronomy and the recording of events, each possessing pyramids whose history is enveloped in mystery, but each possessing ends in common—religion, record, sepulture. Touching the third query—is there any circumstance that could have led to this concurrence of idea—their character is too arbitrary, and their resemblance too uniform, to have been the result of chance. The earliest settlement of the post-diluvian inhabitants was marked by the erection of a high place, which all commentators agree to have been of the pyramidal form. “Go to! let us build us a city, and a tower whose top shall reach to heaven, and let us make for ourselves a name.” Engaged on this work they were dispersed over the face of the earth, carrying with them the recollection of their employment, migrating under the sons of the patriarch, and, as their numbers increased, heightening their pride, and causing them to forget their Divine protection, the sons of Shem, in their earliest settlements in the east, erected monuments which recorded their arrival, or marked their dispersion. The sons of Japhet, prompted by similar feelings, and bearing in recollection the same events, followed the like example in the west; while the sons of Ham, under Mizraim, the founder of the Egyptian empire—famed from the earliest time for their wisdom, profuse of labour, and lavish of expense, with conceptions formed in mystery, and heightened by their religion, taking magnitude and durability for their models—exceeded their brethren; and while the proud city of the Pharaohs, of which these piles once formed the greatest wonder, has melted away, leaving not a trace behind, the pyramids, renowned for their antiquity and magnitude, became consecrated to the worship of the gods and to the cultivation of their most cherished study—astronomy. Hallowed by these sacred purposes, they were afterwards used as burial places.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Mr. Gage communicated an account of a late discovery of the remains of Thomas, duke of Exeter. In 1772 the body was found in the abbey church of St. Edmundsbury, enveloped in cerecloth, and wrapped in lead, in an extraordinary state of preservation. In the sixty-second volume of the Philosophical Transactions, is a report of the state of this body by Dr. Colingnon. The hands are now preserved at the College of Surgeons. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, in a recent excavation near the north-east pier of the centre tower of the abbey church, found the duke's remains, which had been replaced there after his disinterment in 1772, and furnished two or three remarks of interest on the subject. It appeared that the feet, as well as the hands, had been taken from the body.—Mr. Wordesley exhibited to the Society some coin-moulds, with a crucible and coins, found in Yorkshire, with a short description. A further portion was read of Mr. Ottley's paper on Roman MSS.—Mr. Chatfield exhibited a drawing of an ancient and strangely formed font in the chapel at Loch Finlaggon, in Islay, in which the lords of the isles were crowned.—Mr. Britton exhibited architectural drawings from Malmsbury Abbey, Wilts. He observed, that engravings of the porch and other parts of that building had been published in the “*Vetusta Monumenta*,” without any description, which he proposed to supply at a future period. He also exhibited drawings of Brixworth and Earls Norton Churches in Northamptonshire; the Jewry Wall, at Leicester; and Notre Dame, Poitiers, of Roman or Lombardic architecture.—Mr. Haine (we think) communicated some remarks on the Roman coin moulds found at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and exhibited to the Society some time since. It having been considered by some that these coins were cast by the Romans to pay their soldiers on foreign stations, the object of this paper was to show that they were not the coins of the Roman government, but *forgeries*. Not-

withstanding the arguments adduced, we are inclined to doubt this proposition, from the very trifling value of the coins, which could hardly be worth the trouble and risk of forgery, about sixty of them being the pay of a Roman soldier for one day.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, MAY 5th.—Mr. Children, president, in the chair.—Amongst the visitors was the Chevalier Bassi, a distinguished entomologist of Milan. Numerous donations of books and insects were announced. A committee was appointed for superintending the publication of the Transactions of the Society. Letters were read from Signor Passerini, of Florence, and Dr. Hammerschmidt, of Vienna. Various exhibitions were made, including a large collection of fossil crustacea from the Isle of Sheppey, by the Rev. Mr. Hope. The following memoirs were read :—Descriptions of two new and singular baths from Swan River, and of various insects found in gum anime by Mr. Hope—Remarks on a passage in Herodotus relative to a mode of defence employed by the fishermen of Egypt against the nightly attacks of gnats, and which had greatly perplexed the various commentators upon that author, by Mr. W. B. Spence—Further observations upon the habits of the burrowing sand-wasps, by Mr. Shuckard, with reference to the employment of the spines of the hind legs of these insects in conveying materials to close up the mouths of their nests—A further account of the supposed *cucullia thapsiphaga*, by Mr. Standish, and which Mr. Stephens pronounced to be a distinct and new British species.—Observations upon the most effectual modes to be adopted for ascertaining successful remedies against the ravages of insects upon vegetable productions, with a short account of the onion-fly, by Mr Westwood. This memoir, together with a letter which was read relative to the ravages of the grub of the tipula, led to an extended discussion ; and it was suggested that the Society would gladly receive communications from any person not a member who had noticed the history of any of these destructive insects, or had discovered any successful remedy against their attacks.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—Several fellows were elected, others proposed. A paper by Col. Jackson, of St. Petersburg, entitled Hints on the subject of Geographical Arrangement and Nomenclature, was read. Of this communication, no analysis can be made. The author contends, that neither the distribution nor terminology of the science are so exact as they ought to be, and suggests various improvements, especially as regards the classification of rivers. Amongst the presents to the Society, we noticed a beautifully executed model of the Table Land, Cape of Good Hope.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Colonel Leake, vice-president, in the chair. Two papers were read by the secretary at this meeting :—1. "Inquiry whether the district of *El Paran*, in Arabia, did not anciently form a part of the land of Egypt;" by J. Belfour, Esq. In this very learned memoir Mr. Belfour brought together, from hieroglyphic monuments, from the pages of Scripture, the writings of ancient and modern geographers, and the relations of travellers—an interesting collection of facts respecting the extent of the territories governed by the ancient Pharaohs. It was shewn from these various authorities, that as early as Ramses, Sethos, or Sesostris, the dominions of those monarchs included very distinct parts of the bordering states, particularly to the East of the Red Sea. Some curious testimonies were added, in relation to the knowledge which the priests of Egypt are said to have possessed regarding the isles of the Atlantic, and even America.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the two last meetings, Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair, several fellows were elected.—A paper was read "on the tertiary formations near Lorca, Totana, Mula, and Cartagena, in the south-eastern portion of the kingdom of Murcia," by Mr. Charles Silvertop.—The next communication was a memoir on the Bermudas, by Lieut. Nelson of the Royal Engineers.—A paper by Mr. Williamson, jun. of Scarborough, on the distribution of organic remains in the lias series of the coast of Yorkshire, between Peak Hill, near Robin's Hood Bay, and the village of Saltburn, near Redcar, with a view to facilitate the identification of the different members of the series by their fossil contents ; and a memoir on the Loess of the Rhyne, by Mr. Lyell, the foreign secretary, concluded the last sitting.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Silk was first discovered to be an electric by Mr. Gray, but as it was by no means remarkable for emitting sparks, which most commonly engages the attention, its electric virtues were almost entirely overlooked till the year 1759. At that time Mr. Symmer presented to the Royal Society some papers, containing a number of very curious experiments made with silk stockings, in substance as follows:—He had been accustomed to wear two pair of silk stockings, a black and a white. When these were put off both together, no sign of electricity appeared; but on pulling off the black ones from the white, he heard a snapping or crackling noise, and in the dark perceived sparks of fire between them. To produce this and the following appearance in great perfection, it was only necessary to draw his hand backward and forward over his leg with his stockings upon it. When the stockings were separated and held at a distance from each other, both of them appeared to be highly excited; the white stocking positively, and the black negatively. While they were kept at a distance from each other, both of them appeared inflated to such a degree, that they exhibited the entire shape of the leg. When two black or two white stockings were held in one hand, they would repel one another with a considerable force, making an angle seemingly of thirty or thirty-five degrees. When a white and black stocking were presented to each other, they were mutually attracted; and if permitted, would rush together with surprising violence. As they approached, the inflation gradually subsided, and their attraction of foreign objects diminished, but their attraction of one another increased; when they actually met they became flat, and joined close together, like as many folds of silk. When separated again, their electric virtues did not seem to be in the least impaired for having once met, and the same appearances would be exhibited by them as the first time. When the experiment was made with two black stockings in one hand, and two white ones in the other, they were thrown into a strange agitation, owing to the attraction between those of different colours, and the repulsion between those of the same colour. This mixture of attraction and repulsion made the stockings catch at each other at greater distances than otherwise they would have done, and afforded a very curious spectacle.

STEAM NAVIGATION.—The design of establishing steam navigation between India and England, seems to be warmly cherished at Bombay. With Suez it is already in operation, and a considerable subscription has been raised for extending it to the mother country.

NEW COMET.—On the 8th of April, it is stated, Professor Gambart, at Marseilles, discovered a new comet, of a pale light colour, with a diameter of four or five minutes. Owing to the state of the atmosphere, and its disappearance on the 13th, little has been ascertained of the stranger, except that on the 10th, 16 h. 32 m. 45 s. sidereal time, its right ascension $20^{\circ} 9' 7''$ and south declination $22^{\circ} 33'$.

DEMI-INFERNAL SHOWERS.—The newspapers contain a letter of the 3rd instant from Rodelheim, near Frankfort, which states that during nearly an hour each, on that and the preceding day, heavy showers of rain had fallen so impregnated with sulphur, that the water as it ran down the streets was covered with a yellow crust, and quantities of the raw material might be scraped off the pavement.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A Bordeaux journal says, that a citizen of that place has discovered this grand secret; the original force, though slight, generating an increasing and endless velocity. We have, however, so often heard of similar mares' nests, that we are not inclined to be credulous. The invention may nevertheless be useful, if it can apply a surplus force in mechanics.

JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION.—We rejoice to see that this fine picture is entrusted to Mr. Doo for engraving, by Mr. Moon, late of the partnership of Moon, Boys, and Graves. It is stated that the cost will be upwards of 2000*l.*, and the time employed three years.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JUNE 1, 1834.

HOUSE OF LORDS, April 21.—A little squabbling in the House of no consequence.

April 22.—On the motion of Earl Grey, who detailed the particulars of the measure, by which he said that 30,000*l.* a year would be saved to the country, the Exchequer Offices Bill was read a second time, and afterwards passed through a Committee.—On the motion of Lord Auckland, the Smuggling Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 24.—Nothing particular.

April 25.—The English and Irish Judgments Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 28.—Nothing important.

April 29.—The same.

April 30.—The Address of the House of Commons to the King, on the subject of the Repeal of the Union, was communicated at a conference, and Earl Grey moved that their lordships concur in the Address.—The Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Marquis of Westmeath, expressed their approbation of the address, which was unanimously agreed to, and it was subsequently intimated that his Majesty would receive it at one o'clock on Thursday.

May 1.—The Lord Chancellor communicated to the House the following answer from his Majesty, to the joint Address of both Houses, on the subject of the Union with Ireland:—

“It is with great satisfaction I receive your Address, stating your determination to maintain inviolate the legislative Union of the two countries, which, I perfectly agree with you, is essential to the safety, peace, and integrity of the British empire. I shall use the powers that are by law intrusted to me to put down and repress all attempts, by whomsoever made, to sever my dominions. I look back with satisfaction to the salutary laws which have for a series of years been passed to remedy the grievances which affected my Irish subjects, and have resolved to continue to remove, from time to time, all just causes of complaint.”

May 2.—Nothing of consequence.

May 5.—Nothing of importance.

May 6.—The House proceeded with the examination of witnesses in support of the Warwick borough bill.

May 7.—The Liverpool Witnesses' Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 10.—Nothing of consequence.

May 12.—The Warwick Witnesses' Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House resumed the examination of witnesses in support of the Warwick Borough Bill.

May 13.—The Earl of Roseberry moved the second reading of his Bills on the subject of Scotch Entails.

May 14.—The London and Southampton Rail-road Bill was brought from the Commons, and read a third time.

May 15.—Lord Wynford moved the second reading of his Bill, for promoting the better observance of the sabbath, and explained its provisions.—The House divided, when the question for the second reading was carried by a majority of three, the numbers being, for the motion, 16; against it, 13.

May 16.—Nothing of consequence.

May 22.—The proceedings in the Warwick Borough Bill were resumed, and again adjourned.

May 23.—The proceedings in the Warwick Borough Bill were resumed, and again adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 21.—The House went into Committee on the subject of Church Rates, and Lord Althorp moved a resolution to the effect that, after a time fixed, the church rates should cease and determine, and that in lieu of these his Majesty be requested to grant, out of the proceeds of the land-tax, a sum not exceeding 250,000*l.* to be applied to the expenses of the fabrics of the several churches and chapels, in such manner as Parliament may direct.—Mr. Hume strongly objected to making permanent the newly-erected commission, which he believed had done more to make the church odious than any commission that had

ever sat.—The Committee divided : ayes, for the motion, 256 ; noes, 140 ; majority, 116.

April 22.—Mr. O'Connell brought forward a motion for a " Select Committee to inquire and report on the means by which the dissolution of the parliament of Ireland was effected ; on the effects of that measure upon Ireland, and upon the labourers in husbandry and operatives in manufactures in England ; and on the probable consequences of continuing the legislative union between the two countries."—After a long speech of Mr. O'Connell's, Mr. S. Rice declared that he was ready, at that moment, to enter into the question, if such was the pleasure of the House ; but submitted the propriety of adjourning the debate till next day.

April 23.—Mr. S. Rice replied to the arguments of Mr. O'Connell on the Repeal of the Union, in the course of which he declared that the House ought to express in the most solemn manner, its opinion, that the legislative union should be preserved inviolate. He concluded by moving, as an amendment, an address to the crown.—Mr. E. Tennent rose to second the amendment, but the attention of the House having been exhausted by the previous speaker, there was a general cry for adjournment, which was complied with.

April 24.—Mr. E. Tennent seconded the amendment, and in a very long speech maintained that Ireland had never possessed an independent legislature.—The amendment, which is in the following terms, was then read from the chair :—

" We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the commons in parliament assembled, feel it our duty humbly to approach your Majesty's throne, to record, in the most solemn manner, our fixed determination to maintain, unimpaired and undisturbed, the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, which we consider to be essential to the strength and stability of the empire, to the continuance of the connexion between the two countries, and to the peace and security and happiness of all classes of your Majesty's subjects. We feel this our determination to be as much justified by our views of the general interests of the state, as by our conviction that to no other portion of your Majesty's subjects is the maintenance of the legislative union more important than to the inhabitants of Ireland themselves. We humbly represent to your Majesty, that the imperial parliament have taken the affairs of Ireland into their most serious consideration, and that various salutary laws have been enacted since the union, for the advancement of the most important interests of Ireland, and of the empire at large. In expressing to your Majesty our resolution to maintain the legislative union inviolate, we humbly beg leave to assure your Majesty that we shall persevere in applying our best attention to the removal of all just causes of complaint, and to the promotion of all well-considered measures of improvement."—On the motion of Mr. Ruthven the debate was again adjourned.—The Foreign Enlistment Bill was, after some discussion, read a second time by a majority of 65 to 14.—The Roman Catholic Marriages (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 25.—The fourth night's debate on the Repeal of the Union was opened by Mr. Ruthven, who supported the original motion, as did Mr. Grattan and Mr. Sheil ; the speakers in opposition to Mr. O'Connell's motion were—Mr. J. Browne, Sir D. Sandford of Paisley, Mr. Lambert, and Sir Robert Peel.—The debate was then further adjourned to Monday.

April 28.—Mr. D. Callaghan resumed the adjourned debate, and supported the Repeal of the Union at considerable length.—Mr. Serjeant Perrin, Mr. Lefroy, Sir R. Bateson, Mr. R. C. Ferguson, Col. Torrens, Sir H. Vivian, and Mr. Pryme supported the amendment ; Mr. Finn, O'Connor Don, Mr. Ronayne, and Dr. Baldwin advocated the Repeal of the Union. The debate was again adjourned.

April 29.—Mr. Augustus Mullins resumed the sixth discussion on this question, and spoke in favour of the Repeal of the Union.—The original motion was opposed, and the legislative union of the two countries supported, by Mr. Jephson, Mr. Peter, Mr. Christmas, Col. Verner, Mr. Hume, Lord Althorp, Mr. Shaw, Mr. James, and Mr. O'Reilly.—Mr. Lalor, Mr. E. Ruthven, Mr. Walker, and Mr. O'Dwyer advocated the cause of Repeal. After which Mr. O'Connell replied at considerable length, and the House divided. For the motion of Mr. O'Connell, 38 ; against it, 523 : majority, 485. The announcement of the numbers was received with loud cheers ; and the Address to his Majesty was agreed to, and ordered to be communicated to the House of Lords on Wednesday. (See Lords.)—Sir E. Knatchbull moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Act of Geo. IV. which regulated the Sale of Beer. His object was to reform abuses, and to prevent beer from being consumed upon the premises. The House divided on the motion. For, 100 ; against, 15 : majority, 85.—Leave was given to bring in the Bill.

April 30.—Sir A. Agnew moved, that the Lord's Day Observance Bill should be read a second time.—Sir O. Moseley seconded the motion. After a very interesting and animated debate, the House divided: ayes, 125: noes, 161; majority against the Bill, 36.

May 1.—Sir R. Heron moved for leave to bring in a Bill to prevent the necessity of Members of Parliament vacating their seats on the acceptance of certain offices.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer moved as an amendment, "That for the convenience of the public service, and for the promotion of the public interests, it is desirable that one member in each of the principal departments of the state should have a seat in the House, but without the privilege of voting, unless returned by the suffrages of a constituency."—Lord Althorp admitted the inconveniencies, but did not think it at present sufficiently great to induce them to interfere with the important privilege of the people.—Both the original motion and the amendment were withdrawn.

May 2.—Lord Morpeth wished to know whether government had received any particulars respecting the murder of Mr. R. Lander, the traveller, on the coast of Africa? If it should turn out that the parties implicated were connected with the slave trade, his hon. friend (Sir J. Graham) should immediately employ the naval force at his disposal for the suppression of such a monstrous traffic.—Sir J. Graham replied, that he had intelligence of that melancholy event from one of his Majesty's cruisers on the station. It appeared that the fatal event took place 200 or 300 miles up the Niger; that an ambuscade was laid in which the assassins were concealed, and it was surmised that persons employed in the slave trade supported the natives in the commission of the crime.—Mr. Littleton moved for the advance of 100,000*l.* to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in order to carry the Irish Church Bill into effect. The intended arrangements would leave to the Dean of Down an income of 1,047*l.* a year. Agreed to.—Mr. Littleton moved the second reading of the Irish Tithe Bill.—The Bill was debated at some length, chiefly by the Irish members, and finally read a second time, on a majority of 241 to 74.

May 5.—A number of petitions were presented from dissenters, praying for the redress of grievances, and expressing bitter disappointment at the small measures of relief introduced by ministers.—Mr. D. W. Harvey, pursuant to notice, moved the following resolution:—"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he might be graciously pleased to give directions that an inquiry might be made into the pension list, as ordered to be printed by his faithful commons on the 28th of August 1832, with the view that no person be allowed to continue on that list, in the receipt of the public money, but such only as had a real claim on the benevolence of the monarch, or those who, by the discharge of their duties in the public service, or by their attainments in science, had deserved the gracious consideration of their sovereign and of their country." It appeared, from a return recently obtained, that there were 1,303 persons on the pension list. Of these, 281 were gentlemen, and 1,022 were ladies. Of the gentlemen, 84 had titles; of the ladies, 124 had titles; making in all 208 titled pensioners, out of the 1,303 persons on the list.—Mr. O'Connell seconded the motion.—Lord Althorp opposed it. After a long debate the house divided:—For Mr. Harvey's motion, 148; against it, 390; majority against the motion, 242.

May 6.—Numerous petitions were presented from dissenters praying for the redress of grievances, and for a separation between church and state; and the discussion of the dissenters' claims was resumed.—Mr. Gisborne and Mr. P. Thomson expressed their dissent from the petitions for the separation of the church from the state.—The adjourned debate on the Tithes Ireland Bill was resumed by Mr. Ronayne, and after a long, acrimonious, and sometimes personal debate, the house divided, when there appeared—for the original motion, 39; for the amendment, 12; majority, 27.

May 7.—Mr. Clay moved the second reading of the bill to enable the London and Westminster bank to sue and be sued in the name of one body.—Lord Althorp opposed the bill, as a violation of the contract with the bank of England.—The House divided. For the second reading, 143; against it, 35.—The bill was read a second time and committed.—After the presentation of numerous petitions against the General Register Bill, Mr. W. Brougham moved the order of the day for its second reading. The House divided. Noes, 161; ayes, 45: majority against the bill, 116.

May 8.—Nothing of consequence.

May 9.—After a few words from Lord Althorp, in answer to the objections that had been raised against the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, the house divided, when the

second reading was carried by a majority of 319 to 20, and ordered to be committed on Monday.

May 12.—The Bribery at Elections Bill went through a Committee.—Sir J. Graham brought in a Bill to amend and consolidate the laws relating to the royal navy.—The Central Criminal Courts' Bill was read a second time.

May 13.—Mr. O'Connell brought forward, pursuant to notice, a motion "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the practice observed by the Four Inns of Court in London, and also by the King's Inn, Dublin, upon the application of persons to be admitted Students, and to be called to the Bar, or to be allowed to practice as Special Pleaders and Conveyancers; and also to inquire into the revenues of each Inn, and the application thereof." After a long discussion, which turned principally on the case of Mr. D. W. Harvey, and in the course of which that learned gentleman delivered an eloquent and forcible appeal to the justice of the House, and earnestly entreated them to allow the investigation of his case, the Solicitor General suggested, that if the investigation of that case were all that Mr. O'Connell desired, it would be much better for the hon. and learned member to move for a committee to inquire into the circumstances of that case. Mr. O'Connell then withdrew his motion, and moved instead a resolution, "That it be referred to a Select Committee to inquire into all the circumstances attendant upon the rejection of the claims of Daniel Whittle Harvey, Esq., to be called to the Bar; and to report their opinion thereupon to the House."—The amendment-resolution was ultimately agreed to, and the Committee appointed.—Mr. Lennard obtained leave to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the two Acts of 7 and 8 Geo. IV., cap. 29, and 9 Geo. IV., c. 55, as is contained in the words, "And be it enacted, that if any person shall rob any other person of any chattel, money, or valuable security, every such offender, being convicted thereof, shall suffer death as a felon."—Mr. Poulter obtained leave to bring in a Bill to promote the better observance of the Lord's day.—Mr. W. Brougham obtained leave to bring in a Bill to establish a Registry of all Births, Marriages, and Deaths, throughout England and Wales; and entered into a minute detail of the plan by which he proposed to effect that object.

May 14.—The Southampton Rail-road Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House then went into Committee on the Poor-laws' Bill.—Lord Althorp stated that he proposed to make alterations in four of the provisions of the Bill. One was to limit the immunity to be enjoyed by the Central Board of Commissioners; it would leave them open to a criminal prosecution, while it protected them against having separate actions brought against them for acts done in their capacity of commissioners. The other alteration was as to the regulation for suspending, after a certain day, the allowance given to able-bodied persons in employment.—After a long discussion, Sir S. Whalley moved that the chairman should report progress, and ask leave to sit again. On this motion the Committee divided. For, 17; against, 312: majority against the postponement, 295.—During the exclusion of strangers, a debate occurred, which terminated in the passing of the first clause without a division.—The Capital Punishment Bill was read a second time.—The Domestic Registration Bill was ordered to be read a second time that day six months.

May 15.—Mr. Pollock gave notice that, after the recess, he would move for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish imprisonment for debt in all cases, except where there were bills or bonds making the debts payable on a certain day, adding that he proposed to make the measure applicable to all debts contracted after January 1, 1835.—Mr. Littleton brought in the Irish Church Temporalities Act Amendment Bill, which was read a first time.—Mr. Lloyd obtained leave to bring in a Bill to alter and amend the law relating to arson. His object was, to reduce the punishment, so as to be enabled to proportion it to the crime, and by its greater certainty, to give more effectual protection to property. He proposed to abolish the punishment of death for all burnings of property in which human life was not endangered; and thought that transportation for seven years would be an adequate punishment for setting fire to stacks or stubble.—Mr. Tennyson moved for leave to bring in a Bill to shorten the duration of parliaments, and entered into a history of the triennial and septennial Acts in support of his arguments for the repeal of the latter.—The House divided: for the motion, 185; against it, 235; majority, 50.

May 16.—The Warwick Borough Witnesses' Indemnity Bill was read a third time, and passed.—On Sir E. Knatchbull's motion for the second reading of the Beer Act Amendment Bill, after some discussion, by Lord Howick, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Roebuck, &c., the second reading was carried by a majority of 157 to 27.

May 21.—Mr. Lyall moved the second reading of the Merchant Seamen's Widow

Bill, and explained its provisions ; the principle of which was to transfer the sixpences contributed by the merchant seamen, and now paid into the naval chest of Greenwich Hospital, to the general fund of the merchant seamen's institution, for the relief of the objects of the latter establishment. He remarked, that when the sixpence-tax in support of Greenwich Hospital was first levied, it was intended that all seamen should enjoy the benefit; but that, by its present constitution, merchantmen were most unjustly excluded. He was far from desiring to abstract one shilling from the legitimate objects of Greenwich Hospital, without holding himself ready to supply the deficiency, and he was quite sure that even the hon. member for Middlesex would not object to a public grant of 20,000*l.* for that purpose.—Mr. Hutt seconded the motion.—Sir James Graham opposed it, and denied that the bill would afford any relief to the merchant seamen, who, he contended, on having the sixpence remitted, would suffer an immediate corresponding reduction in their wages.—Lord Althorp said the proposition was simply to take 20,000*l.* from Greenwich Hospital, and give it to the hospital for merchant seamen, and then to supply the deficiency thus created to Greenwich Hospital by a charge on the consolidated fund. He opposed the bill.—The second reading of the bill was carried, on a division, the numbers being, for the bill, 94 ; against it, 57 ; majority, 37.—Mr. R. Grant moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill, which was opposed by Mr. C. Bruce, on the ground that it would unchristianize the legislature of the country. The House divided: for the second reading, 123 ; against it, 32 ; majority, 91.—Mr. H. Fleetwood moved the second reading of his Lord's Day Observance Bill. Mr. O'Connell opposed the bill. He moved that it be read a second time that day six months ; which amendment was seconded by Mr. Poulter, and carried by a majority of 77 to 45.—Mr. Poulter moved the second reading of his Sabbath Observance Bill, which was opposed by Sir W. Molesworth, who moved that it be read a second time that day six months.—The House divided: for the amendment, 12 ; against it, 52 ; majority, 40.—The Bill was then read a second time.

May 22.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer moved a resolution:—"That it is expedient to repeal the stamp duty on newspapers at the earliest possible period."—Mr. Roebuck seconded the motion.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer said a few words in reply to those opposed to his motion, and the House divided—For the motion, 58 ; against it, 90 ; majority, 32.—Mr. Pollock moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish arrest for debt, as to all debts contracted after the 1st of January 1835, unless the debt be founded upon or secured by a bill of exchange, or promissory note, bond, or other security in writing.—Leave was given to bring in the bill.—Mr. Tooke, pursuant to notice, moved that it be an instruction to the select committee on the business of the House, to consider and report on the expediency of establishing or encouraging the publication of an authentic report of the debates arising in the House, relating to public and private business, and of the proceedings connected therewith.—The House then divided, when the numbers were—For the motion, 99 ; against it, 117 ; majority against it, 18.

Married.—At Rome, the Chevalier Charles Dovaine, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Sir James Murray, M.D., Physician to the Marquis of Anglesey.

At Kinfauns Castle, Perthshire, Captain Ainslie, of the Royal Dragoons, to the Hon. Jane Ann, youngest daughter of the Lord Gray, of Gray and Kinfauns.

At St. George's Church, William Badgley, Esq., of Montreal, Lower Canada, to Elizabeth Wallace, eldest daughter of the late Colonel John William Taylor, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Clifton, C. B. Ponsonby, Esq., son of C. B. Ponsonby, Esq., of Pillecooley Abbey, Tipperary, to Mary, daughter of the late Colonel La Touche, many years M.P. for Carlow, and granddaughter to the Dowager Countess of Milford.

At Trinity Church, William O'Brien Hoare, Esq., son of Sir Joseph Hoare, to Caroline, daughter of the late John Hornby, Esq., of Portland Place.

At St. George's Hanover Square, Henry Blackden, Esq., of Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, to Mary, daughter of William Holland, Esq., of Grosvenor Place.

Died.—At his Villa, near Florence, after a few days illness, the Right Hon. Lord Wexlock.

At Versailles, the celebrated and eccentric Sir Jonah Barrington, at nearly 60 years of age.

At Argyll House, Lady Francis Gordon, the only daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

In Montagu Square, aged 35, Henry Wodehouse, Esq., eldest son of the Hon. Colonel Wodehouse, and grandson of Lord Wodehouse.

At Albano, near Rome, the Rev. Dr. Oliver Kelly, Catholic Archbishop of Tuam.

At Cheltenham, William Howman Cooper, Esq., brother of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., in his 70th year.

At Cheverells, Herts, the Hon. Louisa Sneyd, relict of Walter Sneyd, Esq., and daughter of the late Lord Bagot.

At Finchley, the Hon. J. Law, third son of the late Lord Ellenborough.

At Lawford House, Essex, in the 81st year of his age, Thomas Nunn, Esq.

At Arthur Seat, Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, of Culsh, Esq. LL.D., aged 80.

After a long illness, Georgiana, eldest dau. of Sir George and Lady Wombwell.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Job, a Dramatic Poem. By RICHARD WHIPPEN, Author of the "Elegies of Tibullus," "Napoleon," "The Bird of the Beeches," &c. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Rivers, we very well know, are merely moderate channels at their sources. To form a large river it generally requires the tributary aid of many streams. The idea is not bad of applying this natural phenomenon to poetry. Let us suppose that the noble river, in its full majesty of width, depth, and strength, just at the point of delivering its mighty waters into the ocean, is the powerful and majestic stream of epic poetry about to pour its volume of liquid numbers into the wide expanse of immortal fame. How many an adventurer who could have forded this poetical stream at or near any of its sources, in the song, the ode, the occasional stanza, or even the deeper current of a didactic poem, and have gained the opposite shore of success with honour, would, after a few vain and ridiculous flounderings on the banks, get utterly bewildered, overwhelmed and drowned, when he attempted the awful rush of the epic, or even the inferior yet solemn course of the heroic drama. The triumph and the failure have both been the lot of our author. Before he got out of his depth, he stemmed the current bravely, and we cheered him heartily on his success. He has tried the deeper waters and has become swamped, and we mourn over his failure. To read *Job* thoroughly we need all his patience, and, to read him without ill-timed mirth we need more than his gravity. The scene opens in heaven, and then immediately commences a vituperative duet between Jehovah and Satan, in which Satan proves the better scold, and Jehovah the duller pedant. Why will men make their vanity a ridiculous vehicle for unintentional impiety? Few are the writers that ever existed that could talk like the devil. None should presume to put speeches in the mouth of Omnipotence. The devil in this poem actually bullies the Almighty, and lays claim with astounding insolence, in the language of the most inane folly, to all the mischief, meaning thereby the operation of natural causes, that can by any possibility happen. He says, that he, the devil, "can lay waste the woods, or make rods of them, with which to flog the sea until it is as obedient as a horse, and bear its rider on an oaken pillion." This confusion of absurdities and pathos of bombast actually make the head ache. But this is nothing to the ranting of his satanic majesty a few lines onwards. He says, "that he grasped a comet's tail, that flashed and flickered, in the palm of his hand; and then, that with the noises of unnumbered thunders, and thus having

the comet by the tail, armed with more than God's once boasted lightnings, he dashed this enormous brand (the comet) against a star," and then remarks, "that the crush sweetly electrified his sparkling bosom." These are very pretty doings, even for the devil. Still the idea is pleasingly infantine, and schoolboy-like. He surely borrowed the idea from that happy contrivance of passing a piece of string through the centre of a horse chesnut, which, as the little boys swing it round their heads, and let it go with a jerk, heave it up at the stars if they like, and with quite as good a chance as the devil of breaking one. The idea, we repeat, is exquisite; but in common candour, Mr. Whiffen should have told us whence it originated. If all this be richly grotesque for its extravagance, the sermonizing of Jehovah is equally intolerable from its maudlin dullness. If he could force Belzebub to hear it all through, that bare-faced bully was amply punished for his impudence. We beg to be understood, that we do not here use the word Jehovah in any sense of mockery. It is the creation of Whiffen's distempered imagination of which we speak, not of that Almighty Being whom we reverence. Well, this imaginary being of the author's tells Satan all about Heaven, and, among other things, "that they have a twilight there, which induces a short lullaby of thought, and that was the only darkness known in those regions." If true, the evil one knew all this as well as his informer; but we suspect it was only an attempt to mystify the impertinent. But we will pass over all this scene in heaven, and visit Job, whom we find soliloquizing in an open country in the land of Uz, from which soliloquy we immediately find that Mr. Whiffen is, or was, a schoolmaster, most probably attending to the writing department, for who else but a disciple of Langford's, speaking of the clouds tinged by the sunset, could have revelled in imagery like this? "The finger of a divine pen dashed your flourishes." The pen here is made all in all, it is that which is divine, the finger is merely an accessory to it—and then the dashing of the flourishes—here we have in idea the corkscrew flourish, the swan, the griffin, the flying dragon, and all the other chimera in which the professor of penmanship delights. The thought has inspired us; we have newly nibbed our old stump, and flourished it about in most graceful gyration over a whole side of foolscap. Pity it is that we cannot transfer them by type, yet we must confess, after we have done our best, that they look very little like clouds at sunset. Job now proceeds to tell of his family; he fears that they are growing too dandyfied and fashionable, that in their imaginations "all the spurious spawn of *fashion* floats," and, that now and then, "words will unlatch the wicket of their lips," and that they are too apt to rap out a tremendous oath. In the midst of all these natural misgivings in comes "a messenger hastily," and Job uses to the astonished man this astonishing sentence, "What means this face? its disk is tinged disastrous." The italics are in the poem. The messengers now come in one after the other, and in the most turgid language deliver their respective tales of woe. But he who saw the rape of the Chaldeans has a peculiar delicacy in telling of the death of his companions, for he says, with the most refined sensibility, "I, only I, escaped to *hint* their epitaph." But these messengers have a strange manner of speaking: one of them describing the feast at which Job's sons and daughters were destroyed, says, that "he *clambered* into a niche pierced for the breeze," from whence he saw "rows of fair women, volumed by tall men." We think that this Paul Pry should have been well bastinadoed for his peeping, the more especially as he was, at the same time, an air stopper, which is being a vile criminal in a hot country. When Job has heard all his misfortunes, he gives vent to his anguish, and he rends his clothes thus: "Ye hollow shreds, that veil man's nakedness, thus, thus I rend you from me, *greenly* barking the touchwood in its pith of rottenness." Was Job *green* in taking off his clothes then and there, or was the touchwood

of the pith and rottenness covered with a green bark—or what? Again he says, “I plead myself, myself the burthen of my *brief*.” This is adding one misery more to poor Job; we hoped till now, that he had escaped the knowledge of such things as lawyers’ briefs. Indeed, he must have been more unfortunate than we apprehended. A little further on we find him speaking of the foul fiends playing at *racket* with one of his children for a ball. We thus discover that the game of fives is not so modern as we supposed. Clocks, too, are no German invention. They were in such common use at that time in the land of Uz, that they put them in the towers of the churches, as we do now. “The clockless temple” slips from the mouth of Job as a matter of common parlance. Let us now pass on to the second interview of the devil with Jehovah, which is just as remarkable as the other for its insolence and absurdity. He informs the Lord that the man of patience is a pig, though he is *strawed* apart, and actually tells the Omnipotent to *ring* his snout, and then he will hear him grunt forth his maledictions. The Lord declines the operation with ineffable good temper, yet he hints to him that he may do it himself, for he says in his parting words, “He is in thy *gin*, yet *noose* it not so tightly that he die.” When the wife comes upon the poor man—it is quite awful: yet amidst all her railing we pick up some valuable information. The use of gunpowder, and the battering of a fortress in breach, was of such common occurrence in her time, that they afford figures of speech; for she talks very glibly of a *battery* of brass cannon. She asks Job very termagantly, “Did I ever spare the *brazen battery* of my tongue?” Needless question. We’ll answer for it, never. After as complete a piece of *rowing* as any man might wish his enemy to get, Job has recourse to his usual defence, mystification: he says to her,

“How flippant folly from the female lip,
When the *frail jar* of vanity is clipped,
And spilled the gew gaws of its little thirst!”

We copy verbatim: however, not thus content with throwing dark words at her, he also tries his hand at abuse, and really we think that, upon the whole, he gets much the best of it. He calls her “a pestilence,” “a well, choked up with dead dogs.” “A darksome den in which a black and ugly devil sits squat.” “A frail flag.” And he tells her that she is worse than the “potsherd with which he was then scraping his sores.” Ladies, beware of quarrelling with Mr. Whiffen. Job’s friends are proverbial for being indifferent comforters. In this poem they wish to redeem their character, for they enter upon the scene of woe singing a chorus; but his wife soon cuts that affair short, and commands them to give it him well. In the course of her speech we gain from her, that “larks were caught by the means of looking glasses,” and she finishes her oration by bidding them “*couch* his mind’s opacity.” Operative surgery, and the profession of the oculist, had made, even at that time, very great advances. In the next speech we are let into another secret. His wife told us before how competent the Uzites were in the art of horology. Job now gives us to understand that watches too were common in his principality, for he says his spirit was “like a watch which sits brooding on the index, which scarce stirs.” Talking of watches reminds us of the lapse of time, which we fear we are but ill-consuming in proceeding any farther with this work. Absurdities grow wearisome, and it is difficult long to laugh at the antics of fatuity. We ought, indeed, rather to pity them. In all sincerity we recommend Mr. Whiffen to buy up immediately the whole of this edition and destroy it, even if he parted with his second best coat to raise the money. He is perfectly welcome to the copy that we possess, if he will send for it. It is certainly a treasure in its way, but we repeat, that we are most willing to part with it. As this must be taken for a proof of real disinterestedness, we trust that the

author will take also another piece of advice with it. Let him consult an eminent medical man, and undergo a severe course of antiphlogistics. We have no doubt, for he is really worth preserving, that with proper regimen, humility, and prayer, he may recover from his dangerous poetical malady, and we shall conclude, by quoting for him his own strangely arranged, and inharmonious concluding line, for there is hope in it,—

“ God forsakes not who him hath not forsaken.”

Origines Biblicæ ; or, Researches in Primeval History. By CHARLES TILSON BEKE. Volume First. Parbury, Allen, and Co., Leadenhall Street.

Had we not feared that to omit noticing this work at all, might have been construed into disrespect of the author, and an unpardonable neglect of his sound erudition and undoubted talent, we should have remained silent upon its merits, because we feel how incompetent, with our limited space, it is for us to enter into them so fully as the subject deserves. We will therefore but briefly state to the reader that the book is written to prove that, for all purposes of ancient geography, the Holy Scriptures are quite sufficient, and ought to be the only authority on which we should rely. This volume has attached to it a map, on which are laid down most of the places mentioned in the Bible, and we believe the sites to be as near an approximation to the truth as the subject will admit of. Of course many and momentous questions are necessarily involved in this work ; such as the point from which the sons of Noah set out to people the earth, the direction each of them took, and the portions of the world to which each of them became the common father. To all this we have nothing to object ; the theory is as good as any other that we have ever seen discussed, in a philosophical point of view, and infinitely better in a religious one. The same ground has been often gone over before by many learned divines, and all who really believe in the authenticity of the Scriptures will acknowledge the justice of the reasonings, and those who do not, ought. But we think that our learned author has fallen into an error common to his class, the attempt to prove too much. He should reflect that the Bible was not written to a nation versed in geology, the abstract sciences, or to those who had even a tolerable insight into natural history. It was meant to convey a relation of simple facts in a language and an idiom fitted to the advancement in knowledge and understandings of a semi-barbarous, though heaven-protected nation. It is, therefore, now needless to descant upon the inflection of senses that a word may be supposed to convey, in order to justify a doctrine, reconcile an assertion to natural causes, as now understood, or to remove a discrepancy between the sacred writ and science. These things we think that Mr. Beke has too often attempted. We found our belief in the Bible, not because it is a history of a Jewish nation, or a chronicle of now obsolete rites and ceremonies, but for its manifest inspiration, its divine morality, and the glorious assurance that it gives us of an immortal hereafter, when all that is essential to eternal and infinite happiness will be revealed to us. This passion for bending facts to make out a theory has led Mr. Beke into many mistakes, which we have here no space to enumerate. This bending, as you would a bow, the two horns of a dilemma to meet at one point, is generally effected by a strong string of twisted sophistries. Cut the string, and the facts fly back with a violence that often does injury to the constringer. Now take this for an example. It was necessary for Mr. Beke, and to the course of his arguments, that he should people the earth eastward of the supposed site of the garden of Eden. That such

was the case, he quotes from the Bible as follows. The Lord "drove out the man, and placed *at the east* of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." The italics are Mr. Beke's. He then goes on to say, "from the literal construction of which words it results, that the direction in which Adam was driven was *eastward* from the garden," &c. &c. Now any one would have supposed this to have been a misprint, but we find by the sequel, that it is not so, as all his hypothesis is founded upon Adam departing eastward. Surely Adam must have been driven westward. The cherubim could not have driven him through his own body. But, perhaps, we can only box our compass nautically, and not theologically. Again, in endeavouring to explain the miracle of the flood, the author wishes to convince us that it was produced by rain alone. A miracle is not an absurdity. It is incongruous with common sense, as well as impious to suppose that Omnipotence could commit the latter. Such a deluge of rain alone could not have descended upon a mountainous country without running off from it nearly as rapidly as it was poured on; and, as the deluge is admitted to have been brought about by natural means, had those means been confined to the rain, it would have swept away every thing in its impetuosity, not excepting the ark itself. That the increase of waters was of a gentle and progressive nature is evident in the salvation of the ark, and in the olive branch brought into it, when the waters began to decline. But we have the text of the Bible itself against the supposition that rain only was the immediate cause of the flood, for it says, that "the fountains of the great deep were broke up." Now, let the reader observe how he attempts to overcome this difficulty.

"Without entering into any discussion as to whether a great abyss may or may not exist beneath the surface of the earth,—respecting which it may be observed, however, that the Sacred Records afford no authority whatever for its existence,—it is sufficient to say that the meaning of the word *tehóm* may, wherever it is used throughout the Scriptures, be satisfied by interpreting it 'a collection of waters:' it being, as Gesenius observes,* a poetical expression for *máim*. Hence the meaning of the words *tehóm rabbáh* will be 'the great collection of waters,' that is to say, *the sea*: and consequently the words *mahyenóth tehóm rabbáh* will signify 'the fountains of the sea.'"

Well, now he has made out that the fountains of the great deep "are the fountains of the sea;" he then comes to the conclusion, that these fountains of the sea are simply **THE CLOUDS**. We have always hitherto considered that the clouds were accidents of the sea, or some other body of water; and not the sea, the accident of the clouds. However, as the author wanted rain, he did not scruple upon the means of getting it. We never quarrel with any one for the manner in which he conducts his arguments. If Mr. Beke is satisfied, and can satisfy others, with such reasoning, we can only say that he, and those others so satisfied, are just that description of people whom we should wish to decline to confute. We have noticed these discrepancies, not so much for the purpose of detracting from the undoubted merits of the work, but to show what an engrossing feeling that practice of theory-making begets. When we have determined to build up a goodly theory, when substantial materials fail, how prone we are to take every thing we can lay our hands upon, even sand and mire, and sometimes, even to press non-tangibles into the service, and work with a layer or two of moonshine.

We have been incautiously led into greater length than we at first purposed, we must now hasten to conclude, by expressing a wish that the author would revise his work, which, to be of a high order of merit, requires only revision: for we recognize in him an honest and talented

* *Heb. Lex.* art. *tehóm*: and see particularly Deut. viii. 7.

champion of that holy Word, that has spread over the world the elements of all the good that we enjoy, that has disarmed our fiercer passions with charity, been the harbinger of civilization, and, while its pure light remains upon the earth, man will never again sink into barbarity, nor be without happiness here, in the hope of an infinitely greater hereafter.

The Principle of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education. By ANDREW COMBE, M.D., &c. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, and Co. London.

The most complicated machine that ever man invented, or could even conceive, would be simplicity itself to the animal one of every species that inhale the breath of life; but of all these wonderful structures, that of man is the most wonderful and the most complex. It is a blessing that he is not created so much to study the intricacies of his conformation, as to the enjoyment of his existence with pious thankfulness. It is an awful thing to the uninitiated to look even upon the ponderous beams and the revolving machinery of some vast engine made by mortal hands; and how much more so must it be for man to look into his arcana, and to see so many operations going forward, the nature of many of which he cannot understand, yet know that the failure of any one of them will entail upon him instant dissolution! Too much anxiety is engendered in being too well acquainted with the beautiful, yet fearful secret of life. This exceedingly well written work of Dr. Combe's being addressed to the non-professional part of the world, gives to it, we think, too much of that food that is so dangerous to happiness. It may be truly called, "physiology made easy." It is not such a book as we could recommend to a lady's perusal, not because there is any word or allusion in it that might offend, by any possibility, the most delicate ear, but simply because she may fancy that she has nerves, and we would not let our females too far into the secrets of the soul's prison house. We really think the volume more suitable to the practitioner than to the patient; for he who reads it, is very liable to fancy himself the latter. Broad and well detailed rules for the preservation of health, are quite as much as the generality of readers can bear with regard to theirs; give them the rules, but not the reasons for them. If they are so curious as to wish for them, or so strong-minded as to find them wholesome food, let them seek for it in professed medical works; but we suspect it to be almost cruel that any one of a highly susceptible temperament should, by the elegant classicalness of a work, be cheated into a knowledge that is pain; or have the bandage taken from his eyes to show him on what a narrow plank he is treading as he is passing over the bridge of existence, or how sure will be the first false step, or how little a swerving, be necessary to plunge him in the abyss that yawns beneath to receive him. Dr. Combe, himself, has some doubts as to the propriety of making so much medical knowledge universal; and to defend the course he has taken in doing so, has mentioned an instance of a very talented young man having lost his life through ignorance of physiology, by tasking his physical powers beyond their capabilities. This proves nothing. He might have been instructed, without being versed in the niceties of physiology, (and I mean by niceties no more than are so beautifully explained in this book,) that such an exertion that he was about to take, would necessarily have proved fatal. He might have been able to have borne the stimulus of the knowledge that the doctor's work would have afforded him, without injury to his peace, and thus have saved his life; but we do not think that the majority of readers would. To conclude, we can, without hesitation, pronounce this work

to be scientific and elegantly written—a work that should be read by all young men who are intended for the faculty ; but not a work entirely calculated for the class of persons for whom it was written. To those who do not intend to make medicine their pursuit, and yet wish to study this work, we would recommend its perusal to be accompanied by some cheerful, pious, or philosophical book, according to the disposition of the reader ; for surely when it is proved to him, on the most irrefutable physiological reasonings, that a neglected cold, an over-indulged repast, or an excessive exertion, will assuredly be scored upon the debtor side against his sum of life, he must want either religion, philosophy, or mirth, as a present antidote to that very uneasiness of mind that this knowledge must produce, and which uneasiness would be otherwise added to those dreadful items that subtract so largely from the sum total of happy existence.

An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb, showing the necessity of Medical Treatment in early infancy ; with Observations on Congenital Diseases.

By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Aurist to his Majesty, Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, &c. &c. &c. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Co., Paternoster Row.

We would wish to draw a more than ordinary share of attention to this work, and to the subjects for reflection to which it must necessarily give rise. No nation on the face of the globe can boast of more practical benevolence than our own, and no where is more of that divine quality uselessly expended than in England. Feeling this, we think that we are making an effort of patriotism in placing in a strong light, the miseries of those afflicted with deafness and dumbness, and showing in what quarter philanthropy should be directed, in order to be most efficacious in the distribution of the means of happiness. A careful perusal of the work before us will immediately make us acquainted, that the necessity of early professional treatment, in the case of deafness, has not been sufficiently considered, and that, in the first year of infancy the auricular powers should be tested, and if found defective, medical advice should be immediately sought. We need not here acquaint the readers that deafness in infancy has its sure concomitant in dumbness. The great and prevailing error of parents now is, to let the disease take its course, and when the child is some seven or eight years old, to endeavour to get it into the Asylum for the deaf and dumb, and thus to make it for life an assured unfortunate, who will never be able to develop half its moral or physical utility. We want an institution for the recovery of the deaf and dumb, equally as much as one to give the dumb all the education of which they are capable. Had we such an infant institution, the number of the afflicted would be reduced to at least one half, and annually some thousands of excellent members of society would be thus restored to the full powers of performing all their social duties. It is to this point that Mr. Curtis, with so much talent and industry, is endeavouring to bring the public. It was for this purpose that this excellent book was written, and surely such exertions demand not only encouragement, but gratitude, from all classes of his countrymen. Impressed with the vast importance of this subject, Mr. Curtis wrote an eloquent letter to the chairman and committee of the Society of the Deaf and Dumb, which we are sorry that we have not room to extract, but which letter, we grieve to say, does not appear to have met with the respect that it deserved. Mr. Curtis's object was, to have each infant, on its admittance, carefully examined by an experienced aurist, in order to ascertain whether a cure might not be effected, and thus the child, who was to be educated as one deaf and dumb, might find in the sequel, another and more extended education

necessary for it. That the deaf and dumb have been totally restored to the healthy exercise of their early-disordered organs, the numerous cases cited in this book fully and convincingly attest. The instances of Selina Hewit, Mary Ann Hager, and Mary Haines, are, on this subject, remarkably in point.

We have not dwelt so much as we ought to have done, on the physiological science displayed in this book. It is more important for the interests of humanity, if we can excite the moral influences of the public in favour of the institution for the cure of deafness. There is a plenty—nay, an excess of talent ready to be exercised in favour of the unfortunate afflicted, but it wants the cherishing hand of liberality to make it generally effective. The number of the deaf and dumb that have been cured or relieved at the dispensary, is astonishing; but still, for want of due encouragement, much remains undone. There should be a building erected for the reception of juvenile cases, and were this effected, we are convinced that it would most essentially relieve the Asylum in the Kent Road. To insist upon the merits of Mr. Curtis would be here a work of mere superfluity. His works on the ear and its diseases, have become standard authorities, and as such, have been translated into various foreign languages. The volume now before us is second to none that he has formerly published, in arrangement, scientific research, and elegance of composition, whilst it brings before us deafness in another light, by showing us how to attack it in infancy, and thus destroying it ere it has engendered its attending train of evils. If we do not shortly find a well-endowed hospital established for the cure of the deaf and dumb, we shall blush for the ill-timed parsimony or the misdirected liberality of our countrymen. When, after medical treatment, the patients should be pronounced to be incurable, it is then time to turn them over to the institution in the Kent Road, for their education as such. But they should, without exception, be first of all received into such a hospital as Mr. Curtis is wearing out his energies to establish. May he be successful! May the gay, the rich, and the healthy think of the many of God's most precious gifts from which the deaf and dumb are excluded—and thus reflecting, may they be induced to assist talent with benevolence, and unloose many a tongue to falter out their gratitude to God, and to themselves, for a blessing which they cannot appreciate till they have enjoyed, and which, when it is looked upon as the common right of humanity, seems to be an act of cruelty to deny, if it can be granted by a little sacrifice of time, influence, and money, on the part of the wealthy.

Channel Islands. By H. D. INGLIS. Whittaker, Treacher and Co., Ave-Maria Lane.

It is a very true observation, that we are fond of running after distant objects, and neglecting those which are lying under our feet. What we can see at any time, we seldom see at all. There are many people now living in the metropolis, who have all their lives intended some day or another to visit the armoury in the Tower, who probably never will do it; and many who have intended the same, have paid a visit to their forefathers without accomplishing the end, merely because it might have been done at any opportunity. We do not mean to say that it is easy at any time to pay a visit to Jersey or Guernsey, but still it is certain that all connected with these islands have been quite overlooked, and the majority of the English know that Jersey and Guernsey are islands in the British Channel, and are satisfied with this knowledge; and they also have an idea that Alderney cows are imported from another island, from which the said cows derive their name.

Mr. Inglis has given us a very detailed and interesting account of these islands; the inhabitants of which, to secure them to the British dominions, appear to be favoured, at the serious expense of Great Britain; so much so, that we very much doubt if they are worth retaining; the expense of them during the war has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. Inglis, to amount to a million per annum. But this is not all,—by the immunities given to these islands, they are free ports to every other part of the world, and have the right to introduce their produce and manufactures into this country; and by this, a system of fraud and injustice to our agriculturists appears to be carried on for the exclusive benefit of the islanders, who are very rich, very fond of money, and very fond of squabbling. As an instance, we will mention that *continental* wheat is imported into Jersey and Guernsey, *manufactured* into flour and biscuit, and sent to England. Leather, also, imported from France and manufactured into shoes, becomes an article of export to our colonies, much to the prejudice of our own artisans. In short, these islands are loopholes for the admission of foreign produce of every description, and the only good reason which can be adduced for holding them is, to prevent the French from taking possession. At all events, if we do hold them, they should be held upon such terms as would prevent them becoming, as they now are, injurious to the mother country. Mr. Inglis's work is fair and impartial. He has stated facts, and made but few comments; the public are under obligations to him for bringing these facts forward, and we trust that they will not only meet general notice, but that some steps may be taken to render these possessions less anomalous to the constitution, and less injurious to the welfare of the country which has so long fostered them.

The Library of Romance. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE. Vol. XII.
The Jesuit. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

This tale, as the title-page informs us, is a translation from the German of C. Spindler, and is characteristic of the early portion of the eighteenth century. Whoever "did it into English," to use an almost obsolete phrase, has done it well. The Romance is one more instructive than pleasing; overloaded with incidents, and replete with startling encounters. Hardly one of the characters seems naturally drawn; they step before us, but we do not get thoroughly acquainted with them, and cannot discover for a certainty on what principle they will act; and when they have acted, we doubt whether the impulse to the action be within the pale of reasonable motives. There is one exception to this objection, and that is in the person of the principal Jesuit. His motives and his end were simple; that of a wish for an unbounded domination for his order, and to secure as much of it in his own proper person as he could. After all, we do not highly sympathize with any one character. Even the heroine, Juliet, is neither uniformly gentle, nor loving, nor constant, nor heroic; her only untarnished virtue is, her filial piety, and that is displayed in disagreeable and harrowing scenes, that those who are given to much feeling will hurry over, and those to much judging, condemn. But this volume has some resemblance to the fabled jewel on the head of the toad. It contains a sterling and a striking moral—the misery that must result to society by the intrusion of a priestly supervision over our temporal concerns. This applies to all faiths and to all sects, and is of equal force in the confessional of the Jesuit, as in the insidious comfort-calls of the Methodist. Power and wealth are the stumbling-blocks and the temptations of the sacerdotal order, and it was their iniquitous ambition to acquire these in an unlimited degree, that spread so much vice and misery

round the Jesuits, in which they were themselves finally involved, and which will also be the case of the soi-disant saints of the present times, if both they and their dupes are not more upon their guard than at present. We owe to the Protestant church a most inestimable blessing in the abolishing of auricular confession. Those who know much of sectarian enthusiasm can well tell how nearly two extremes meet.

The Language of Flowers, ANON. Saunders and Ottley, Conduit Street.

Almost the first step towards the improvement of the mind, is to teach the method of associating ideas. The knowledge of main facts contributes but little towards elegance of thought, and till youth have learned to combine gracefully, they will never have a proper sense of the beautiful, but will be dull in mind, inert in imagination, and be for ever blind to the charms of poetry, and deaf to the felicity of expression. These reflections are forced upon us by an examination of this beautiful little book, that may be compared, in its outward adornment, to a golden vase containing beauties that are still more precious than gold. It teaches the language of flowers—how to convey by those beautiful productions of nature, wishes, hopes, and sentiments; in fact, how to become practical poets in the most pleasing manner. Every young lady should make herself an adept in the science this volume contains, and we will stake our best metaphor yet unborn, that the young gentlemen will not long be left behind in the pursuit of similar knowledge. In order to spiritualize ourselves, we should endeavour to give a sentiment to every thing—see half concealed and mysterious beauties in blossoms, discover etherial revealings in the hues of a flower, and catch an inspiration from the graceful shape of a bud. This is the best method to avoid a commonplace manner of thinking, and to spread over all our minds and actions that refinement that is at once so seductive and so subduing. The elements of the art of doing all this are to be found in the volume that we are noticing; and if we do not find it in the reticule, or at least, within the reach of every young lady of our acquaintance, we shall set her down as one whose education is not yet completed, and who has yet another charm to acquire.

A Cruise to Egypt, Palestine, and Greece, during five months' leave of absence. By the Hon. W. E. FITZMAURICE, Second Life Guards.

No reading can possibly be more pleasant than that which we find in this book, and which acquaints us with the adventures and observations that occurred to the writer on his animating cruise. The unaffected and gentlemanly style in which the narrative is clothed, add a charm to the exciting descriptions and sound remarks that abound in every page. The author sailed from England in the schooner yacht, the Briton, and first proceeded to Gibraltar, of which, and the surrounding sublime scenery, he gives a powerfully graphic description. From thence he crossed over to Morocco; having smoked and eaten sweetmeats with the Kaid of Tetuan, and made many relevant remarks on what he was permitted to see, and some equally relevant suggestions on what he was not, he returned to Gibraltar, accompanied by a relation of their interpreter's, to whom they had readily granted a passage in the schooner. Deceived by the various folds of the stranger's white garments, the steward mistook him for a female, but when convinced of his sex—in

what manner the book saith not,—the Irishman, not very well knowing how to express the feminine gender of a “Moor,” exclaimed, “By the powers, I thought it was a moor-hen,” which, considering the present dearth of wit, is not altogether bad. Our traveller next visited Malta, from whence he proceeded to Egypt, and from this point his travels become doubly interesting. We have not space to attend him through all his peregrinations, which we sincerely hope that he will give to the world, for, as yet, his work is not published, a limited number of copies only having been struck off for private distribution. If all persons would write their tours and travels with only a tithe of the tact and taste that are here displayed, works of this description would become exceedingly more popular. We find in this book nothing set down in order to eke out the volume. In fact, it was not concocted for sale, and bears no evidence of a conspiracy between the author and bookseller to defraud the public with a vamped-up quantity of old materials in a new form. The plates are really very good, and convey strong impressions of the grandeur of the scenery that they represent. We think them a little too gloomy. Any one who wishes to relieve himself of an hour’s ennui delightfully and advantageously, will be happy if he can obtain this book. He will rise from it with that feeling of pleasure that we derive from the conversation of an intelligent and refined friend, and wish most sincerely that the instructive interview had been longer. To Mr. Fitzmaurice himself, his cruise must be the source of unmixed delight, and will hereafter afford him many an hour of pleasing retrospection when the time comes—and assuredly that time will come to all of us—when we shall be compelled backward rather than forward, for those thoughts that may cheer the languor, or beguile the pain, of the present hour.

The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organization. By BARON CUVIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. *With original Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named.* By EDWARD GRIFFITH, F.R.S., and others. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria Lane.

This is the forty-first part, and a very interesting one, as it contains the classification and description of the fourth class of vertebrated animals called fishes. The wonderful adaptation of these animals to the element in which they are destined to live and perpetuate their species, must give to every reflective reader inexhaustible sources of admiration for the unerring and infinite wisdom of the great first Cause, who appears not to have suffered in this globe anything approaching to a void. Life seems to be the universal principle, and it extends in a myriad of forms, even to the vast abysses of the ocean. At least a partial knowledge of ichthyology ought to be the acquirement of every person who pretends to be well educated, and we recommend all who wish to acquire it, to go at once to the fountain-head and possess themselves of this work.

Ayesha, the Maid of Kars. By the Author of “Zohrab,” “Hajji Baba.” 3 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

It is a pleasant thing to put away, for a time, all our every day associations, and mentally investing our persons in shawls, and our heads in turbans, to travel over the various regions of the romantic East. How enthusiastically we have done this with our highly-gifted author, we shall detail more at length in our notices of next month.

Tutti Frutti. By the Author of "the Tour of a German Prince."
2 vols. Bach and Co., 21, Soho Square.

We do not think very highly of this work. It is very desultory. There are good things in it; but the best appear to be marred by an inordinate portion of self-conceit. The description of the company assembled at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle is certainly very amusing, and neatly hit off. There is a great deal of covert roguery in the affected simplicity of the narrative. There is something exceedingly pleasant in a concluding remark that the prince makes, (of course the reader is aware that the author of whom we are speaking, is Prince Pückler Muskau,) in which he wishes to be excessively moral on the subject of a person who had misapplied his great talents. "It is sincerely to be deplored that men like him, whom nature has so liberally endowed, do not turn their talents into a nobler channel; *circumstances* not unfrequently degrade a man into a captain of robbers, who, under the influence of a kindlier *destiny*, might have become an Alexander." A beautiful choice between the two. We think that the Persians, aye, and the Greeks too, would have preferred the former; and then the laying all the blame at the door of circumstances, and saddling poor destiny with the onus of the crime! Verily, these are princely ethics. The second volume is principally occupied with scenes and sketches of a tour in the Riesengebirge. The author shows himself a little too vain gloriously in the character of Lovelace; but altogether he is more amusing in the second than in the first volume. The little anecdote of Blucher we cannot help repeating. The veteran seeing a young urchin climbing on the pedestal that supports the iron statue of himself, and dangling to his leg, said to the invader very good humouredly, "Get down, my fine fellow; you see that there is hardly room enough for myself." That part, the latter, that treats of the modern Alcibiades, we find strongly tinged with the traveller's vice. Altogether, notwithstanding its affectation, this work serves well to amuse a vacant hour. The translator has done his part excellently, and has given the reader some very entertaining biographical notices of his author, who seems, upon the main, to be an estimable man, very solicitous for the happiness of all around him, provided that he be allowed to administer it in his own manner—very fond of distinction, and by no means undeserving of it.

Oriental Fragments. By the Author of the "Hindu Parthenon."
Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This is eminently a curious book, written in curiously inharmonious, yet grammatical English, abounding with valuable yet ill-digested information. It is full of crabbed words, unsightly to the eye and horrible to the organ of utterance, yet extremely valuable to the antiquary, to the logomachist, and the lovers of comparative history. What we have most to blame is, want of arrangement and method, a hardness of style, and a manner of treating the subjects much too discursive. In one line we are laboriously tracing up a Hindu derivation, in the next we find ourselves among the ruralities of Suffolk; and in the third, giving papistry a good honest English thwack over its triple-crowned skull. There is an honest, old-fashioned, octogenarian pleasantry running through the whole of the work, that gives you really an affection for the author. And then he speaks so kindly of his friends. That of itself is a good trait, but the abominable atrocity of his puns we think a still better. No one that was not at peace with himself, and with all the world, could ever have adventured such startling demands upon horse-laughing, in the midst of

grave disquisitions. Any one who would pun a Turk's scimitar into a *smiter*, we are fully assured would never be able "to pick a pocket," at least, very ingeniously. We repeat, that we like the *bonhomme*, and the heartiness of character that can fling such puns in our face. To assume a more serious tone, the work is full of erudition, and is a vast and disorderly pile of such excellent materials, that many authors may and will come and abstract from the stores enough wherewithal to write excellent books; indeed, we see there enough with which to build at least twenty excellent theories. The author has hewn the stone and the marble from the rock, from which others will build elegant edifices.

The Book of Aphorisms. By a MODERN PYTHAGOREAN. W. R. M'Phun, Glasgow.

This book has come to us, judging from a most unsightly gap at the commencement, with the preface torn away. Had it not been rather too far to send to Glasgow, we should certainly have procured another copy. However, this plucking away of prefaces is a goodly example; and one with which we certainly shall not quarrel. Now, as to the aphorisms, they begin in a very imposing style, and we immediately exclaimed, "Lo! a second Rochefoucauld come to judgment on us miserable moderns!" We did not sustain this note of admiration long. We began to find the sententious author *se répète* dreadfully. Some of his best aphorisms—and many of them are very good—are shown to us in three or four different costumes; some are contradicted by others, many have no other claim to respect, but on the score of their antiquity, and the majority of them, though they tickle the fancy, are false in principle, and impossible in application. It would be a pleasant occupation to take a number of these proverbs and turn them into a directly opposite sense; and we feel assured, if it were done well, they would pass as current for deep knowledge and concentrated wisdom, as the parents from which they had rebelled. After all, this is a most amusing book. We read it through, at one sitting, during the late hot weather, without a single yawn, or any other token of weariness. Of how few books could so much be said!

Gleanings of Natural History. Second Series. To which are added some Extracts, from the unpublished MSS. of the late Mr. White, of Selbourne. By EDWARD JESSE, Esq., Surveyor of His Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Every lover of nature should add these gleanings to his garnered up stock of information. Wonderful and many are the operations of Providence that are daily passing under our very eyes, which we see not; and lessons of awe, of admiration, and of gratitude are lost to us, because we will not stoop to learn them. The accumulation of facts in these volumes are as pleasing as they are numerous; and those that bear upon the instincts of the inferior animals, show us how nearly they approach to our boasted reason, in every thing that can conduce to their safety and happiness. They are surely blessed in not having the power to anticipate; and had it not been for the Christian dispensation, and the day-spring of hope that revelation affords to us, they would have been more physically happy than ourselves, in this respect, that they have not the dread of dissolution. The MSS. of Mr. White are a fine specimen of the best and homeward feelings, and will be read with unmingled delight.

The Wonders of Chaos and the Creation exemplified. A Poem.
In Eight Cantos. ANON. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

As yet, we have only received, and we believe there have yet only appeared, the two first cantos of this projected poem. We have read these cantos, the preface that introduces, and the notes which accompany them, with much attention, and we shall reserve ourselves before we go fully into the merits of the work, until we see the whole completed. We may be allowed to remark cursorily, that the subject chosen is almost impossible to human genius ; and, that divine mysteries are not permitted to us to be resolved, but as tests of our faith, and that instead of explanation, the attempt to unravel them always produces confusion and absurdity. We also wish to hint in the most friendly manner, that the versification of these two cantos is a little too monotonous, and that in a composition that aspires to epic sublimity, and classic severity of diction, lines such as these should always be carefully avoided :

“ To float upon a foaming flood of flames,
and
And floundering, float upon this flaming flood.”

These may be thought to be but minor defects, yet in a statue of polished marble, cracks and flaws are doubly offensive to the sight. As we intend to give an opinion hereafter, more at length, upon this very aspiring poem, we shall, for the present, take our leave of the author, reminding him that he has imposed upon himself a task greater than even Milton attempted, and that the wing that dares to cleave the immensity of space, ought to have unlimited strength, and be accompanied with almost unlimited intelligence.

Catherine de Medicis ; or, the Rival Faiths. ANON. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This romance embraces too many incidents. It seems that we are rather reading a dry, chronological series of facts, than a well-authenticated story. There has been too little space given for the display of those motives and those passions that have conduced to the perpetration of the many horrible deeds that darken over these pages. They are disgusting with treachery, and ghastly with blood. Still they cannot be read without exciting in every mind the deepest reflections, that must produce an excellent moral fruit. We frequently believe that the time is gone by for ever, in which it will be possible to excite another massacre, or even to light up another civil war for the sake of ill-understood creeds, in Europe at least ; yet we are sorry to believe that there still exists much private and rancorous ill-feeling on the subject, even in our enlightened country. This book should, then, teach all religionists, that private enmity is equally bad in principle, though less grievous in its extent, as were the reciprocal murders, treacheries, and wars between the Catholics and Huguenots, who slew each other with so little remorse, at the instigation of the blood-dyed demon, Catherine de Medicis. The author, to have done due justice to his materials, should have been much more dramatic, given us more conversation, and a greater insight into the minds of his actors. Yet the book is altogether a good book, and readable.

Jephtha's Daughter ; a Dramatic Poem. By M. J. CHAPMAN. James Fraser, Regent Street.

This is a poem on the Grecian model, and a very fair specimen of the usual run of the poetic talent of the day. While the great living masters

of the lyre are silent, either from exhaustion or disdain, we should lend a gracious ear to the attempts of the second rates. Among such endeavours this is one of the most aspiring, and the best. The flight of the author's muse is not elevated, but equable. If there be in it no striking image, no burst of divine inspiration, no cadence of poetry's sweetest tone, there is nothing to disgust or to ridicule, with the exception of a few childish lines, in some of the lyrical compositions. We do not think that the choice of the subject is a happy one; it is in itself revolting, and requires much skill in developing sufficient grounds, in a poetical point of view, for the cruel and base infanticide. Jephtha, or the poet for him, does not dwell sufficiently upon the impelling motive for the murder. He simply says that he made an impious vow, and he must keep it. Some immediate apotheosis, some divine reward, should have been promised to Miriam, something elicited to make the crime less hateful. It is here that we recognize the principal failure. The nurse also is made too important. Altogether the poem is an affair of some promise, though we do not think that it is likely to become popular.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life. By his SON. 8 Vols. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Of this truly English classic, thus ably edited, the fifth volume has now made its appearance. It contains twelve of the author's well-known, and highly-esteemed metrical tales, with "Flirtation," a dialogue, now for the first time published. It is a polished and a bitter satire, and we think quite equal in poignancy, if not in harmony, to any of the best of Pope's. Yet, with all its excellence, it tends to prove a vicious principle, that, in a worldly sense, it is better to be guardedly and discreetly immoral, than to be

"So wrongly right, and so absurdly good."

Yet the ladies are not so much in fault as the satirist would make them appear. We think that they are generally placed in a false social position, and if they err in their manœuvres, it should be remembered, that they are not like the generals of the sterner sex, permitted to choose their own ground. They are forced to deploy among pitfalls, and in the midst of ambushes, or remain for ever passive, or on the defensive. The minor poems at the end of the volume are graceful and appropriate, and will be read with much interest.

Catalogue of Apparatus and Instruments for Philosophical, Experimental, and Commercial Chemistry. By R. and G. KNIGHT. *The apparatus illustrated by upwards of One Hundred Wood Cuts.* Sixth Edition. Knight, Foster Lane, Cheapside.

We notice this catalogue merely because, by so doing, we think we render a service to all scientific professional persons, and to amateurs, who delight in exploring the secrets of nature. Not only is every instrument enumerated, but also a representation of many of the most important ones, so that a person wishing to achieve something hitherto unattempted, may thus be enabled to see as nearly as possible, what sort of apparatus may suit him. As a curious proof of the advance of chemical science, in the year 1800 Messrs. Knight, in conjunction with two other houses, published a catalogue, and twenty pages contained the list of all the chemical apparatus and tests that were then to be found in London; and now this catalogue forms a very respectably sized pamphlet, which in a few years we doubt not will be doubled.

Demetrie, and other Poems. By JAMES MASON. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot, London.

A pleasant mediocrity, if poetical mediocrity can ever be pleasing, is the utmost praise that the most lenient criticism can afford to this little volume. The drama of *Demetrie*, the principle feature in the book, is intended to be illustrative of Russian manners and sentiments. It may be so, but it is a very poor play. The minor pieces of poetry are much better, some even approaching to the readable—and that every one knows cannot be far from very good. The preface is the best written piece of them all, and evinces a respectable talent for prose composition. If any one wishes to know how much ability can be converted into actual tediousness, by the imprudence of marrying it to (not) “immortal verse,” let him purchase this book. The knowledge he will thus gain will be well worth a crown, to say nothing of the cover, which may be always serviceable, and papillotes, for at least a week, for the lady of his love.

Universal History, from the Creation of the World. By ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, LORD WOODHOUSELEE. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

It is again our duty to apprise our readers of the progress of this very valuable work, the fourth and fifth volumes of which are now before the public, being numbers XLIII. and XLIV. of the Family Library. It brings down the stream of events to the crusades, just at the time Jerusalem was conquered from the Saracens; and, as almost all the nations of Europe were engaged in that memorable and mad enterprize, the incidents form, as it were, a very pretty knot to tie up the history at the close of the volume. At the time, it must have excited almost undivided as well as universal attention, and formed what may be truly called an epoch. We think that these volumes ought to be embraced in the course of reading of every youth who has attained the age of fourteen. We will not exonerate young ladies from this, which ought to be no task.

Douglas D'Arcy. Some Passages in the Life of an Adventurer. ANON. E. J. Mason, 444, West Strand.

This is one of those absorbing works, the perusal of which seems to be more like that of an impassioned oration, than of the equal march of a sustained narrative. From the very beginning, the author calls to us with the cry of eloquence, and we are mute with attention, and breathless with expectation until the fearful tale is told. The eloquence of which we have made mention is not the captivation of altisonant words, or the harmony of nicely-balanced periods; but it is the eloquence of feeling, of fact, and of passion. The events seem to be acted before us personally, not described by sentences. It is life, and life in the brilliant phase of energy. The facts of the story are unpleasing in themselves, and there is no relief, no tenderness about it, save at one point, and there it is worked up to agony. But if we seek excitement, if, at times, there is a fierce pleasure in being strangely moved, we must read this work. It conveys also a moral that many would hold as startling to morality. It is, however, a stern truth, that it is well to look at in the present era, as little steadfastly as possible. Our readers who may discover it will assent to our observation, and those who do not, will be all the happier for it.

Sayings and Doings in America. 2 vols. ANON. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Were we to indulge in the general and indiscriminating tone of laudation so common now to the criticism of the day; were we to pile phrase on phrase, such as "accurate delineation of character," "sagacity of occasional reflection," "splendour of dialogue," "graphic depiction of scenery," "vigorous production," "incidents of deep interest," &c. &c.; were we, we repeat, so inclined to proceed, in reference to this work, we should be almost justified; for if any book could justify such a wholesale application of these words of usage, it would be "*Sayings and Doings in America.*" We do not say that it has no faults; but we do say that it has very striking beauties. We do not say that, it possesses all the grandeur of an epic, all the research of a moral essay, all the harmony of diction of a polished poem; but we do say, that it is sufficient to itself—that what the author attempted he has exceedingly well achieved, and that, in its own class, it is very near perfection. To cover a defeat, it is very usual to quote the aphorism, "it is glorious to fail in attempting great things." Glorious certainly for the defeated, but very annoying to the witnesses of the defeat. Now the author of "*Sayings and Doings in America*" has not attempted to do great things, and has not failed; but in his success he has done greater things than perhaps himself ever anticipated. In the first place, he has given us a most vivid picture of manners in America—a picture that no professed dissertation on the subject could have equalled. Secondly, he has made, by the texture of his tales, morality, in the highest sense of the word, very lovely; and made it apparent, even to the wild and the thoughtless, that the paths of peace are those of pleasantness. In doing these he has shown himself a great master of archness: he is sometimes absolutely witty; and one of his tales is, what the ladies would call, "absolutely *distressing*," and our brother critics, "quite *refreshing*," from its deep and tender pathos. Read, ye lovers of that fun that is at times surprised into a tear, and also ye lovers of those well-worked-up miseries that are now and then relieved by a sudden burst of merriment; read, and ye will find that we have not overstated the merits of this quaintly mixed-up performance. "One or two of the tales are dull and common-place,"—we know it:—"and some of the speeches in the dialogues are a little prosy,"—confessed. We are not going to prate about *spots in the sun*; but we will let you into a secret. We do not think that the author has ever been to Vauxhall, where you are made, very judiciously, to thread two or three dark passages before you come into the blaze of light. Our author, on the contrary, very unwisely gives us his blaze of light first, and then leads us into the dark passages afterwards. He puts his best foot forward—he begins too well. Had you had the two or three somewhat dull tales, and the didactic *prosayings* first, you would have found perhaps neither the tales very dull, nor the *prosayings* too didactic. And then you would have confessed all that followed to be "good exceedingly." Again, we tell our readers to peruse the work, and they will find that we have not done it more than justice.

A Voyage Round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, and America, from 1827 to 1832. By JAMES HOLMAN, R.N. F.R.S. Vol. I. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

We presume that the first only of these volumes has appeared, as we have received none other. The production of this work is wonderful, but the wonder is not in the book, but in the author. The affliction with
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which it has pleased Providence to visit him, has necessarily caused his book to be written after the manner of a diary; not an unpleasing method for the reader, when it is, as in this case, judiciously executed. By this arrangement the travels are made to share the interest usually excited by novels, as the perusers are anxious to know what will next ensue, and those that find pleasure in auto-biography, must also rejoice in this plan. The facts that have fallen under the observation of Mr. Holman are all described with great vividness, and in a manly and unaffected manner, and, though he is obliged to see with the eyes of others, yet getting *vivâ voce* evidence on the spot, we may rely implicitly upon their accuracy. Indeed, we are not certain, from the exquisite cast of Mr. Holman's mind, that we have them not better, and more circumstantially related, than if the task had been undertaken by the eye-witnesses themselves. They are too apt to see negligently, to pass over things cursorily, and to generalize. The scene is viewed and soon forgotten, or obliterated by the next; but let any one who has been witness to a striking transaction, be immediately afterwards, or pending its duration, submitted to such an awful questioner, as our author must necessarily be, and he will soon find how much more indelibly the whole will be impressed on his imagination, how many little circumstances that he would have passed over will be elicited, and, perhaps, the whole affair become of more importance to him than it otherwise would have done. We would not be understood to go the length of asserting that blindness is a recommendation to a writer of travels, but when allied to great genius, and indomitable perseverance, it has its advantages. We doubt whether Mr. Holman would have been so great a traveller, we know that he would not have been so interesting a man, had he not been surrounded by physical darkness. It appears that the author, by his own confession, is blessed, or cursed, with an undue developement of the organ of vagabondizing, (we hope we are correct in our technical term of phrenology,) and that he never felt himself so much at home, as when he was wandering over the face of the earth. After detailing his situation, which is done in a manner so plain, yet affecting, that we at once become the author's personal friends, we find that he proceeds with Captain Owen, in the *Eden*, for Sierra Leone. Was the appointment of that particular ship a stroke of recondite wit of the Lords of the Admiralty? Speaking of Sierra Leone, we may most justly parody a line of Moore's, and exclaim of it, "If there's a hell upon earth, it is this! it is this!" It would have been a pleasant answer for one of the junior lords to have given, if taunted in the lower house for sending out to that hell so many brave seamen and soldiers to perish, to rise up and gravely assure the honourable members, "that if *Eden* was any where to be found on this globe it was there;" and then tell his companions *sotto voce*, that he had sent it out. There is nothing, very remarkable in the travels till the author arrives at the place of the ship's destination. We then have, perhaps, the best description of that colony, under all its different relations, that is extant. Of one thing we are convinced, that it will never cease to be inimical to human European life, until the country be cleared for miles in the interior. Till that be done, it will always have, as Theodore Hook has facetiously remarked, *two* governors—one going out *alive*, and another coming home *dead*. Whether the fever so prevalent there be similar to the malaria in the neighbourhood of Rome, or arise only from the miasma common to all uncleared countries of a hot and moist climate, should be at once ascertained. If it be the former case, no clearing or cultivation will be of service, and the place should be deserted immediately; we rather think that it is not, for if it were, it would be equally destructive to black, as well as to white life. To return to our traveller. We now gather from his narrative multitudinous anecdotes, and a variety of information upon most subjects, all told with that pleasing *naïveté* that makes a tale so piquant. We wish that we had space for ex-

tracts. All lovers of pleasant reading must get the book, and taste for themselves, and we are well assured, that a taste to those who have once tasted will not be sufficient, they will make a full meal ; and when they have exhausted what is set before them they will crave more. We are now going to alter our strain panegyric, and ask Mr. Holman what he means by publishing pages of sentences similar to this, one piled upon the other. "*Friday 11. Very squally weather, with a heavy swell. Lat. at noon, 15° 19' S., long. 25° 7' W. Saturday, 12. Fresh breezes and cloudy ; Lat. 17° 9' S., long. 27° 46' W.*" &c. &c. Posterity would have forgiven him had he not put it upon record, that on Saturday, the 12th of July, 1828, the weather was cloudy with fresh breezes in 17°. 19'. of south latitude, and 27° 46' of west longitude. O fie, Mr. Holman ! this is one of the worst methods of book-making. The very worst of prosing that was ever prosed in this prosing world, would have been infinitely preferable. Still we will not let our last word be a snarl. We repeat that he has written an excellent volume, one replete with sound information, right feeling, and correct reasoning, creditable to himself, to the profession in which he received the first bias of his mind, and to the country that is glad to own him as one of her sons, who lead the many bands of those who devote themselves to the cares of the philanthropical civilization, not only of their own country, but of the great family of the human race.

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion for 1834 ; including a Compendious Peerage, compiled from Official Documents, and from the Personal Communications of Members of both Houses. Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

This little handsome gilt appendage to the waistcoat pocket was sent to us four months after the commencement of the year, and we have taken two more in determining to notice it ; fortifying ourselves, by this reasoning, that if the publishers could neglect their own interest for four months, we certainly had the right to follow their example for two. Indeed, now we do speak, we will speak out to some purpose, and say, that it is a most useful work to all classes, to the clergy more especially ; for against every name is indicated, among other most necessary information, to how many livings every gentleman is the patron. If the whole impression be not, by this time, exhausted, we recommend what remains to the notice of all who have to bustle through their way in life.

The Sacred Classics ; or, Cabinet History of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLLE, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. Volume Sixth. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly, &c.

It speaks well for the good, sterling, religious feeling of the country, that this truly laudable undertaking is rapidly rising in estimation, and extending in circulation. This volume contains Baxter's dying thoughts, and is prefaced by an introductory essay, that is written in the best spirit, and expressed in the best manner. We are no advocates for casting the gloom of anticipation over the already so much chequered path of life. Yet there are times when it is good to be alone—good for us to remember that we are mortal ; and what can so well prepare us for those wholesome reflections, as a perusal of these solemn thoughts ? Yet even from their very solemnity a holy cheerfulness may be derived, and the heart that sat down to mourn may rise in comfort. These classics should be found in every family, gay as well as serious ; perhaps more especially in those of the former description.

The Rival Sisters; with other Poems. ANON. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

This is an affecting tale, very pleasingly told in verse. To the higher attributes of poetry it can have no pretension, yet it is full of sweet and tender verse most harmoniously expressed. The *refrain* is rung throughout, that virtue alone can procure us even transitory and terrestrial happiness, and the very first step from rectitude is no more than beginning a certain career of misery. The title explains partly the drift of the story. A vacillating lover finds a treacherous sister, and the scenes of anguish that ensue may well be imagined. The minor poems at the end of the book can fairly lay claim to the praise of an elegant mediocrity; in fact, the whole volume evinces talent, a highly cultivated mind, yet none of the passion, of the beauty, or of the faults of genius.

The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo Place.

Of this convenient and well got up edition, the fifth volume has now made its appearance, and continues to be embellished by the elegant remarks of the editor. Indeed, Mr. Cunningham's labours have been invaluable, in uniting in one work so many of his author's poems that were dispersed, and which would otherwise, in time, have been forgotten and lost. In the commencement, one hundred and odd pieces of verse, more than Currie's octavos contained, were promised, and he has been enabled to give more than one hundred and fifty. Some of them, too, are long poems; and, among the songs will be found many exhibiting Burns in his happiest humour and finest pathos. This is really taking an author under protection. The world is justly indebted to Mr. Cunningham.

The Mosaic Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath contrasted and explained. By A. L. CHIROL, one of his Majesty's Chaplains, and Minister to the Church called La Quarré. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

This is an able attempt to prove, that when the Hebraical ordinances were superseded by the Christian dispensation, and the day of the Sabbath changed, the spirit also in which it should be kept should undergo some modification, which is amply borne out by our Saviour's reply to the strictly sabbatarian Pharisees, who rebuked his disciples for plucking the corn on the seventh day. We think that our Sunday should be kept with piety, holy gratitude, and with that best expression of gratitude, cheerfulness. Consequently we pronounce that Sir Andrew and his fraternity are themselves unwittingly great sinners and Sabbath breakers, by attempting to force consciences, to levy fines, and to make it a day of pains and penalties instead of one of rest and joy.

The Miscellaneous Works of William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and a Life and Notes. By JOHN S. MEMES, L.L.D., Author of the "Life of Canova," "History of Painting," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

The works of Mr. Cowper, "that poet of religion and the domestic affections," as his biographer truly says, are to be presented to the public in three volumes. We have received only the first, which is well got up, and we shall reserve our remarks upon the edition until we have seen the whole, premising only, that what we have seen promises well.

Recollections of Fly-fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. By STEPHEN OLIVER, the Younger, of Aldwick, in Com. Ebor. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

A most pleasing book, full of amenity and redolent with learning. We had no idea that, upon an 'affair that seemed to us so simple, such excellent writing could be displayed, and that writing still relevant to the subject. Fine minds can write fine things upon a broomstick, yet the stick would be only found to be a peg to hang them upon, and would be soon lost sight of; but Stephen Oliver has adorned, and not encumbered, his subject by his wit and pleasantry. There is a social and a kindly feeling that pervades this little volume, that we wish more of us would attempt to acquire, and that we may do so, let us study the pleasant matters that are here set down.

Guy's Improvement on the Eton Latin Grammar; to the usual Accidence of which fresh Examples and progressive Exercises are added, and the Syntax is given in English. By JOSEPH GUY. Baldwin and Craddock, Paternoster Row.

We have looked through this work, and notwithstanding the pretension of its title, think it a very good precursor, rather than a substitute for the old grammar. It is worthy the attention of private tutors and schools, and it is by those that its fate must be pronounced, for if it be found useful, it will not fail to be successful. The Eton Grammar answered the purpose very well when we were young; but, perhaps, among other changes—*nous avons changé tout cela*, as the farce says. We are content, and trust that it is for the better.

Observations on the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. By JOHN HENDERSON. Calcutta: Printed at the Baptist Missionary Press.

This is the most scientific, and, on the whole, the most satisfactory account that we have yet seen of these important and extensive colonies. The various matters connected with the subject are lucidly treated, the glaring defects in their administration cogently pointed out, and very feasible remedies adduced. We are sorry that the government did not lend their powerful aid to Dr. Henderson to enable him to solve the great secret of the inland sea in Australia. No one seems to have been better calculated for such an enterprize. To return to the volume, we find in it most of the requisites that should be assembled in writing a statistical work, and we confidently recommend it to public notice.

An Introduction to the Study of the German Language, consisting of an English, German, and French Vocabulary, &c. &c. J. F. Reymane, 28, Frederick Street, Regent's Park; Dulau and Co., Soho Square.

This is a well-arranged little manual, of a convenient and portable shape. Not professing to have a critical knowledge of the German, we cannot speak as to either the accuracy or the elegance of the idioms and phrases that are given for the study of the learner; but we can safely say, that the manner in which the matter is offered to the student, would facilitate the learning of any language in which a similar method was adopted.

The Ethical Magazine. Nos. I. and II. J. Evans.

Though this little periodical is published at a low rate, yet many of its contents would not disgrace magazines of higher pretensions; it is composed principally of tales, essays, and poems, and among the contributors we notice John Clare, the author of "Homer's Hymns," in Blackwood—the author of "The Lollards," and others of more or less literary eminence. While wishing the editor every success in his enterprize, we would hint that it is scarcely advisable to admit such poems as "Two Hundred Pounds a year," which is no more than a cockneyfied imitation of Mr. Francis' rhapsody on "Two Thousand Pounds a year," in "Sunshine." It is rather too bad of writers to take advantage of other men's ideas in this way. We suppose they feel perfectly safe from retaliation, by never giving vent to an "original thought" of their own.

Letters addressed to a Young Master Mariner, on some subjects connected with his calling. By CHARLES LORIMER. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

This must, from the nature of its subject, be of very limited interest; but it is so good, and so applicable to those within whose sphere it ought to become as a guide-star, that we think it our duty to notice it with commendation. Our only objection to it is, that it does not go far enough. We advise the young merchant mariner, whether he be master or no, to purchase this work, at the sacrifice even of some of his hairbrain pleasures; he will never repent of the bargain, and the chances will be greatly in his favour, that he will think the few shillings expended some of the best he ever laid out. Our language is homely, but, on that account, it will be the better understood.

The Northman. A Poem in Four Cantos. By DILMOT HADDEN. Henry Ward, Sun Street, Canterbury. Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria Lane.

This short and pleasing metrical tale is well introduced by some good Spencerian stanzas, of which we dislike only the last phrase, "Phœbus! inspire my lay!" We thought that poets had long dismissed him from the honorary office of inspirer-general. The story, which is made the vehicle of the poetry, is by no means so good as the verse that it contains. It is vague and unsatisfactory, and the long narrative of the dying Eric is anything but vraisemblable. The prophecy of Bertha is misplaced—is too minute, and points too directly to after events. We have no doubt of some day seeing a much larger and better poem from Mr. Hadden, and that he will achieve something beyond the mere praise of being pleasing.

History of England, by Hume and Smollet, with a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. Vol. V. A. J. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

The fifth volume of this well-conducted edition brings the reign of Elizabeth to a close, and contains a summary of the character, and the political state of England, as it regards her government, resources, commerce, manufacture, manners, and learning. It is a very interesting volume, as, about this time, we began to understand what civilization really meant. We can only renew our often-repeated recommendations of this convenient edition.

The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale. By C. GRATTAN, ESQ. *And the Red Rover, a Tale.* By the author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," &c. &c. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin; and Galignani, Paris.

These two very popular novels form Nos. XXXIX. and XL. of the series of Standard Novels. That they are well worthy of the station they hold, it would be, on our parts, superfluous to insist upon. They have won the meed of reputation, and they are now obtainable in a compressed shape, and at a reduced price, by all the lovers of elegant fiction. We have been particularly struck by the merits of the frontispiece and title-page vignettes, those of the Red Rover especially. They are very appropriate introductions to the pleasures that are to follow in the perusal.

Eva's Revenge. A Legendary Poem, in Five Cantos. With other Poems. By F. W. J. MORRIS. Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster Row.

A very Gothic tale, and some good versification, compose the staple of this poem. Of poetry, properly speaking, there is none, nor is there the promise of any, at some future period. There is a deprecatory preface, addressed to the author's subscribers, which is conceived in very bad taste, and not much better expressed. The minor poems are very minor affairs indeed. Genius will display itself in spite of education, and it sometimes strikes out a beauty that culture would have injured or destroyed. We see nothing of this intuitive breaking out in this volume. Indeed, the language is particularly correct, and all the expressions and ideas particularly common-place.

Architectural Director; being an approved Guide to Builders, Students, and Workmen. With a Glossary of Architecture, &c. &c. &c. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. John Bennett, 4, Three-Tun Passage, Paternoster Row.

This, the fourth number, is particularly deserving notice to all who are admirers of, as well as to those who live by, the fine arts. The embellishments are well designed, and the elevations and plates do credit to the good, practical sense of the letter-press.

Lays and Legends of various Nations, illustrative of Traditions and popular Literature, Manners, Customs, and Superstitions. By W. J. THOMS. George Cowie, 312, Strand.

This fourth number contains the lays and legends of Spain, and a very amusing number it is. "The Dean of Santiago and Don Illan of Toledo," is racily told, and has a termination quite epigrammatical. The lyrical parts are deserving praise; and the series goes on with a spirit that will ensure its success.

Illustrations of Social Depravity. No. III. *The Trades' Unionists.* By JOHN REID. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; William Tait, Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co., London.

This is a forcibly written and perspicuous number, that carries the scales even between both parties, and conveys a lesson which both parties ought to study attentively. Go on, John Reid, and fear not.

Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834. Addressed to the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of that University, &c. James Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

Parts the third, fourth, and sixth, of this spirited satire, have now appeared, and they are really very good. There is in them the blending of almost all styles, and the author fails in none. Let all those who can enjoy either a laugh or a tear, a joke or a misfortune, a quiz or a sentiment, get this work as it appears in driplets, and they will not fail of enjoyment.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. By William Beckford, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.
- Elements of Practical Agriculture. By David Low, Esq. 21s.
- Thirty Years' Correspondence between Bishop Jebb and Alexander Knox, Esq. Edited by the Rev. Charles Foster, B.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
- The Auto-Biography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
- My Daughter's Book, containing Select Readings in Literature, Science, and Art. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
- Legends and Stories of Ireland. By S. Lover, Esq. Second Series. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Essays on the Antediluvian Age. By the Rev. W. B. Winning, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- The Existence of other Worlds peopled with Living and Intellectual Beings. By A. Copland, Esq. 12mo. 5s.
- Catechism of Byrom's System of Short-hand. fcp. 8vo. 1s.
- Narrative of the Life of David Crockett. By Himself. 12mo. 3s.
- Plain Instructions for Breeding the Canary Finch. By Joseph Smith. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Percival's Commercial Correspondent. 12mo. 2s.
- Twenty Minutes' Advice on the Gout and Rheumatism. By a Severe Sufferer. 18mo. 1s.
- A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems. By John Graham. 8vo. 5s.
- The Nursery Governess. By Elizabeth Napier. Royal 18mo. 1s.
- Spirit of Chambers' Journal. By W. and R. Chambers. fcp. 8vo. 4s.
- Hand-Book of Agriculture in Principle and Practice. By James Rennie. 18mo. 1s. 3d.
- Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. Jameson. 4 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 2s.
- Letters on the Trinity and on the Divinity of Christ. By Moses Stuart. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Manual of the Baronetage of the British Empire. 8vo. 5s. sewed, 7s. silk.
- The Life and Works of Robert Burns, Vol. VI. 12mo. 5s.
- The Holy Bible, with Practical Observations of the Rev. Thomas Scott. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 1l. 16s.
- Refutation of Colonel Napier's Justification of his Third Volume. By Lord Beresford. 8vo. 6s.
- Biographical Gallery. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Percival's Foreign Exchange Calculator. 12mo. 2s.
- Leigh's Picture of London, Plan and Map. 6s. Map and Views. 9s.
- Busby's Costumes. 12s.
- Rowland on Costumes. 15s.
- The Revolutionary Epick. By Disraeli the Younger. Books II. and III., 4to. 12s.
- Wheeler's Sermons on the Gospels. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

The Corner Stone; or a familiar Illustration of the Principles of Christian Truth. By Jacob Abbott, Author of "the Young Christian." 12mo. 5s.
 Researches of the Rev. E. Smith and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, in Armenia: including a Journey through Asia Minor, and into Georgia and Persia, with a Visit to the Nestorian and Chaldean Christians of Oormiah and Salmas. 8vo. 12s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The Aves of Aristophanes, with English Notes, partly Original, partly selected from the best Annotators and the Scholia. By H. P. Cookeley, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howett.

Le Pages L'Echo de Paris. Second Edition, with a Vocabulary of idiomatical Phrases.

A Treatise on Primary Geology, being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical, of the older Formations. By Henry S. Boase, M.D., Secretary of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, &c.

Dacre, a Novel. Edited by the Countess of Morley.

The Child at Home. By J. S. C. Abbott.

Mr. St. John is, we hear, preparing a work of fiction, illustrative of Oriental Manners, entitled Tales of Ramadan.

Auto-Biography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay, in 1 vol.

The Ionian Anthology, No. II. A Literary and Philosophical Journal in Greek, Italian, and English, published Quarterly at Corfu, and received regularly in London.

Dr. Southey is at present engaged in a Life of the Poet Cowper, and preparing an Edition of the whole Works of this amiable writer. An Edition from such a hand must be a desirable acquisition to every Library. It is to be published in the popular form of Byron, Scott, Edgeworth, &c. in Monthly Volumes, and, in addition to the usual illustrations, the Publishers intend giving Portraits of Cowper's numerous Friends and Correspondents. This work may extend to Ten Volumes, and the Engravings are expected to be of the very first order.

FINE ARTS.

Burford's Panorama of New York.

We have witnessed this brilliant specimen of the fine arts, exhibiting in Leicester Square, and can state very confidently that it deserves general notice. In this view the spectator will not find represented much of that magnificence that is the creation of the hand of man; but he will be fully indemnified by what Nature has performed. The clear and apparently health-breathing atmosphere—the grand sweep of the noble river—the extended views in the distance, are all excellent contrasts to the working-day and utilitarian appearance of the town. We can assure our readers that it is less a picture than a fac-simile of the place. The foliage in the foreground is admirably painted. No one should lose the opportunity to see how our American brethren are located in one of the first cities of their vast and increasing empire.

Wonderful Clock.

There is exhibiting at 209, Regent Street, a piece of antique machinery, some two hundred years old, that, with the usual office of a clock, performs a multiplicity of varying achievements too numerous for us to specify. The wonder is not that such a piece of mechanism exists, but that it existed so long ago. It ruined the inventor, who died in prison. Many artists now, with proper encouragement, would gladly undertake to surpass it, and would succeed. It is well worth a visit

from the curious, and they will find a very intelligent person in the room where it is shown, who explains all its multitudinous evolutions.

Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, from finished Drawings, by STANFIELD, TURNER, CALLCOTT, and other Eminent Artists; and engraved by the FINDENS. With Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. THOMAS HORNE, B.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street; Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This, the Fourth Number, opens with a view from Mount Carmel, with Acre in the distance. It has a very classical appearance, and is clearly engraved. Every reader of the Bible knows that this spot is replete with interesting associations. The second plate gives us a distant view of Arimathea, taken from the Valley of Jeremiah, and drawn by Stanfield, from a sketch made on the spot, by the Honourable W. E. Fitzmaurice. We have said enough to convince every one that this must be a view of much merit, from the names of the persons who have been engaged in producing it. A view of the site where Babylon once stood, is the subject of the third plate. The letter press remarks are uncommonly good, and to them we refer the reader. The fords of the Jordan make an eminently pleasing picture, and the groups of figures add much to the beauty of the scene. This number is one of the best that have yet appeared.

Illustrations of the Bible. By WESTALL and MARTIN. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

The Second Number of this remarkably cheap publication has made its appearance, and contains more wood cuts than we have space to enumerate. The designs are, generally speaking, beautiful, but we cannot help wishing that a more finished vehicle was employed in giving them to the public. They deserve the best talents of the engraver. A suitable price should be charged, and the undertaking recommenced upon copper plates. They would not clash with Mr. Murray's publication, but the one would assist the other—Murray taking the landscape, and Bull and Churton the historical department.

Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We are given to understand that this is the concluding number of this series of illustrations, that has been so well sustained in its progress. We have here the Hall at Abbotsford, softly and richly engraved, with the great author himself, seated in the distance, in an inner room. This is a very appropriate plate, and more than ordinary care has been bestowed on its execution. It is a fine specimen of the capabilities of the burin. We have next the portrait of Margaret, designed by A. E. Chalon, R.A., and ably engraved by Mr. Thomson. It is a splendid plate, the figure full of dignity, and the face of sentiment. Next follows Ellen Douglas, and Fitz-James, at the moment when the disguised monarch is about to poise the Douglas's sword, that had but recently fallen from its scabbard. The incident is well told, and the engraver has well supported the painter, in multiplying and perpetuating the idea, which so well deserves to be multiplied and perpetuated. Ancient furniture is very well for the purpose of binding up with Sir Walter's works. The whole finishes with a plate of the Battle of Waterloo, containing an equestrian portrait of Wellington, and a charge of the Horse Guards. It is drawn by Cooper, R.A., and spiritedly engraved by Mr. Sheaton. We take our leave of this publication by announcing, that the publisher, in compliance with the wish of numerous subscribers, has brought out an Appendix to the illustrations, which Appendix is now before us, containing a description of the engravings, interspersed with many curious and antiquarian details. The engravings may be bound up with this Appendix, without reducing the size of the margin, forming a splendidly illustrated volume. We understand that but a very limited number of the Appendices have been printed; an early application to obtain one of them will therefore be requisite. This Appendix forms of itself a very amusing work. It will be a most ornamental affair, and as much fitted by its elegance to grace the drawing-room table, as by its learned research to take its station among the graver works of the library.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 25th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 216 half.—Indian Ditto, 260.—
Ditto Bonds, 24.—Exchequer Bills, 1,000l., 49.
—Ditto, 500l., 49.—Consols for Account, 92
five-eighths.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, 98 quarter.—Brazilian Ditto,
76 half.—Columbian Six Per Cent, 31.—Dutch
Two and a Half Per Cent, 52 seven-eighths.—
Ditto, Five Per Cent, 97 five-eighths.—Mexi-
can Bonds, 45 half.—Portuguese Reg. Scrip. 78

half.—Danish, 75.—Spanish Five Per Cent, 47
seven-eighths.—Russian Bonds, Five Per Cent,
105 half.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 9.—Bolanos, 130.—Brazil,
37.—Ditto, St. John Del Rey, 7 quarter.—Cata
Branca, 10.—Columbian, 11.—Canada, 50 half.
—General Steam Navigation, 16.—Provincial
Bank of Ireland, 47 half.—Real Del Monte,
34.—United Mexican, 7 half.

There has been no remarkable fluctuation in the general commerce of the country,
that demands particular dissertation.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 27, TO JUNE 20, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

May 27.—G. Dickinson, Ealing, surgeon.—
D. L. Cohen, Great Yarmouth, grocer.—E.
Everton, Coventry, riband manufacturer.—G.
Lake, Stockport, hat manufacturer.—J. Bar-
clay, Pembroke, general shop keeper.—J.
Salter and W. Balston, Poole, twine manu-
facturers.

May 30.—P. Pistrucci, Broad Street, Golden
Square, artist.—W. Tewsey, Mortlake, gro-
cer.—P. A. Ducoté, St. Martin's Lane, litho-
graphic printer.—W. Harper, New Street,
Dorset Square, butcher.—H. and W. H. San-
dys, jun., Fleet Street, scrivener.—G. Schons-
war, jun., Willerby, merchant.—J. Gardner,
Llangollen, linen manufacturer.—J. Bowker,
sen., Salford, dyer.—A. Brookes, Newport,
scrivener.—P. Sainty, Wivenhoe, shipwright.
—C. Ross, Beverley, wine merchant.—G. Jen-
kins, Lane End, cooper.—J. Boulting, jun.,
Wells, innholder.—R. Genge, East Chinnock,
sail cloth manufacturer.—W. Worley, Birming-
ham, nurseryman.

June 3.—P. A. Carter, St. John Street,
Clerkenwell, victualler.—J. Colbourne, Stur-
minster Newton Castle, Dorsetshire, mer-
chant.—P. Beans, Manchester, grocer.—R.
Jackson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—J.
Dawson, Liverpool, scrivener.—H. Brown, J.
H. Bradley, and B. Harris, Gloucester and
Birmingham, merchants.—J. Stock, Bristol,
cabinet maker.—T. Peacock, Skeldergate,
Yorkshire, timber merchant.—J. Barrow, Selby,
Yorkshire, wharfinger.—R. Ford, Wootton
under Edge, clothier.—J. Wood, Bolton le
Moors, collier.—W. Huxtable and R. Genge,
Ilfracombe, ship builder.

June 7.—W. Key, Isleworth, linen draper.—
J. Newman, jun., Old Corn Exchange, Mark
Lane.—S. P. Wright, Christopher Street,
painting brush manufacturer.—J. Watson, Cal-
thorpe Street, dealer in music.—T. Turking-
ton and T. Winlaw, Leeds, tin plate workers.
—T. Barker, Sutton St. Edmunds, tanner.—F.
Metford, Bath, mealman.—B. Davies, Man-

chester, clothes dealer.—C. Pritchard, Bath
upholsterer.—R. Gore, Liverpool, merchant.—
W. A. Ohmann and J. C. Kemp, Liverpool,
merchants.—J. Lawless, Manchester, commis-
sion agent.

June 10.—J. and J. Pim, Bartholomew
Close, merchants.—R. Smith, sen., Lower
Thames Street, wharfinger.—W. and S. B.
Parker, Copperas Lane, Deptford, colour ma-
nufacturers.—J. Wood, Aldersgate Street, che-
mist.—J. Cogle, Bridgewater, saddler.—R.
Morris, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Messenger,
Bowness, Cumberland, farmer.—H. Brown,
Stoke-upon-Trent, scrivener.—J. Higgins, Hea-
ton Norris, ironfounder.—W. Burt, Sculcoates,
grazier.—C. E. Roper, Southampton, hosier.

June 14.—H. Payne, Rotherham, Yorkshire,
grocer.—W. Harris, Southampton Street, lace-
man.—J. Goren, Orchard Street, Portman
Square, scrivener.—T. Weedon, Southall, vic-
tualier.—J. Scotson, Wigan, Lancashire, drug-
gist.—J. Matthews, Tooley Street, Southwark,
linen draper.—W. Wilkinson, York, inn-
keeper.—P. Benns, Manchester, grocer.—J.
Perry, New Sarum, Wiltshire, innkeeper.

June 17.—J. Weekes, Lime Street, hide
dealer.—E. J. Howard, Duke Street, St.
James's, money scrivener.—J. B. Ashley, Han-
way Street, Oxford Street, bookseller.—H. R.
Woehle, Ossulston Street, Somers's Town,
victualier.—T. Anderton, Liverpool merchant.
—T. R. and J. H. Shanklin, Birkenhead,
brewers.—H. Griffiths, Liverpool, builder.—W.
Poulter, jun., Needham Market, Suffolk, gro-
cer.—T. Champion, Sheffield, scissor manu-
facturer.—T. Madden, Cambridge, hatter.

June 20.—T. Conroy, Leicester Place, Lei-
cester Square, wine merchant.—R. Bridges,
Twickenham, grocer.—T. Atkinson, Gloucester,
chemist.—J. Smith, Liverpool, carrier.—O. D.
Ward, Manchester, merchant.—E. Brown,
Heaton Norris, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—
R. and T. W. Nott, Bristol, iron merchants.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in inches	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	45-70	30.24-30.23	N.E.		Clear.
24	41-72	30.25-30.20	N.E.		Clear.
25	40-71	30.29-30.24	N.E.		Clear.
26	37-69	Stat. 30.24	N.E.		Clear.
27	39-69	30.21-30.18	N.E.		Clear.
28	42-68	30.13-30.11	N.E. & N.		Clear.
29	35-67	30.10-30.09	N.E.		Clear.
30	39-70	30.07-30.06	E. & N.		Clear.
31	43-69	30.08-30.12	N.E.		Clear.
June					
1	40-77	30.17-30.24	E.		Clear.
2	50-80	30.19-30.10	S.		Clear.
3	48-70	Stat. 29.99	S.W.		Cloudy; a few drops of rain at times.
4	41-65	29.95-29.78	S.W.		Cloudy; rain in the evening.
5	40-69	29.76-29.89	S.W. & N.	.275	Cloudy; except the evening.
6	42-69	30.00-30.06	N.E.		Cloudy; except the evening.
7	43-69	29.98-29.92	S.E. & N.E.		Clear.
8	41-72	29.86-29.81	N.		Clear.
9	40-69	29.74-29.70	S.E. & S.W.		Clear.
10	49-69	29.66-29.64	S.W.		Cloudy; rain at times.
11	46-63	29.61-29.63	S.W.		Cloudy; rain at times.
12	47-60	Stat. 29.62	S.W.	.525	Cloudy; rain at times.
13	39-64	29.59-29.52	S.W.	.2	Cloudy; rain at times.
14	45-67	29.47-29.48	S.W.	.06	Clear, except the evening.*
15	48-68	29.52-29.61	S.W.		Clear, generally.
16	43-65	29.60-29.50	S.W.		Cloudy; rain at times.
17	42-65	29.53-29.66	W.	.1	Cloudy; rain at times, in the evening.
18	46-67	29.79-29.85	S.W.		Cloudy; rain at times.
19	49-78	29.89-29.80	S.W.	.025	Generally clear.
20	51-81	29.71-29.69	S.W.		Generally clear.
21	54-85	29.68-29.71	S.W.		Generally clear.
22	57-75	29.79-29.98	S.W.		Rain in the morning, otherwise clear.

* This evening, from half past six till near nine, we were visited by a heavy thunder storm, the violence of which was felt eastward of this place; it was accompanied by heavy rain, and for a few minutes only by hail, or rather, large pieces of ice, many measuring 2½ inches round: others were very much angulated. From nine till after midnight the lightning presented a highly interesting sight, issuing in almost incessant flashes from E. b. S. to N. W. Flashes were frequently seen from several points at nearly the same time. It was acknowledged by all who had the pleasure of seeing it, to be one of the grandest sights ever witnessed by them.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

E. Wolf, of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, Merchant, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in steam engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 26th, 6 months.

J. Christophers, of New Broad Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for an improvement or improvement on anchors. April 26th, 6 months.

W. Gittins, of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Esq., for an improved mode of applying the water used for the purpose of condensation, in marine and certain other steam engines, to the condenser. May 6th, 6 months.

W. A. Noble, of Cross Street, Cherry Garden Street, Bermondsey, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in pumps, engines, machines, or apparatus for drawing, raising, forcing, or propelling water, and other fluids. May 6th, 6 months.

A. B. Shankland, of Egremont Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a machine or engine for cutting or fashioning wood into certain defined shapes or forms to fit the same more readily to various purposes and uses. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 6th, 6 months.

L. Brumer, of Vineyard Walk, in the Parish of Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Architect and Civil Engineer, for an hydraulic machine or apparatus (of a centrifugal force) applicable to the raising or forcing water. May 8th, 6 months.

J. McDowall, of Johnstone near Paisley, Renfrew, Scotland, Mechanist and Engineer, for certain improvements on metallic pistons, pump buckets, and boiler for steam engines. May 12th, 4 months.

J. Dutton, of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, Clothier, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in dressing or finishing woollen cloths, and for the method or methods of, and apparatus for, effecting the same. May 13th, 6 months.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, May 28.—Colonel Leake, V. P. in the chair.—Two papers were read; the first, by Mr. Wilkinson, contained remarks on two sculptured figures of lions, brought from Ethiopia by Lord Prudhoe. From an examination of these monuments, Mr. W. deduced many curious and interesting particulars respecting the joint reign of the Pharaohs, Amenoph III., and his elder brother, Amun-Toonh, by whom conjointly they were erected, and whose names they respectively bore. The second was a report drawn up by Mr. Cullimore, on Signor Janelle's system of hieroglyphical interpretation, as contained in a pamphlet presented to the Society by Prince Cimitile. The writer entered into a detailed defence of the system advanced by Young and Champollion.

June 11 —Lord Bexley, V. P. in the chair.—At this meeting the following papers were read:—1. Sir Thomas Phillips, on the origin of the names of places in this island. The writer showed that the greater part of the names of English villages, &c. are compounds of Saxon words, and chiefly of the names of persons—kings, nobles, and warriors—who gave celebrity to the respective spots by having resided or been buried there. The subject was illustrated by five lists of places to which the principle more obviously applies; each beginning with the name of an individual, and terminating in one or other of the following words, of which all alike denote *burial places*, viz. *lau, stan, berie, tree, cross*.—2. "Explanatory Observations" by Mr. Beke, upon his paper read before the Society on the 15th of January, entitled, "Reasons for believing that the writings attributed to Manetho are not authentic." Mr. B. restated the grounds of his opinion, allowing, at the same time, with great modesty and candour, the strength of the arguments by which it had been opposed.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Henry Howard, Esq. exhibited portraits of William Howard, Chief Justice of England, and several other members of that family, from painted windows and monuments. A portion was read of a communication from Sir Frederick Madden, being an account, from a document in the British Museum, of the sojourn in England of Gruthuse, or Gruthuysen, who, when King Edward the Fourth was obliged to fly from England in 1470, received and entertained that monarch at the Hague for some time; and Edward, on his re-accession to the throne, showed his gratitude by treating his benefactor with great honour and kindness in England.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Mr. F. Baily, in the chair. The communication read was "Experimental researches in Electricity, eighth series," by Mr. Faraday. Fellows were elected. There was exhibited in the library a hearing trumpet, invented, on the suggestion of Sir Edward Stracey, Bart., by Mr. Curtis, the aurist. This instrument has two apertures, one of which is inserted into the mouth, the other into the *meatus*, by which means a twofold advantage is gained, the deaf person receiving sounds by the external auditory passage as well as by the Eustachian tubes.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—June 2.—The Rev. W. Kirby in the chair. Amongst the correspondence were read letters from MM. Schonherr, of Skarra, in Sweden,

and Lefebvre, of Paris. Members were elected, and certificates, including several of distinguished foreigners, ordered to be suspended. Numerous donations to the library and cabinet of the Society were announced, including various works presented by the Entomological Society of France, Professors Audouin, Reiche, &c. The following memoirs were read—"Upon the *Sphinx ephemeriformis* of Haworth, forming the type of a new genus, named *Thyridopteryx*, by Mr. Stephens;" "Descriptions of the larvæ of various beetles, with an account of the pupa of the snake-flies, *Raphidia*, in opposition to the statements of M. Percheron, by Mr. Waterhouse;" "On the habits of one of the solitary burrowing wasps, *Odynerus antilope*, by Mr. Westwood;" "*Thysanura Hibernica*, or a description of such species of the Linnæan genera *Lepisma* and *Papua* as have occurred in Ireland, with some introductory observations upon the order, by Mr. Westwood." Mr. Spence presented specimens of a very minute species of ant, which has swarmed to so great a degree in some of the houses in Brighton, as well as in some parts of London, that the inhabitants have been compelled to quit their abodes. It was announced, that as it was one of the primary objects of the Society to render their labours practically serviceable, the council had resolved to appropriate the annual sum of five guineas, or a medal of the like value, to the writer of the best essay (to be derived from practical observation) upon the natural history, economy, and proceedings of such species of insects as have been found to be prejudicial to agricultural productions, and to be illustrated by figures of insects in its different stages, together with the result of actual experiments made for preventing its attacks, or for destroying the insect itself. The subject of the essays for the present year to be the turnip-fly. The essays must be forwarded to the secretary (at the Society's rooms in Bond Street) with fictitious signatures, on or before the fourth Monday in January 1835, when they will be referred to a committee to decide upon their respective merits; after which, with permission of the writers, both the prize-essays and any others of value will be published.

THE LITERARY FUND.—The forty-fifth anniversary was observed in Freemason's Hall; and though several of the invited guests, and, what is more to be regretted, several of the promised stewards and perpetual officers of the Society were, by some cause or other, prevented from fulfilling their purpose of attending and giving their personal support to this meritorious and interesting charity—the meeting was of a very gratifying character, and the whole entertainment went off with brilliancy and effect, to the evident satisfaction of a company of about a hundred and twenty persons. On each side of the president, the Duke of Somerset, sat the Prince of Canino (Lucien Buonaparte) and the Earl of Mulgrave; and around the table we observed M. Tricoupi, the Greek minister; Dr. Russell, of the Charter-house; Mr. Pickersgill, R.A.; Mr. Macready, Mr. Wyse, Mr. F. Villiers, and such literary supporters as Mr. Emerson Tennant, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Theodore Hook, Captain Marryat, Captain Chamier, Mr. Gleig, &c.; while in the body of the room, Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, the author of "Rookwood," Mr. Lemon, Mr. Kampe, Mr. Ainsworth (the author of the admirable work on Cholera, and geological and other scientific productions), Mr. Harrison, W. C. Taylor, &c. were distributed as stewards or friends of the Fund.

On the removal of the cloth, Mr. Broadhurst, T. Cooke, C. Taylor, Chapman, and two charming boy-voices, (Howe and Coward), sang the grace sweetly; and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drank with immense cheering—(with all our affection for them, we would say with, perhaps, too long and too loud demonstrations of applause); and the national anthem, and glees and songs, agreeably varied the routine of the evening. The standing toast of "Success to the Literary Fund" being given, Mr. Stebbing, as the organ of the registrars, kindly undertook to describe its claims to public patronage, which he did in a very able and feeling manner.

The Earl of Mulgrave proposed the health of the noble chairman, and dwelt upon the high claims he had to gratitude for his constant and unwearied attentions to the best interests of the Fund. His lordship also adverted to this being the first opportunity he had enjoyed of being present at the festival, but promised hereafter to avail himself of his office of vice-president in promoting the success of so deserving and benevolent an Institution to the utmost of his power. His lordship was enthusiastically cheered, both on rising and at the conclusion of his address; and again when his own health was drank, for which he returned thanks, and expressed how much he felt flattered by the very gratifying reception he had met with.

The Duke of Somerset acknowledged the honour done him in a few words.

The Prince of Canino, our distinguished visitor, being toasted, his excellency, with striking emphasis and energy, rose and said :—

“ Aux principes politiques, trésor sacré de la Constitution Britannique ! au domicile inviolable du citoyen ! au jury indépendant ! à la presse libre ! au droit imprescriptible d’association ! Puissent ces libertés précieuses, qui font votre bonheur, devenir communes à la France, qui depuis quarante ans combat pour les obtenir ! Puisse le mouvement intellectuel qui agite l’Europe être partout constamment dirigé, comme chez vous, par le sentiment religieux et par l’inviolable respect de la propriété. Puissent ainsi tous les peuples devenir aussi libres que le peuple hospitalier de la Vieille Angleterre ! ”—(Shouts of applause.)

Mr. Emmerson Tennant, in a neat speech, gave M. Tricoupi, the Greek minister, who returned thanks in good English, noticing that he had been with Byron at his last hour.

Mr. Lockhart, and the literature of Scotland ; Mr. Hook, and the novelists ; Mr. Pickersgill, and the Royal Academy ; Dr. Russell, and the clergy ; were severally given, and elicited appropriate thanks from these gentlemen—Mr. Hook playfully accepting his position in the toast as a compliment to his novel situation, never before having addressed so numerous an assemblage.

About ten o’clock his grace retired, and Mr. Hook being loudly called for, took the chair, and kept up the social enjoyment of the company till towards midnight. In the course of his presidency he called up Captain Marryat, Mr. John Murray, Lieutenant Holman, Mr. Gleig, and others ; following the course, always so agreeable at such meetings, of framing the toasts so as to have some person present connected with them who should speak in return.

Above 200*l.* was collected in the room ; the subscriptions altogether amounted to about 500*l.* ; and we never saw a party of the kind where greater unanimity and harmony prevailed.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—The Right Hon. C. W. William Wynn, President, in the Chair.—The eleventh annual report of the council was read. It chiefly dwelt on the topics, of which a *précis* is subjoined, premising that the state of the Society was such as to afford real cause for congratulation ; it then alluded to Mr. Colebrooke’s state of health, lamenting that it had induced him to tender his resignation as Director of the Society ; which, however, the council did not see fit to accept. The report next referred to the financial state of the Society, as exhibited by the result of the auditors’ inspection of the accounts, and noticed two alterations which the council thought it would be expedient to effect in the regulations affecting the subscriptions. The loss which the Society has sustained by death was deplored, and those members more particularly connected with the East were especially mentioned. From this subject the report went on to announce the most important donations received during the past year ; and entered into some details relative to the Auxiliary Societies already established, and others in progress of formation. The publication of another fasciculus of the Transactions, being the third and concluding part of the third volume, was referred to ; and, in connexion with a memoir by Lieutenant Burnes, inserted in it, occasion was taken to pay a well-merited compliment to the zeal and enterprise of that officer. On the subject of publications, the report further alluded to the forthcoming Journal of the Society ; and drew the attention of the members to the Essay on Hindu Architecture by Ram Roy, of which copies were laid on the table. The resignation, by Colonel Tod, of the office of librarian, was noticed in terms of regret ; and the report concluded by reminding the members of the anticipations of the Society’s usefulness and effective exertion, expressed in the last annual report, pointing out how far those anticipations had been already realized, and dwelling with satisfaction on the honours conferred on two distinguished members of the Society, (Sir C. Wilkins and Sir Graves Haughton,) as indicating that the importance of its objects was recognized in the highest quarter.

The auditors’ report, read by Mr. D. Pollock, exhibited a balance in the Society’s favour, on the 31st of December last, of 365*l.* 15*s* 4*d.*

Sir A. Johnston read the report of the committee of correspondence, and explained its proceedings verbally at great length, in an able speech, in which he developed the inquiries instituted, and the information obtained in consequence, relative to the various laws and oaths in use among the natives subjected to British authority in India ; the facilitating of the communications between Europe and

India by means of steam navigation ; and, thirdly, the effects which will probably result from throwing open the trade with China to all British subjects. Sir Alexander concluded his address by pointing out different circumstances tending to the promotion of the Society's views and operations, and the evidences that Indian affairs were exciting more general interest in the people of this country.

Mr. C. Grant, President of the Board of Control, in a very interesting speech, moved a vote of thanks to Sir A. Johnston, with a request that he would reduce his observations to writing, for the purpose of being printed. The motion was carried unanimously. Some proposed alterations in the Society's regulations were then submitted and approved ; and the president addressed the members with reference to the progress of the Society, and the desirableness of inducing the natives of India to exert themselves in literary pursuits.

On thanks being voted to the council, Captain Gowan suggested the propriety of the President of the Board of Control being *ex officio* the president of the Society ; but the suggestion was not supported by any other member ; and the opinion expressed was, that it would be very inconvenient, on many accounts, to adopt such an arrangement.

Thanks were then returned *seriatim* to the Society's officers for their services during the past year ; and a vote of thanks was also carried to Mr. Grant for his attention to the interests of the people of India, as evinced especially in the introduction of the Indian Jury Bill.

The following are the names of the gentlemen elected into the council, viz. Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., W. B. Bayley, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Colebrooke, C. Elliott, Esq., R. Jenkins, Esq., L. H. Petit, Esq., D. Pollock, Esq., and Professor Wilson ; instead of the Earl of Caledon, the Right Hon. H. Ellis, Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, the Hon. R. H. Clive, R. Clarke, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle, Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, and H. V. G. Tucker, Esq. Sir Graves C. Haughton, K. H., was elected librarian in the room of Colonel Tod. All the other officers remain.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—June 7. A paper by the Secretary was read, containing an account descriptive of the new ornamental plants raised in the Society's garden, from seeds received from Mr. Douglas in North West America. It was in continuation of a portion read a short time ago, and since printed in the Society's transactions. The plants on which it principally treated were of the genera *Lap-tosiphon*, *Gilia*, *Phacelia*, *Nemophila*, &c. The exhibition was not extensive, but it contained some very beautiful flowers ; the roses were especially admired, and, as each variety had its name conspicuously attached to it, the Fellows of the Society had the opportunity at a glance to witness the designation of whatever proved most attractive to them. They were almost all from the garden of the Society, which is exceedingly rich in these plants. Some excellent specimens of *Cypripedium*, *Cycnoches Loddigesii*, and *Pentstemon speciosus*, were on the table, and a new scarlet variety of the latter genus, called *P. splendens*. A seedling pine-apple and some cherries, the produce of trees imported by the Society from Nassau Dietz, possessed much merit.

The names of the successful competitors at the garden exhibition on the 7th inst., were announced on this occasion. Three gold medals, nine large silver, and thirteen Banksian medals, were awarded, the fineness of the weather, the goodness of the show, and the numerous attendance of visitors, (nearly 3,000,) contributing to make it one of the most delightful recreations of the season.

Five gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society, and Dr. Biazoletto of Trieste, and J. N. Tweedy, Esq., of Port au Prince, Foreign Corresponding Members.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

EXPORTATION OF ICE FROM BOSTON TO CALCUTTA.—The supplying of ice to the West Indies and the Southern States of the Union, has, it appears, become, within these few years, an extensive branch of trade at Boston, U.S. The originators of this scheme determined last year to extend their operations, and try how far it was practicable to transport a cargo to Calcutta. The result was most successful ; and we copy from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* the following interesting particulars

as to the mode adopted, which appears to have been furnished by the American agent.—The ponds from which the Boston ice is cut are situated within ten miles of the city. It is also procured from the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in the State of Maine, where it is deposited in ice-houses upon the banks, and shipped from thence to the capital. A peculiar machine is used to cut it from the ponds in blocks of two feet square, and from one foot to eighteen inches thick, varying according to the intensity of the season. If the winter does not prove severe enough to freeze the water to a convenient thickness, the square slabs are laid again over the sheet ice, until consolidated, and so recut. The ice is stored in warehouses constructed for the purpose at Boston. In shipping it to the West Indies, a voyage of ten or fifteen days, little precaution is used. The whole hold of the vessel is filled with it, having a lining of tan about four inches thick upon the bottom and sides of the hold, and the top lifts covered with a layer of hay. The hatches are then closed, and are not allowed to be opened till the ice is ready to be discharged.

For the voyage to India, a much longer one than had been hitherto attempted, some additional precautions were deemed necessary for the preservation of the ice. The ice-hold, an insulated house extending from the after part of the forward hatch to the forward part of the after hatch, about fifty feet in length, was constructed as follows:—A floor of one-inch deal planks was first laid down upon the dunnage at the bottom of the vessel: over this was strewed a layer one foot thick of tan, that is, the refuse bark from the tanners' pits, thoroughly dried, which is found to be a very good and cheap non-conductor; over this was laid another deal planking, and the four sides of the ice-hold were built up in exactly the same manner, insulated from the sides of the vessel. The pump, well, and main mast were boxed round in the same manner. The cubes of ice were then packed or built together so close as to leave no space between them, and to make the whole one solid mass; about one hundred and eighty tons were thus stowed. On the top was pressed down closely a foot of hay, and the whole was shut up from access of air, with a deal planking one inch thick, nailed upon the lower surface of the lower deck timbers; the space between the planks and the deck being stuffed with tan.

On the surface of the ice, at two places, was introduced a kind of float, having a guage rod passing through a stuffing box in the cover, the object of which was to note the gradual decrease of the ice as it melted and subsided bodily.—The ice was shipped on the 6th and 7th of May, 1833, and discharged in Calcutta, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th September, making the voyage in four months and seven days. The amount of wastage could not be exactly ascertained from the sinking of the guages, because on opening the chamber it was found that the ice had melted between each block, and not from the exterior only in the manner of one solid mass as was anticipated. Calculating from the rods and from the diminished draught of the ship, Mr. Dixwell estimated the loss on arrival at Diamond Harbour to be fifty-five tons. Six or eight tons more were lost during the passage up the river, and probably twenty in landing. About one hundred tons were finally deposited in the ice house on shore, a lower room in a house at Brightman's ghaut, rapidly floored and lined with planks for the occasion. So effectual was the non-conducting power of the ice-house on board, that a thermometer placed on it did not differ perceptibly from one in the cabin. From the temperature of the water pumped out, and that of the air in the run of the vessel, Mr. Dixwell ascertained that the temperature of the hold was not sensibly affected by the ice. Upon leaving the tropic and running rapidly into the higher latitudes, it retained its heat for some time, but after being several weeks in high latitudes, and becoming cooled to the temperature of the external air and sea, it took more than ten days in the tropics before the hold was heated again to the tropical standard.—*Athenæum*.

NEW INVENTIONS IN FRANCE.—The first is a machine to be employed in the process of sugar refining; and, to make the thick liquid boil quickly, the pressure of the atmospheric air is removed, and it is proposed to boil it in a vacuum, and this is said to be completely effected by the machine in question.—Another useful invention is one for the expression of oil, upon the hydraulic principle; and, though it has very great power, it has the advantage of occupying but a very small space.—There is also exhibited a very beautiful machine for printing cotton, or other tissues, with three colours at once. This is the invention of M. Kœchlin, of Mulhausen. Hitherto, in the manufacture of printed cotton or muslins, it was necessary that there should be a separate roller for each pattern, which sometimes caused much

loss of time. In this machine, however, but one roller is used, which imprints three colours with perfect accuracy, and the piece of cotton or muslin has to pass under the roller only once. The same gentleman has also sent an embroidering machine, which, with great rapidity and accuracy, covers the texture of silk, cotton, or wool, with designs and flowers of every variety and hue.

Dr. Babington retained to the latest period of his life a keen relish for the attainment of knowledge, and made considerable sacrifices to enable himself to keep up with its rapid progress. After descending from his chair [V. P. of Geological Society] he took private lessons in geology of Mr. Webster. So late as the winter of 1832-3 he enrolled his name at the University of London as a student of chemistry, and there attended with the utmost punctuality a course on that science of seven months' duration; he afterwards in the same spirit, and in his 77th year, once more applied himself seriously to geology, and went over the collection of fossils in our museum. I can scarcely imagine a more gratifying spectacle than that of a veteran in the labours of professional duty, thus returning to the pursuits which he had loved when young, and seeking relaxation, not in ease and repose, the allowable luxuries of old age, but in the indulgence of an enlightened passion for knowledge.—*Mr. Greenough's Address.*

DISCOVERY OF AN ANTIQUE URN.—A short time since, while some gardeners were digging in the commune of Alignan du Vent, near Pezenas, in the south of France, they discovered a funereal urn in perfect preservation, containing ashes and bones upon which the traces of fire were perceptible. The urn is of marble, two feet high, of the most exact proportions, and ornamented with a bas relief representing four griffins, two of which have the beaks of eagles, and the other two have horns. Several artists of the town have examined the urn, which they pronounce to be of the most exquisite and tasteful workmanship: it is supposed to be of the time of Augustus. In the same field, some other antiquities were discovered; a well, evidently of Roman construction, some plate, and several medals of the same period.

ADULTERATION OF TEA BY THE CHINESE.—A French commercial paper says it has been recently discovered that the Chinese have adopted a system of mixing iron filings, or some earthy substances impregnated with iron, with the tea intended for exportation, which renders that article much heavier. A curious plan has been adopted in France, to detect this adulteration: a powerful loadstone is introduced into a case of suspected tea, and when the article has been adulterated in this way, the loadstone becomes immediately incrustated with the metallic particles.

STRAW PAPER.—Some very successful attempts, it is said, have lately been made at the mills at Auderghem near Brussels, in the manufacture of paper from straw. Experiments of this kind have been frequent in England, though we believe no article from the material in question, has yet been produced of a sufficiently fine texture, for even the ordinary purposes of printing.

ECONOMY OF GILDING BUTTONS.—In 1818 the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons: these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons *without any gold*; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the construction than he saved in the material.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR IN FRANCE.—At the last sitting of the "Société Statistique Universelle," at Paris, some curious statements were made from ancient documents, relative to the consumption of sugar in France at different periods. It appears that during the reign of Henry IV. sugar was so scarce, that it was sold by the ounce at the apothecaries'. In 1700, the total consumption was not more than a million kilogrammes, but it increased so rapidly in the eighteenth century, that in 1789, the consumption was twenty-three million kilogrammes. The wars of the Revolution, and the exorbitant duty which Napoleon imposed upon foreign productions, reduced the consumption in 1812, for the whole French empire, which was

then composed of forty-four millions of inhabitants, to seven million kilogrammes. After the peace in 1815, the consumption again increased to nineteen millions kilogrammes, and progressively increased up to 1822, to fifty-five millions. In 1823, the war with Spain having raised the price, the consumption was for a time reduced to forty millions, but it soon increased to sixty-one millions, and in 1831 amounted to no less than 80 millions of kilogrammes. There being then 32,500,000 inhabitants in France, the consumption was two kilogrammes and a half (five pounds) per head. In spite of this rapid progression, however, France still consumes less than the United States, where it is calculated that each person uses five kilogrammes. In England, seven are consumed; and in the island of Cuba the quantity used is so great, that France only consumes three or four times as much as that island, although the free population of the island does not exceed 140,000 inhabitants.—*Athenæum*.

EXPEDITION INTO CENTRAL AFRICA.—A prospectus has been issued by the South African Literary and Scientific Institution at the Cape of Good Hope, for raising a subscription to defray the expense of an expedition into Central Africa. The following is a very interesting extract:—"At a meeting of the Society, a letter from the Acting Secretary to Government, inclosing, by order of his excellency the governor, a communication received from Graaff Reinet, was read, detailing the progress of a trading party, under the direction of Messrs. Hume and Muller, which had penetrated into Central Africa in a northern direction from Leita-koo, and it was supposed, from an observation of the shadow cast by the sun, on the 24th of December, that this party had reached the Tropic. From the favourable description given of the country and its productions, the reading of this document excited great interest, and it was suggested that an attempt should be made to send a scientific expedition to explore those regions, with the object of elucidating their geography, the nature of their productions, and the advantages that may offer to commercial enterprise. This proposal was unanimously approved of; but in consequence of the inadequacy of the pecuniary means of the institution available for such an undertaking, it was determined to propose it generally to the public."—*Athenæum*.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JULY 1, 1834.

House of Lords, May 26.—Numerous petitions were presented from Dissenters, praying for relief.

May 27.—Several petitions were presented in favour of the Established Church.—Their lordships adjourned till Friday.

May 30.—The examination of witnesses on the Warwick Bill was resumed, and further proceedings thereon postponed till Monday; to which day (after the several bills on the table had been forwarded a stage) their lordships adjourned.

June 2.—Nothing of consequence.

June 4.—The same.

June 5.—The Marquis of Westminster gave notice that it was his intention on a future day to bring before the House the subject of voting by proxy.

June 7.—Some squabbling about the King's speech to the bishops.

June 9.—The House Tax Repeal Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 12.—The Lord Chancellor presented a petition from Edinburgh, signed by 6,200 inhabitants, in favour of the Bill for removing the Civil Disabilities of the Jews.

June 13.—Nothing particular.

June 16.—The royal assent was given by commission to the House-Tax Repeal Bill, and several other bills.

June 17.—The House again proceeded to examine witnesses on the Warwick Election Bill; after which, the further proceeding was adjourned till Thursday next.

June 18.—The Roman Catholic marriages' (Scotland) Bill was read a third time and passed; and the bills on the table were respectively forwarded a stage.

June 19.—The Hammersmith Vicarage Bill was read a third time and passed.—The examination of witnesses in support of the Warwick Borough Bill was resumed, and again adjourned.

June 20.—Numerous petitions were presented for the protection of the Established Church.—The Marquis of Londonderry referred to certain rumours as to the treatment which Don Carlos had met with at Portsmouth. That illustrious prince had been detained at Portsmouth for above a week, very unnecessarily ; and, it was said, that a sort of mission had been sent down to Portsmouth, that an under Secretary of State had been there, trying by intimidation to induce that illustrious prince to give up his birthright.—Earl Grey declared that it was the intention of government to receive and treat Don Carlos, while he remained in this country, as a prince of the blood in Spain.

House of Commons, May 23.—The bill for the renewal of the East Smithfield tolls bill was rejected on a division, there being a majority of 96 to 22 against it.—The House then resumed in Committee the further consideration, adjourned from Wednesday, of the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, some clauses of which were gone through.—The House Duty Repeal Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

May 26.—Mr. Clay moved the third reading of the London and Westminster Bank Bill.—Mr. Cobbett being firmly convinced that, of all the scourges which have been inflicted upon mankind, banking, banks, and bank-paper are the greatest ; he said, I shall not vote for the establishment of a new bank ; but as this new bank may probably do mischief to the old one, I shall not vote against it. I therefore think the safest course will be not to vote at all. The house divided. For the third reading, 137 ; against it, 76 ; majority for the Bill, 61.—On the motion for going into a Committee on the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, Mr. P. Scrope moved an instruction to the Committee, to preserve inviolate the right to which the poor of England have been entitled for centuries past. The instruction was ultimately withdrawn.—Mr. Cobbett opposed the Bill, as tending to deprive the poor of their just claim to support. After some further discussion, the house resolved into a Committee, and ultimately agreed to the clauses from the 13th to the 20th, (which includes that for the creation of the central board). The Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Friday.

May 27.—Mr. Ward brought forward his promised motion on the subject of the Church Establishment in Ireland, and supported it by a long and argumentative speech.—The motion having been read from the chair, there was a general cry for Lord Althorp.—Lord Althorp : Since my hon. friend, who rose to support this motion, commenced his address, circumstances have come to my knowledge which induce me to move that the further debate upon it be adjourned to Monday next. I cannot now state what those circumstances are, but I hope the House has sufficient confidence in me—(here the noble lord was interrupted with the loudest and longest cheering, from all parts of the House, which has been heard for years within the walls of Parliament),—I hope, I repeat, that the House will have sufficient confidence in me to believe that I would not make such a proposition unless I were convinced of its propriety. I now move that the further debate on this motion be adjourned to Monday next.—The motion was carried, and the House then adjourned till Monday.

June 2.—There was a great attendance of Members at the evening sitting, and much anxiety was evinced for the fate of the new administration. Lord Althorp requested Mr. Ward to postpone for the present his motion relative to the appropriation of Irish tithes. He thought that such a proposition ought not to be brought forward until further inquiry had been made into the subject. On these grounds he urged his hon. friend to postpone his motion.—Mr. Ward declined to accede to this request, observing that he had no security that the present government would stand. The order of the day was then read, upon which Lord Althorp moved the previous question. After a long debate, Mr. Ward briefly replied, after which the House divided : for the previous question, 396 ; against it, 120 ; majority against Mr. Ward's motion, 276.—The House-tax repeal Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 3.—A new writ was ordered for the borough of Cambridge, in the room of Mr. S. Rice, who has accepted the office of one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—Mr. Buckingham moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the extent, causes, and consequences of the vice of drunkenness among the labouring classes of the United Kingdom, in order to ascertain whether any legislative measures could be devised for preventing the further spread of so great a national evil.—Mr. Hume opposed it. A discussion of some length ensued, but the question

was finally carried, on a division, by a majority of 17 ; the numbers being, for the motion, 64 ; against it, 47. The Committee was accordingly appointed.—Mr. Roebuck moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the means of establishing a system of national education.—Sir W. Moleworth seconded the motion, and remarked, that at present the education of the lower classes was as deficient in quantity as in quality, and left the minds of the people in a state of indifference which could not but be condemned by every well-thinking individual in the community.—Mr. Cobbett opposed the motion, contending that the increase of education which had taken place within the last thirty-five years had not improved the morals of the people, or diminished crime.—At the suggestion of Lord Althorp, who declared that he was favourable to the proposed inquiry, and submitted, instead of it, an amendment, “ That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the education of the people of England and Wales, and into the application and effects of the grants of last session for erecting school-houses, and also to consider the expediency of effecting further grants in aid of education.”—This amendment was agreed to.—Lord D. Stuart moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee to consider the propriety of presenting an address to his Majesty, to direct that some pecuniary assistance be afforded to the distressed Poles in this country, and to assure his Majesty that the House will make good the same.—Lord Althorp said he would not oppose the motion, on the understanding that those who supported the grant of money would concur in limiting it to the Poles at present in the country. The motion was agreed to.—The Pensions (civil offices) Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 4.—Mr. Ewart moved the second reading of the Prisoner’s Counsel Bill, which was supported by Mr. Hill, Lord Althorp, and Mr. O’Connell. After a lengthened discussion it was read a second time without a division.

June 5.—The Attorney-General and the Lord-Advocate took their seats for Edinburgh and Leith.—The Attorney-General gave notice, that on Tuesday next he would move for leave to bring in a bill to abolish imprisonment for debt, except in cases of fraud, and to amend the law of debtor and creditor ; also a bill to render uniform the execution of wills, and of all deeds relating to personal property ; and a bill to facilitate the enfranchisement of copyholds, and to bring gradually all lands in England and Wales under the same tenure of common soccage.—The House was counted out at half-past two o’clock in the morning on Mr. Wallace’s motion for an address to the Crown to place the office of Postmaster-General in Commission.

June 6.—On the motion of Sir J. Graham, a resolution was agreed to, granting out of the Consolidated Fund 20,000*l.* a year towards the support of Greenwich Hospital, to make good the deficiency which will result from the discontinuance of the payment of the sixpences hitherto contributed by the merchant seamen.—The Quarter Sessions Bill and the County Rates Bill were severally read a third time and passed.

June 9.—The Justices of the Peace Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Landed Securities (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord John Russell obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend that part of the Reform Act which relates to the Registration of Voters.

June 10.—The Poor Laws’ Amendment Bill occupied the attention of the House for some time.—A new writ was ordered for Edinburgh, in the room of the Right Hon. James Abercomby, appointed to the office of master of the mint.—The motion was received with considerable cheering.

June 11.—The County Coroners’ Bill being recommitted, a debate took place on the clause which proposed to grant to the coroner 30*s.* for each inquest, and 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile for travelling expenses.—Col. Davies moved an amendment, reducing the allowance for each inquest to 20*s.* which was carried, the numbers for it being 68 ; against it, 47. Some opposition was made to the clause declaring all coroners’ inquests open courts, but it was finally agreed to without a division.—The Felons’ Property Bill was thrown out, on the motion of the Attorney-General that the report be taken into further consideration this day six months.—The Jews’ Disabilities Bill was read a third time and passed.—A Bill for the more effectual Registration of Voters was brought in by Mr. F. Baring, and read a first time.

June 12.—The Poor Laws’ Amendment Bill again occupied the House.—The Attorney General brought in a Bill to abolish Imprisonment for Debt, except in cases of fraud, and to amend the law of debtor and creditor. He explained its provisions at considerable length, saying he should not venture to propose the abolition of imprisonment for debt, unless he introduced improvement into the law of

debtor and creditor. The first of these was to allow instant execution in certain cases, on bills of exchange for instance; the second, to compel the debtor to surrender his property; for which purpose the same system of examination before a judge, as was now practised towards bankrupts, should be practised towards him, and any concealment made punishable by imprisonment. Another improvement which he meant to introduce was, that copyhold estates, public securities, and all property in the public funds, should be liable to execution. He should also propose to abolish the *cessio bonorum*, or preparatory imprisonment, which insolvents were at present compelled to suffer before they could take the benefit of the act. He should propose likewise, in this instance, that the certificate of a certain number of his creditors should constitute him a new man. He would deal with fraudulent debtors, by imprisonment for certain periods, varying according to the circumstances of their several cases. He concluded, by pledging himself to do his utmost to have the bill passed this session.—The bill was read a first time, to be read a second time on Tuesday se'nnight.

June 13.—The Poor Laws' Amendment Bill again discussed.—The Capital Punishments' Bill, after some amendment, was read a third time and passed.

June 16.—Mr. S. Rice took the oaths and his seat for Cambridge.—New writs were ordered for Chatham in the room of Col. Maberly, who has been appointed a Commissioner of Customs; and for the district burghs of Elgin, in the room of Col. Leith Hay, who succeeds Col. Maberly in the office of Clerk of the Ordnance.—Poor Laws' Amendment Bill was again discussed.—The County Coroners' Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 17.—Sir E. Codrington moved, pursuant to notice, that this House resolve itself into a Committee, for the purpose of examining into the propriety of an address to his Majesty, humbly requesting that he will be graciously pleased to take into his consideration the claims for pecuniary recompence of the officers, seamen, and royal marines, engaged in the battle of Navarino, on the 20th of October, 1827.—Mr. Buckingham, Mr. Warburton, and Mr. O'Connell, strongly supported the motion, and, after some further discussion, the opposition of the government was withdrawn, and the motion was put and agreed to.

June 18.—Poor Laws' Amendment Bill produced a long discussion.—The House afterwards resolved into a Committee on the Punishment of Death Bill; but was counted out at four o'clock in the morning.

June 19.—The House went into a Committee on the Beer Act Amendment Bill. After a long debate, the first clause remained undisposed of. The further consideration, on the motion of Sir E. Knatchbull, was postponed till July 9.—The House went into Committee on the Lancaster Court of Common Pleas Bill, and several clauses were agreed to. The Committee is to sit again on Tuesday.

June 20.—New writs were ordered for Finsbury, in the room of R. Grant, Esq., who was appointed Governor of Bombay; and for Kircudbright, in the room of C. Fergusson, Esq., appointed Advocate-general.—Mr. G. Wood moved the second reading of the Universities Dissenters' Admission Bill.—Mr. Estcourt opposed the Bill, as aiming at the destruction of the fundamental principles, not only of the Universities, but of the Church Establishment. Such, he said, he believed to be the object of the Dissenters, however artfully they might disguise their proceedings. He concluded by moving, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—Mr. Herbert seconded the amendment.—The Bill was strongly supported by Mr. Peter, Mr. Poulter, Mr. Ewart, Mr. E. Buller, Mr. Pryme, and Mr. O'Connell.—Mr. Rice supported the bill, as did Mr. Stanley, the latter, however, requiring qualifications in it so as to guard against Dissenters having controul in the government of colleges, or being tutors in particular instances.—Lord Althorp supported the bill, as he could not see how it in any way would affect the stability of the church. According to his understanding of the bill, the Dissenters would not in any way interfere with the government and fellowships of the colleges, nor the instruction given therein. He considered that the object of the bill was to enable Dissenters to take degrees without subscribing to the Articles.—Mr. Goulburn opposed the bill, maintaining that it would not only destroy the character and utility of the Universities, but would, through them, destroy the Established Church.—Sir R. Peel also opposed the bill, contending that to pass it would be to strike at the integrity and security of the Protestant Establishment.—Mr. Wynn, Sir R. Inglis, and Lord Sandon were also among the opponents of the bill. The House divided. For the second reading, 231; for the amendment, 147. Majority, 174. The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Tuesday.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

Mrs. FLETCHER.

It is with feelings of more than common regret that we have to notice the death of Mrs. Fletcher, (late Miss Jewsbury,) on her way from Sholapore to Bombay—this took place on the 3rd of October last. It seems but yesterday since we offered her our best wishes for health and happiness on the long and arduous pilgrimage she was about to undertake; and we cannot but mournfully remember the eager pleasure with which she anticipated beholding the riches of nature and antiquity in the gorgeous East, and how “she wished she could carry with her half the books in the British Museum.” Alas! the eager and active spirit to which such aspirations were a second nature, is now at rest for ever!

We believe that our friend was a native of Warwickshire. We know that she was early in life deprived of her mother, and thenceforth called upon to take her place at the head of a large family, (then removed to Manchester,) with the further trial of most precarious health. These circumstances are only mentioned as illustrative of the energy of her mind, which, under the pressure of so many of the grave cares of life, could yet find time to dream dreams of literary distinction, and, in the course of a very few years, to convert these visions into realities. An extract from a private letter which has fallen into our possession, dated but a short time before she left England, gives us an opportunity of referring to the progress of her mind in her own words

“The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand, I wish in vain for the simplicity that neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiencies of early idleness and common-place instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course; I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and of sadness is come now, and with my foot on the threshold of a new life and a new world,

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care.”

It was at an early period of her life that she ventured to address a letter to Wordsworth, full of the impatient longings of an ardent and questioning mind—it is sufficient proof of its reception to state, that this led to a correspondence, and thence to a permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the developement of her talents, and bringing their fruits before the public, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time resident in Manchester; an obligation which she was always ready gratefully to acknowledge.

Her first work, we believe, was entitled “Phantasmagoria, or Essays on Life and Literature,” which was well received by the public. This was followed by her “Letters to the Young,” written soon after a severe illness; her “Lays for Leisure Hours,” and, lastly, her “Three Histories,” all of which have been deservedly popular. But many of her best writings are, unfortunately, scattered abroad. She contributed some of their brightest articles to the *Annals* during the season of their prosperity: of these we mention at random—“The Boor of the Brocken,” in the “Forget-Me-Not;” “The Hero of the Coliseum,” in the “Amulet,” and the “Lovers’ Quarrel,” in the “Literary Souvenir.” Many of her poems, too, dispersed in different periodicals, deserve to be collected; in particular, “The Lost Spirit,” and the “Phantom King,” written on the death of George the Fourth. During the years 1831 and 1832 she contributed many delightful papers to our own columns, and we need not remind our readers that “The Oceanides,” perhaps her last literary labours, appeared there.

But we think that all these, excellent as they were, are only indications of what she might and *would* have achieved, had further length of days been permitted to her; that such was her own opinion, may be gathered from further passages in the same letter from which we have already quoted.

“I can bear blame if seriously given, and accompanied by that general justice which I feel due to me; banter is that which I *cannot* bear, and the prevalence of which in passing criticism, and the dread of which in my own person, greatly con-

tributes to my determination of letting many years elapse before I write another book."

"Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon; it is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one like myself is at last seized upon by a blended passion for knowledge and for truth, he has probably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn almost every thing I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered, somewhat at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

"I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, may mature—may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will—

I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.

"My 'Three Histories' has most of myself in them, but they are fragmentary. Public report has fastened the 'Julia' upon me; the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions are correct; but all else is fabulous.

"In the best of every thing I have done, you will find one leading idea—*Death*: all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow; from having *learned* life rather in the vicissitudes of man than woman, from the mind being *Hebraic*. My poetry, except some half dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all you will find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset, and the bright green of spring—and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight' as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, cheerful on principle."

We can add little to these interesting confessions of one whose sincerity could well be relied upon. In conversation Mrs. Fletcher was brilliant and eloquent: she was active in serving others as well as herself—and we feel, as we record her untimely death, that a friend has been taken away from us, as well as a bright ornament from the female literature of this country.—*Athenæum*.

Married.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Viscount Corry, eldest son of the Earl of Belmore, to Emily Louise, youngest daughter of the late William Shepherd, Esq., of Bradbourne, Kent.

At Easton, Northamptonshire, the Rev. W. Thorpe, D.D., of Belgrave Chapel, to Amabel Elizabeth, Countess of Pomfret.

At St. George's Hanover Square, the Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, of Stoke, Bucks, son of the Lord Godolphin, to Emily, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., of Taplow House, in the same county.

At St. George's Hanover Square, the Earl Somers, to Jane, widow of the Rev. G. Waddington, youngest daughter of the late J. Cocks, Esq., and niece of the late Lord Somers.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, the Rev. Frederick T. W. C. Fitzroy, A.M., Rector of Grafton Regis, Northamptonshire, youngest son of Lieutenant-General the Hon. W. Fitzroy, to Emilia L'Estrange, eldest daughter of the late Henry Styleman, Esq., of Snettisham, Norfolk.

At St. George's Hanover Square, Captain Ricketts, R.N., eldest son of Sir R. T. Ricketts, Bart., D.C.L., of the Elms, Gloucestershire, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Colonel Tempest, of Tonghall, Yorkshire.

Died.—At the Deanery House, Chichester, Mary, relict of the late John Chandler, Esq., of Witley, Surrey, and mother of the present Dean of Chichester, aged 90.

At Newbold, near Chesterfield, in her 90th year, Mrs. Stovin, widow of the late James Stovin, Esq., of Whitgitt Hall, Yorkshire.

At Richmond, in his 65th year, John Sharpe, Esq., F.R.S. and F.A.S.

At Bellevue House, Southampton, Lady Bligh, relict of Admiral Sir Richard Rodney Bligh.

In Green Street, Grosvenor Square, Charles O'Neill Corry, Esq., aged 29, son of the late Right Hon. Isaac Corry.

At Uddens House, Dorsetshire, Sir James John Fraser, Bart., in his 45th year.

In Privy Gardens, in her 85th year, the Hon. Catherine Gertrude Robinson, widow of the late Hon. Frederick Robinson, and aunt to the Earls of Malmesbury, Morley, De Grey, and Ripon.

At Starston Rectory, Norfolk, aged 27, Captain E. C. Spencer, of the 86th regiment, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Spencer, of Bramley Grange, Yorkshire.

At Winchester, Lady Caroline Knollys, eldest sister of the late Earl of Banbury.

At Valleyfield, Sir Robert Preston, Bart.

THE METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. 2 vols. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

It has always appeared to us, that of all biographies, those of actors and actresses are the least interesting. The reason may be, that they are generally but a narrative of strutting from one stage to another, until they have reached the *Ultima Thule* of their ambition—a favourable reception upon the London boards. That the life of an actor abounds with incident is certain, but it is not with that description of incident which biography requires in her sedate march. Histrionic incidents are those which might be worked up into a novel like that of Tom Jones or Roderick Random—not such events as are suited to the dignity of biography. The career of Mrs. Siddons has been quiet and correct, like her conduct through life; the materials, therefore, which the author has to work upon, are much too scanty to furnish the quantity of pages insisted upon by biblioplists. A great portion of the present work were better omitted; and had Mr. Campbell, instead of two vols. octavo, written her biography in about the same space as Johnson has allotted to the most elaborate of his lives of the poets, it would have been quite as complete, and read with much more interest. But the author has attempted to do what even he cannot do; which is, make much out of nothing, *alias*, make bricks without straw—for booksellers, like the Pharaohs of old, dictate even to such men as Campbell, and he must obey; his work is therefore commenced in a measured and dignified strain, which to us trenches upon the ludicrous. We find that the father and mother of Mrs. Siddons were in fact strolling players, or managers, which is a distinction without a difference; nevertheless, Mr. Campbell says that the mother gave you the idea of a “*Roman matron*.” Now, it is very probably the truth, as the person of Mrs. Siddons certainly gave the same idea; but there is something very ludicrous in the juxtaposition of a “*strolling player and a Roman matron*.” It appears that Mr. Siddons, having been unfairly treated by Mrs. Siddons’s parents in his wooing, complained to the Welsh public in some miserable verses of his own composition, for which presumption this *Roman matron* boxed his ears well as soon as he quitted the stage. Now all this “routing out” biography, if such it may be termed, is not only not worth repeating, but injurious to that dignity of the heroine which Mr. Campbell would assert for her from the very commencement of her career. Much as we like fidelity, we do not consider it at all necessary to be told that Mrs. Siddons was born at the “Shoulder

player can live no longer than the fleeting breath and motion which represent them, or at least can but faintly glimmer through the memory and imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators."

This is very true, and this is the reason why the biography of the stage is so difficult for any one to render interesting. Mr. Campbell has done all he could do—no man can do more; but we wish him a better subject next time that he puts his pen to paper. To say that it is not interesting would be wrong; but it has not that intense interest which the writings of Campbell always will command, when he is employed upon a subject worthy of his acknowledged genius.

Physiognomy, founded on Physiology, and applied to various Countries, Professions, and Individuals; with an Appendix, &c. &c.
By ALEXANDER WALKER, formerly Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at Edinburgh. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Lavater's doctrine is a splendid dream, Spurzheim's and Gall's a scientific one, and there is just truth enough in both to give a fair colouring to illusions and delusions that are very pleasant, very imposing, but if relied upon too implicitly, and acted upon too generally, may be very hurtful. We think that we need not dwell upon the importance of the face, for every man and woman who has one, will coincide with us, that no part of the body gives them greater concern, is more frequently in their thoughts, or is more tenderly cared for. Even the immortal soul, herself, has good and sufficient cause for a most profound and deep-rooted jealousy at the vast consideration that the face receives. We therefore repeat, that every man and woman who has a face, (we disregard the exceptions,) must acknowledge at once, of what a permanent importance this treatise must be, either for good or evil, and what an awful responsibility falls upon those critics who venture to meddle with so vital a matter. But, before we proceed, we must explain our meaning, as to the exception of persons having no faces. We use the expression advisedly, and again assert, that many folks, who are in the habit of consulting their looking-glasses, deceive themselves in this respect, and actually have no faces; for it is not every assemblage of features that is a face—very far from it,—and all those who have been learned in physiognomy, and written books to prove the extent of that learning, will bear us out in the assertion. The subject matter, therefore, being, upon *the very face of it*, of an all-absorbing interest, and, to the beautiful blond, brown, and black creatures, we are pleased to call the fair sex most especially, we call the most serious attention to the momentous things that we are about to indite. Sorry are we that we must grate harshly upon the ears of the ladies with such words as *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, but it is a painful necessity, and still more painful to tell them, that every body is *supposed* to possess those horribly named organs—the cerebellum, being the organ of the will, (we have no doubt about *this* organ,) and the cerebrum the organ of thought and reflection. Mr. Walker, at one fell swoop, overturns all the nicely-spun theories of the phrenologists, their mental maps traced out upon the skull, with all their much-studied and laboriously minute nomenclature, ending in *genitiveness*. We think him right. Let no one, therefore, be hereafter alarmed at the appearance of an awkward bump in self, wife, or child, without it has been recently inflicted. Now, the *cerebrum* is in the fore, the *cerebellum* in the back part of the head; accordingly, therefore, as either predominate in comparative magnitude, so will the head have either an intellectual or a brutal physiognomy. Let the ladies dress their hair, and the gentlemen *pad* their wigs accordingly. Much of the beauty of the face, depends upon

the appearance of the thatch-work over it. Mr. Walker asserts next, that the whole body is the subject of physiognomy—so it is—but, excepting the physiognomy of the face, can be but little relied on, as far as it conveys expression of the natural character to the spectator—at least, in a highly civilized state—the body and limbs are divided between the tailor and the dancing-master, these effective artists make of them what they will, but the face is the peculiar care of that anxious individual, its owner, and it is there that you must find the index, if there should happen to be any thing worth looking for. We have no time to dilate upon the comparative anatomy of the various limbs of man as it respects physiognomy. Mr. Walker has treated the subject well and scientifically—to him we refer the reader. There is one part from which we dissent in toto.

“Hence, too, it is that those who migrate to new climates, must infallibly assume their peculiar characteristics in a greater or less degree; and these, being communicated to children, are, by the operation of the same causes, still further increased in them, till, after a long succession of ages, they have undergone all the changes which it is the tendency of the climate to produce, and become perfectly assimilated to its indigenous natives. Without this flexibility of animal organs, there could, indeed, exist no such thing as education.”

We believe, and we are borne out in our belief by facts, and existing races, that the descendants of two fair Europeans, if located to all eternity, on the gold coast of Africa, provided that they kept their blood pure by intermarriages among themselves, would never become pugnosed, ape-headed negroes. There are Chinese existing in the same latitude, and on similar soils as those in which the negroes flourish, that are as delicately fair as any northern European. Climate has no effect in darkening them, and no one will deny the antiquity of the Chinese and their stability upon their soil. Now, as Mr. Walker treats of character in physiognomical masses, we shall give his idea of the English.

“The Saxon Englishman (for brevity, I may use only the latter name) is distinguished from other races by a stature rather low, owing chiefly to the neck and limbs being short, by the trunk and vital system being large, and the complexion, irides, and hair light, and by the face being broad, the forehead large, and the upper and back part of the head round and rather small.

“In his walk, the Englishman rolls, as it were, on his centre. This is caused by the breadth of the trunk, and the comparative weakness of the limbs. The broader muscles, therefore, of the former, aid progression by a sort of rolling motion, throwing forward first one side and then another. So entirely does this depend on the breadth of the trunk, that even a temporary increase of it produces this effect. Men who become fat, and women who, having borne many children, have the heads of the thigh bones farther separated, always adopt this mode of progression.

“The mental faculties of the Englishman are not absolutely of the highest order; but the absence of passion gives them relatively a great increase, and leaves a mental character equally remarkable for its simplicity and its practical worth.

“The most striking of these points in the English character which may be called fundamental, are cool observation, unparalleled single-mindedness, and patient perseverance. This character is remarkably homogeneous.

“The cool observation of the Englishman is the foundation of some other subordinate, but yet important, points in his character. One of the most remarkable of these, is that real curiosity, but absence of wonder, which makes the ‘*nil admirari*’ a maxim of English society. It is greatly associated, also, with that reserve for which the English are not less remarkable.”

Again—

“How mad the dull mysticism—how atrocious the gloomy passion—of Wales must seem amid the lucid common-sense and unimpassioned judgment of England, may be easily conceived. How abashed their possessors must feel, when surrounded by a more numerous race, not more distinguished from them by plain sense, and candid impartiality, than by civilization and opulence, is equally obvious.

"Equally obvious is it how mean the prying inquiry, how reptile-like the bending obsequiousness of Scotland,—how malignant her party-spirit, even in the sanctuaries of science, how satanical her consequent persecution,—how like fraud her crooked ratiocination, how like stolen goods the wealth accumulated by such unholy means,—must seem in merry England; while the very intellect of her natives must make them shrink before the calm eye of the honest, sturdy, and uncompromising Englishman.

"Not less obvious is it how utterly worthless and contemptible must seem Irish want of judgment, want of principle and want of industry, and how well-deserved Irish wretchedness;—though it is to be feared that the natural effect of this inevitable contempt is less salutary than, for the sake of Ireland, one would wish it to be.

"Thus, however, must in England all characters ultimately merge in the Saxon."

There, John Bull, are you not satisfied? But we ought not to make these long extracts. There is an admirable hit at the much-vaunted elasticity of the Parisian ladies' manner of walking. It is national, because all the streets are badly paved with round stones, with interstitial puddles of filth, and they are, therefore, obliged, from early childhood, to that age in which we can walk no more, to spring from knob to knob, like a jackdaw hopping over a ploughed field. We believe that this springy walk is taught by French professors, to the young ladies of the first circles—and, as it is, doubtlessly, the acmé of perfection in human progression, as we like improvements, would it not be well, before the lesson began, to lay a barrow or so of flint down upon the dancing room, and make the little dears leap from one stone to another? This is a hint to the professors of the "poetry of motion," for which we hope that they will be adequately grateful. We cannot pass over in silence one thing that we deem particularly excellent, and to which we call the attention of our readers. We always hated the "silver-fork" affectation. The implement is well enough upon proper occasions, and a very handsome ornament to the table, but to make it, as it is now affected to be made, almost the only instrument of refection, is both absurd and filthy. Mr. Walker justly observes—

"The French use of forks, napkins, &c., really requires some notice. A French gentleman, in adjusting himself at his deal table and shabby cloth, does not hesitate to fix a napkin about his neck, in such a manner as to protect his clothes in front against the certainty of being bespattered by his mode of eating. An Englishman of the middle class would be ashamed of such a contrivance: for without any particular care, he eats so as not even to stain the damask cloth with which his mahogany table is covered. The French gentleman is perpetually wiping his dirty fingers on a napkin spread out before him, of which the beauties are not invisible to his neighbours on each side. The Englishman of the middle class requires no napkin, because his fingers are never soiled. The French gentleman, incapable of raising his left hand properly to his mouth, first hastily hacks his meat into fragments, then throws down his dirty knife on the cloth, and seizing the fork in his right hand, while his left fixes a mass of bread on his plate, runs up each fragment against it, and having eaten these, wipes up his plate with the bread, and swallows it. An English peasant would blush at such bestiality. A French gentleman not only washes his filthy hands, but gargles, squirts it into the basin standing before him and the company, who may see the charybdis or maelstrom he has made in it, and the floating filth he has discharged, and which is now whirling in its vortex. In England, this practice is unknown, except to those whose tastes and stomachs are too strong for offence. It has been stupidly borrowed from the Oriental nations, who use no knives and forks, and where, though it has this apology, it has always excited the disgust of enlightened travellers. When dinner is over, the Englishman's carpet is as clean as before: the Frenchman's bare boards resemble those of a hog-stye. In short, in all that regards the table, the French are some centuries behind the English."

Is it not true, that we are now aping this bestiality?

As yet, it may be observed, that we have said but little on physiognomy, strictly so called: it is true—we cannot help it—for the fact is, Mr. Walker's book, excellent as it is, has not exactly its proper title. It

is more a mixed lecture on physiology, and psychology, with some episodes on physiognomy, than any thing else; for after that the author has proved that he is a very learned man, and a sound reasoner, and that Messrs. Spurzheim and Gall, though they may be very learned men, are not sound reasoners; then, after treating all the branch-subjects depending upon this, there remains but a small portion of the book for the application of the principles of physiognomy to individuals. This part of the subject is scientific indeed, though it may not be orthodox, yet there are only a few fundamental and general rules laid down; so general, that they would be found to work only by their exceptions. The plates are good, but the palm of beauty is, beyond all measure, in the national engraved portraits, given to the Highland Scotchman. For our own parts, we confess, that, after all that has been written on the subject, the countenance is neither a test of the intellect or disposition. It is certainly an index of the present feeling, but even of that, an uncertain one; for who, that has lived much in society till the age of thirty, has not the power to command it? Yet the face is worth much for its intrinsic beauty, independent of the passing expressions that flit over it. A beautiful face, and, if it, at the same time, be healthy as well as beautiful, is a good *prima facie* argument of vigorous intellect and good disposition. It is a letter of recommendation written by the hand of God, that none can mistake, and which it seems a sort of impiety to disavow. But it is in the power of almost every one to make their features agreeable and prepossessing; and the secret is, habitual good-humour. How often have we seen a plain face light up into absolute, though momentary beauty! and we firmly believe that the evanescent, by watchfulness over the emotions, might be made the permanent expression. We almost go the length to assert, that engaging faces may be created out of almost any features, if it be a matter of care from the earliest infancy. Good models should be placed around the child, and good temper watch over it. The plastic lineaments of the babe may be often seen endeavouring to imitate the looks of those about him. Man is a mocking animal. Objects of beauty, when they are at every turn forced upon the contemplation, cannot but ultimately have an effect upon those organs that recognize, by their expression, the satisfaction that passes within. Good temper, also, is absolutely necessary in those who watch over youth. It is catching. A fit of the sullen for a day, or a paroxysm of passion of a quarter of an hour, will undo all the harmony of features that has been the gradual growth of a year of happiness. All this is very good sense, though a little prosy. We will, therefore, return to the work, to give it one word of dismissal, by saying, that it is useful, agreeable, and instructive—that it deserves well to be generally read, and to receive that encouragement that may induce the author to publish a much larger work upon the same subject, as we feel convinced that, as yet, we have not got a tithe of the riches of his mind.

The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott. By JAMES HOGG. With a Memoir of the Author, &c. John Reid and Co., Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Treacher, London.

Notwithstanding the highly respectable booksellers, whose names are attached to this little book, or *libellum*, as it may be called, for more than one reason, we doubt it to be the genuine production of the Ettrick Shepherd. Hogg acknowledges Sir Walter to have been his friend, his patron, his benefactor—"his illustrious and regretted friend." Yet this illustrious and regretted friend is made to appear in the most unamiable

light, and guilty, among other debasing acts, of envy, sycophancy, treachery, and the most paltry shabbiness. The envy is apparent in the matter of the "Brownie of Redstock;" the sycophancy to the titled, in almost every page; the treachery, in what he wrote in the *Spy* anonymously, stigmatizing the very man whom he was in the habit of praising to his face, as "the tail, nay, as the very dregs of all the poets of Britain;" and as to despicable shabbiness let the reader reflect upon this extract.

"He told me that which I never knew or suspected before; that a certain game-keeper, on whom he bestowed his maledictions without reserve, had prejudiced my best friend, the young Duke of Buccleuch, against me, by a story, and though he himself knew it to be a malicious and invidious lie, yet seeing his grace so much irritated he durst not open his lips on the subject, farther than by saying, 'But my lord duke, you must always remember that Hogg is no ordinary man, although he may have shot a stray moorcock.' And then turning to me, he said, 'Before you had ventured to give any saucy language to a low scoundrel of an English game-keeper, you should have thought of Fielding's tale of Black George.'"

This pitiful subserviency, this defalcation from the call, not only of friendship, but of common humanity, elicits from the *soi-disant* Hogg's own editor, the following burst of indignation:

"And yet Scott could bow down and worship this boy idiot—the plaything of a rascally game-keeper—who valued a moorfowl more than a poet—because he was a duke!"

In fact, there are collected together in this book, as many vices and meannesses, as would damn any man to all posterity. What must the reader think of the narrow minded bigotry imputed to Scott in the story of the architect Paterson?

"'Well, do you know, Laidlaw,' said Scott, 'that I think Paterson one of the best-natured, shrewd, sensible fellows, that I ever met with. I am quite delighted with him, for he is a fund of continual amusement to me. If you heard but how I torment him! I attack him every day on the fundamental principles of his own art. I take a position which I know to be false, and persist in maintaining it, and it is truly amazing with what good sense and good nature he supports his principles. I really like Paterson exceedingly.'

"'O he's a verra fine fellow,' said Laidlaw. 'An extraordinary fine fellow, an' has a great deal o' comings an' gangings in him. But dinna ye think, Mr. Scott, that it's a great pity he should hae been a preacher?'

"'A preacher?' said Scott, staring at him. 'Good Lord! what do you mean?'

"'Aha! It's a' ye ken about it!' said Laidlaw, 'I assure you he's a preacher, an' a capital preacher too. He's reckoned the best baptist preacher in a' Galashiels, an' preaches every Sunday to a great community o' low kind o' folks.'

"On hearing this, Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott) wheeled about and halted off with a swiftness Laidlaw had never seen him exercise before; exclaiming vehemently to himself, 'Preaches! d—— him!' From that time forth, his delightful colloquies with Mr. Paterson ceased."

Here is another anecdote that must put the humanity of the bard of the north in a very amiable point of view.

"He abhorred all sorts of low vices and blackguardism with a perfect detestation. There was one Sunday when he was riding down Yarrow, in his carriage, attended by several gentlemen on horseback, and I being among them went up to the carriage door, and he being our sheriff, I stated to him, with the deepest concern, that there was at that moment a cry of *murder* from the Broadmeadows wood, and that Will Watherston was murdering Davie Brunton. 'Never you regard that, Hogg,' said he, with rather a stern air, and without a smile on his countenance. 'If Will Watherston murders Davie Brunton, and be hanged for the crime, it is the best thing that can befall to the parish—drive on, Peter.'"

Now this person who whined for hours over the suicide Irving, and felt that the "act had deranged him so much that it would be *long* before

he could attend to any thing again," renouncing his duty as a Christian, as a man, and as a magistrate, leaves one man to commit murder in order that another may be hung for it, because "he abhorred all sorts of blackguardism with a perfect detestation." No, no,—this double homicide, by intention, could never have been Sir Walter Scott. We consider the whole affair to be spurious. Some anecdotes must have been "lying about," and a clever fellow—for the editor certainly is one, for his part is, by far, the best written of the work—has picked them up, and labelled them with the respectable name of James Hogg. But should they be true, should all this be real biography—alas! for the character of the Quarterly Review's demigod—alas! for the *gaucherie* of James Hogg. Well may Sir Walter's ghost exclaim—"I'll take care of my enemies, but the Lord deliver me from my friends." Now, we admire Mr. Hogg extremely, we think him a wonderful man—more wonderful, even than Sir Walter himself; he can have no idea how much we respect his honesty of purpose, his manly bearing, and his proud industry; we will, therefore, not believe that he has either act or part in this work—he could not have written it as Sir Walter's enemy, because, if that had been the case, he would have boldly avowed it—he could not have written it as his friend, because he is not—a fool. Let the reader remember that the praise, and there is much of it, and that fulsome enough too, is merely panegyrical epithet, and the censure is all conveyed in damning facts, those too assisted by the commentary of the editor, and he may judge how bitter is this satire, which in this book is penned against the great literary cynosure of the north.

A Treatise on the Progress of Literature, and its effects on Society, including a Sketch of the Progress of English and Scottish Literature. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman, Rees, and Co. London.

As to style, arrangement, and research, this is a capital performance. It is also highly valuable as a catalogue of succeeding events; but we can hardly help smiling at the pompous manner in which the reasonings and the deductions, that the author gains from them, are paraded before the public. But this sort of doctrinating is so common, and is so generally received as the outpourings of profound wisdom, that the author ought not to be censured for going with the stream, but perhaps to be commended for navigating his shallop down it skilfully and gracefully. Thus almost invariably write our essayists—"As things and impressions were thus and thus, consequently the state of literature could be no otherwise than thus." To be sure it could not—for the writer knew what that state was, and he would have been a noodle to describe it otherwise than it actually was. This prophesying *after* the fact is wonderfully imposing. It has, however, this objection to it, that you may reverse the argument with equal justice; as for example, the author asserts that the rude state of society, and the military genius of the Greeks, produced the Iliad. It did no such thing; Homer, or whoever was the writer or writers of that poem, (for the identity of the author is a disputed question,) produced it. It is very probable that had not some strong and commanding genius existed at the time the Iliad was written, centuries would have elapsed ere an epic had appeared, and the tale of Troy would have been utterly lost to posterity; and, on the other hand, it is reasonable to suppose, that had the author of the Iliad existed, and the Greeks and their squabbles had not, that same author would have produced some other poem upon some other subject, equally magnificent and sublime, always supposing that society had so far advanced in civilization as

to comprehend it. It has been the fashion lately, when treating on literary subjects, too much to decry the individual writer, and to lay too great a stress upon the operations of events, and the influence of society. These influences are undoubtedly felt, and operate, but not to the extent that is usually supposed. Literary men, in their different spheres, are always in advance of the rest of the community. They controul the progress of society silently, they urge it in the course that they wish it to take, and not unfrequently, confessedly stand forward, and avowedly take the lead. This is the more generous, and we feel convinced, the most just view to take of the subject; and we grieve that this view the author of the *Progress of Literature* has not taken. We know well that the mass of mankind would like to have it thought, that they, in the aggregate, form the geniuses that are above them, and that enlighten them. It is a consoling idea, and the man that writes a book to flatter and to foster it, will write a popular one; but it is a heresy against the religion of the mind, and a rebellion against that spiritualized supremacy, that ought always to demand respect, and ought sometimes to be approached almost with worship. With the exception of these animadversions, that we think bear upon our author, we can unhesitatingly award to him great praise. His remarks upon modern literature are lucid; and, as the bias of his mind is liberal, his work cannot but have a good effect upon society at large.

Auto-Biography of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Per legem terræ Lord Chandos of Sudeley, &c. &c. 8vo. Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo Place.

This querulous, yet amusing production, will be read by feelings as various as may be those of its various readers. It will justify almost any mood of mind of those who may lose themselves in its pages. In one point of view, it is, however, undoubtedly valuable. The relation of the multifarious facts with which it abounds may be implicitly relied on; and, as the author has lived many years, visited many places, and been thrown into almost every grade of society, much instruction as well as entertainment may be derived from an attentive perusal of this work. Sir Egerton writes with the warped feelings of a disappointed man; he is, at times, plaintive, indignant, and resigned; but we think him never great, and rarely philosophical. What we state we gather from his own pages; he has been an imprudent man, a proud man, and not a very agreeable man. He has attached, all along, a visionary and an absurd magnificence to the poetic character; he has assumed to himself the possession of that character, whilst the world in general have denied his right to it,—of course he finds the world unjust, and himself an injured personage. He seems to us to possess only two ingredients of those which are necessary to constitute a true poet—the fervid temperament and the imaginative susceptibility. We conceive that he could never sufficiently detach himself from his own self-contemplation, to produce a great work. In all his attempts at versification that we have seen, there is an overstraining, a painful effort, a dry and hard mode of thinking, most of which is, too, referable to himself, and this must ever place an inseparable bar between him and high reputation as a poetical, classical author. He shines principally as an anecdotist and a querulist. It is almost pleasant to have him whipped by the critics, he howls so melodiously; and then his disdain! it is the most amusing thing in the world, excepting his magniloquent defiances to any who shall impeach his honour, which we believe untarnished, or call in question his veracity, which we believe to be unimpeachable. As an author, he will never rank highly, even among the

second rates ; and we are sorry that we can assign him no high station, for we really love the man, pity his mistakes and his misfortunes, and honour greatly his late, yet hardly beneficial industry, which can only be equalled by his unswerving integrity. It is certain that he has written too much, yet equally certain, if his life be spared, (which we devoutly hope,) that he will write more. We hardly can conceive any man to have had more strongly upon him the irritation of creating a sensation, and keeping himself fixedly under the public eye. He failed to excite attention in the House of Commons ; and, as he is impelled by his nature to court notoriety, nothing was left him but his pen, and that he has used plentifully, generally pleasingly, and sometimes powerfully. This, his last work, is perhaps the most amusing of all his productions : it is, as we before hinted, not of a high character, but of a character that will insure a wide circulation, and one that will create Sir Egerton many friends. As we are certain that we shall soon again see him in print, we beg leave to give him one friendly caution, not to write in such a manner as to permit any one justly to fix upon him the *sobriquet* of Sir Egotist Brydges.

Bridgewater Treatises.—(II.)—*On the Adaptation of External Nature, and the Physical Condition of Man.* By JOHN KIDD, M.D. F.R.S. Regius Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Pickering, Chancery Lane, London.

The treatise before us is the second in the series ; and, for the general reader, will probably have more charms than that of Dr. Chalmers'. Those, however, who wish to see our knowledge of the Divine Attributes (particularly as respects goodness) extended, will read the treatise of Dr. Chalmers with infinitely more satisfaction. It is on this point only that we want additional light ; for that supreme intelligence and power have been employed in the construction of every atom of the universe, it is not allowed him to doubt, who has but the most superficial knowledge of anatomy and physiology. Dr. Kidd may have fulfilled the part assigned to him with credit ; but we regret that such a part should have devolved to him. Far better had it been, for the interests of religion and morality, had the goodness of God been made as exclusively the subject of the treatise as Earl Bridgewater's bequest would have allowed ; not only by Dr. Kidd, but also by all his learned colleagues. Had their talents been directed to finding out, or suggesting, some solution for the origin of the moral and physical evil that we see around us, and showing how it arose rather from the creature than the Creator, their works might have been of essential service to the thinking part of the community. As far as we see, Dr. Kidd has only ventured on this difficult point towards the end of his work ; (on Monsters, p. 334 ;) and, in our opinion, he had as well passed it over in silence, as we shall attempt to show. We make no apology for beginning at the end of his book, for we conceive we are beginning with the part, of all others, the most interesting to the natural theologian.

The medical reader will probably remember that Mr. Lawrence has written an able paper on this subject in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions of London* ; but has hinted at those conclusions which most readily suggest themselves at the sight of such shocking and disgusting deviations from nature. We had hoped to have seen in Dr. Kidd's work (as he noticed the subject at all) the more happy and satisfactory conclusions of a deeper meditation. We regret that we are disappointed.

After stating that the *variation* in the smaller veins and arteries is endless, whereas the variation in the external parts of the body is comparatively rare ; and ascribing this fact (for such it is) to the intervention

of an Omnipotent Contriver, since much variation with regard to the position of the thumb, for instance, would have considerably inconvenienced the individual, whereas variations in the course of a vein or artery may often rather be beneficial than inconvenient or injurious. He says, (p. 338.)

“ If chance be admissible as the cause, why should one class of the above phenomena be so much more frequent than the other ?”

And then proceeds :

“ And with equal or still greater force we may apply the argument to the existence of those productions, emphatically called *monsters*. Probably then, or rather assuredly, these anomalous productions may, in addition to other ends, be considered as proofs of a particular or constantly superintending Providence: and like the storms which occasionally ravage the surface of the earth, may awfully recall to our minds the power of the Deity; while they at the same time convince us, by the rarity of their occurrence, of the merciful beneficence of his nature.”

All living matter* is endowed more or less with a power of reproduction. The lower animals (as newts) can reproduce an eye, or a limb, if lost. The reproductive power of the higher orders is more circumscribed. We know that wounds are healed by this restorative energy, and the observations of Dr. Parry, and Mr. John Hunter, seem to show, that arteries may occasionally be *formed* when needed. Now, as we know that this is not the case with fingers or toes, we can account, in a manner, for the greater varieties we meet with in the arterial system; and do not expect the same in the external parts of the body. All this, no doubt, proves the wisdom of God: for that vessels should be formed at the parts in which they are wanted, and at the time, is a prospective contrivance far beyond what we can ever expect to find in any machine of human invention. With the question, why, in the human body, there is no power, as in some of the lower animals, of reproducing a *limb*, as well as an artery, we have at present nothing to do. It was, perhaps, incompatible with the nature of life, that such a capability should exist in warm-blooded animals.

We agree, therefore, with Dr. Kidd, that there is reason to believe that the constitution of the arterial system, like all other parts of the body, evinces marks of design; and as we do not remember to have seen exactly the same view of this subject taken before, we are inclined to give him the credit of some originality on this point. But when he comes to extend his views to monsters, we stop, although he, on this point also, may be entitled to the merits of having advanced a new idea. We see no reason why monsters are “*assuredly proofs* of a particular or constantly superintending Providence.” We fear the exactly opposite conclusion could just as logically be deduced from them. Dr. Kidd does not, indeed, expressly bring them forward as proofs of divine beneficence; this would perhaps have been impossible. To have instanced them among natural objects as “*assuredly proofs* of a superintending Providence,” may appear a sufficiently bold assertion.

We have little to say on the other parts of Dr. Kidd's work. The description of the human hand, extracted from Galen, (p 30, et seq.) will afford much pleasure to the admirers of the ancients. The following remark is excellent, (p. 33.)

* i. e. Living matter, as the term is generally used, even as low as animalcules. The blood is irritable and contractile, but seems to have no power of generating heat, still less of reproducing its particles of (generation) course. Yet this fluid, as well as other fluids, and the fluid of the serous surfaces, produces vital properties. See Procter on the Blood. London, 1832. Highley. Also the works of Hunter and Parry.

"Rightly, therefore, has Aristotle defined the hand to be the instrument antecedent to, or *productive of*, (mark this expression particularly,) all other instruments: and rightly might we, in imitation of Aristotle, define reason, as opposed to instinct, to be the *art* (perhaps this expression is bad) productive of all other arts."

The hand, without reason, would have been useless; and reason, without the hand, would scarcely have been more useful.

The reader will find a comparison between Aristotle and Cuvier, in the Appendix, very interesting; and we cannot feel surprised that Dr. Kidd's treatise should have met with a favourable reception from the public.

Philip Von Artevelde, a Dramatic Romance. In 2 Parts. By HENRY TAYLOR, Esq. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We are sorry that the preface to this able work has been published, and, in that sorrow, we believe that every man of taste participates, not excluding the gifted author himself. We smile when we see a tall beauty turning up her nose at another beauty shorter than herself; and it is pleasant to hear the fair disparaging the dark lady. Mr. Taylor avows himself of the severe and chaste school, but, because he mounts the Quaker's broad brim in literature, shall there be no more redundant jewelry, and the rustling of magnificent robes? There are almost as many styles as men, and almost all are pleasing, when they are genuine and natural to the author. Lord Byron's was so—Shelley's was so, and so also is Mr. Taylor's. No one who reads this poem, can doubt for a moment, but that genius had a very large share in the production of it; yet, is it very far from reaching those occasional flights of sublimity that are so delightful in both the authors whom Mr. Taylor in his preface undervalues. The flight of this gentleman's muse is level, not high; and we confess, that we would rather accompany him in a long excursion, than we would the more irregular, upsoaring, wide-whirling muses of either Byron or Shelley. But without provoking comparisons with things that ought not to be compared, but which comparison Mr. Taylor has somewhat ungraciously provoked, we may consider his dramatic poem *per se*, as one of a very high order, and one also that will at once establish for him a reputation. Something like Goëthe's Faust, it is divided into parts, and the similarity also holds out in this, that the first part is also the better one. Yet are there passages and scenes in the second, that surpass in beauty any thing we can find in the other. The hero of the piece is the younger of the two brewers of Ghent, that so long embroiled Flanders by exciting the federal against the feudal interest. In the first part the character is almost complete—it is grand, and severely natural. It is the labouring of a great soul, of a living man acting among living men. It is no dreamy creation of an over-excited susceptibility. He is not appealing to us every moment with his fine feelings—or thundering out romantic sentiments. He takes the every-day passions of mankind for his engines, (God knows that they are powerful enough,) and works them like an artist. The characters of Clara and the page are exquisite in their kinds; that of Adriana would have been common-place, had not the author very artfully withdrawn her just at the right time, from too near a scrutiny. The tone of the whole composition is not democratical. Artevelde showed himself as absolute as any autocrat that ever existed, and also attempted to show, that such absolutism as he assumed was necessary to the happiness of those over whom he ruled. At the very outset he tells his fellow citizens, that the only liberty they can expect, and which it would be reasonable for them to enjoy, is that of choosing their tyrant. In the second part of this dramatic poem, we find the hero a little debased and

sensualized. Success has given him power, but he has found how little power is capable of satiating the craving of the human heart. He assumes the pomps and foolish vanities of domination, and justifies it. The paramour now comes upon the scene, and she is really a very original and well drawn character. Of all modern authors, Mr. Taylor, in his diction, the manner of marshalling his ideas, and sometimes in the complexion of the ideas themselves, reminds us most of Shakspeare. His characters have almost a Shakspearean individuality about them. Could the English stage be reformed, we are convinced, were he to write for it, he would succeed eminently. The only defect which we think that we are called upon to notice, is an affectation, at times of an extreme homeliness of diction: this fault appears the more striking in the beautiful intervening poem between the two parts of his drama. The work is a good work, and we wish that we had been the author of it.

Tour in North America, Mexico, &c. By H. TUDOR J. Duncan, Paternoster Row, London.

We have lately been deluged with Tours in North America, until we have almost wished that the new world was under the influence of a deluge, and under water. We did not therefore open this book with any very favourable feelings towards it, as we dislike the monotony of going the same ground over again. Still, as it was our duty, we threw ourselves in our chair in half a passion, and folding our legs, unfolded the pages. The remarks upon America did, however, gradually interest us. Mr. Tudor is an honourable, unprejudiced man, and with very great justice as well as acumen, points out the errors and inconsistencies of Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope. The cause of their errors we will explain. Captain Hall went out, not prejudiced against the Americans, but prejudiced against their form of government, being an out-and-out Tory. This was the false medium, that prevented his seeing with his usual perspicuity. As for Mrs. Trollope, she lost her money, and whether a lady loses her money at Cincinnati, or at whist, she generally loses her temper—therefore did she scold. At all events, like all other scolds, she has had her punishment—for she has been most miserably ducked—indeed, completely shoved under by her assailants, and we presume will be more careful in all her future remarks. Mr. Tudor's account of the Havannah is interesting, as are also several parts of his narrative, when he visited Mexico. It is not a very lively book, but it is a very solid and useful one, and as such, we recommend it to those who prefer rational communication to fashionable novel writing.

Outline of a System of National Education. ANON. Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo Place.

Education is now become an almost universal cry, but we assert, certainly with deference, that they who are the most loud in their demands for it, have scarcely sufficiently considered all the consequences, were that demand complied with. To the extent that they contemplate, an educated population, in which none should remain grossly ignorant, excepting those who were so by the act of God, would be a glorious consummation, a consummation at which every pious and benovolent heart must swell with triumph; but the means, and the state of transition, is what must make every reflecting mind tremble. With such a population, neither our present institutions, nor our present divisions of property,

could exist. Even the adequate means to the end, our country cannot support. The universal education advocated in this treatise, and this treatise speaks eloquently the language of the party, would immediately subject about seven millions of beings to a completely scholastic drill; they would be confined in scholastic barracks, and have a scholastic staff of officers placed over them? Here is a vast machine, that would work tremendously for good or for evil, but, in order that it might work at all—we ask from whence must originate the funds. Then to make this plan complete, there must be that abhorred centralization principle in full operation, a principle that may well be called the right hand of despotism. Even the patronage to the various appointments, must give the quarter in which that patronage existed, a tremendous influence. We say nothing of all the minor defects—the disruption of parental ties, the *esprit du corps*, the dreamy ambition which would be generally fostered; all these are as nothing compared to the expense, and to the overwhelming influence that must be in the hands of some party. But to speak more immediately of the work before us, it is, we really think, the most Utopian one written on the subject, and so well written too, and *only grant the author his premises*, so consistent—his plans so excellently matured—objections so well cared for—a moral feeling so beautifully cultivated, that we really honour the man, and feel deep regret that in England he will never have the opportunity, or will never find the materials, wherewith to work out his scheme of love and good-will towards men. We tell him, and we tell him with sorrow, that property is sacred in this country—and property, more especially that which is funded, is no more than a demand upon the rest of the community for so many millions worth of labour per annum—we tell him that property never will forego this demand upon labour, in order that it may go to school, much less will it advance money for the purpose; and even still farther, were it not for the vice, depravity, and recklessness of those very labourers, their consumption of exciseable articles, their redundant population, for even paupers are made indirectly to pay taxes to the state, though their immediate neighbours supply the means,—were it not for all this, the wheels of government could not revolve. To carry the plans of the optimists into execution there must be a revolution, not one of institutions only, not one of forms of government, but that one the most dreadful of all, a revolution in property. That a fit of universal benevolence will seize any nation, none but the very good, or the very foolish, will anticipate. Those who possess property will hold it to the death, and they will increase it by all possible means. They look upon the national debt as individual property, and that debt is nothing but an engine wherewith to grind out of the bones of the working classes the utmost labour of which they are capable. Pauper education—there is no time for it. If the author will not believe us, let him ask Mr. Cobbett—any farmer, or master manufacturer;—no, we grieve to say, there is no time for it.

Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced the Reformation, its recent influence on the literature of Europe in general, and of Italy in particular. By GABRIELE ROSETTI. Translated from the Italian, by Miss C. WARD. London.

All who are not papists, and many that are, will willingly confess that the vices engendered by the long sway of the papal supremacy have been, and still are, of a monstrous description; but still we should never forget that civilization owes much to it, for, at one time, all that remained of the arts and of the refinements of life was fostered in its bosom, and we verily

believe that, had it not been for its influence, at the disruption of the Roman empire, the reign of barbarism would have been perpetuated for ages, and Europe would not have advanced by the measure of centuries to the polish and the social perfection that it has now attained. We say, that, up to a certain point, gratitude was due; beyond that it appears, in almost every particular, she was the determined foe to the very enlightenment that she had before, in some manner, produced, and certainly cherished. But such as was hers, will be the course of action of every unchecked and irresponsible power that deems itself supreme, whether civil or sacerdotal. The evil was not so much in the faith as in the arrogant and ambitious rulers of it. Believing all this, we think that our author has gone too far, and, by attempting to prove overmuch, weakened very much the effect of what he shows to be indubitably true. He reminds us of a lady who has been seized with a fit of jealousy; every act, however innocent of meaning, or if properly viewed, when seen, would carry an opposite conclusion, is contorted as proof positive of the good man's delinquency. With something of this spirit has Mr. Rosetti treated his subject. He sees meanings, and inuendoes in every thing that meets his views, teeming with a decided hostility to the papal sway, and, we verily believe, that he would, by his ingenuity and his zeal, extract from the signs in the streets, and the finger-posts on the roads, evidence that the pontiff was the naughty lady of Babylon, and that those signs and finger-posts had in them some occult signification, that it required only the right key to read. In a preface, in which he pleads guilty to presumptive defects, so many little tubs thrown out to amuse the whale of criticism, he tells us what he is about to do, and in what manner he will do it—unnecessary information. Why will authors be so prone to write prefaces? As it is a stepping stone, so is it often a stumbling block, to the book. As to the work itself, we may divide the first volume into three parts: part the first contains evidence of the general and very ancient vituperation against the see of Rome; part the second proves that all that Petrarch, and part the third all that Dante wrote, was no more than a covert declaration against the abominations of the Roman Catholic clergy, and its abominated head. As to general railing, it is no more than natural to find it directed against the highest powers. Who would take the trouble to be witty on mediocrity, or exhaust excellent sarcasm upon inferiority? Still, there is something in this part confirmatory of the author's views, but not to the asserted extent. There is also much of truth in what he says of Petrarch and Dante; they were influenced by their bitter feelings against Roman priestly oppression, but by no means wholly directed by them. We should be sorry to see so much of the fame of these two of our favourite poets reduced into that of mere political satirists, and discover that what we had taken to be exquisite poetry, was merely well-concealed pasquinades, and hidden philippics, that could be understood only by the initiated. We repeat, that both those authors are replete with political and polemical allusions, and so far we cheerfully coincide with Mr. Rosetti, but we deny that there was that object in *all* they wrote, which he imputes to them. The second volume is full of curious and recondite literature, in which meanings are extracted, and reasons elicited from cabalas, mystic letters, figures, and numbers, and all that sort of rubbish that we in general see employed to make magic respectable. Having thus established a complete language, known only to the initiated, the author next proceeds to inquire whether their tongue, which he calls sectarian, was known to the papal court, and the inquisition. He decides in the affirmative. If so, the Roman councils were wise in letting it remain secret, by not openly punishing the offenders, and thus making the world acquainted, with the combination of learning and genius that was arrayed against the hierarchy. We must hasten to conclude, by remarking, that no one but an excellent scholar, and one exceedingly well versed in

Italian literature, could have produced this book ; that it is a work extremely valuable for the incidental information that it conveys ; that the author is more than a clever man ; but we think that his mind has been a little biassed by his feelings, that he has taken up a good idea, which, if it had been prosecuted with moderation, would have led to more satisfactory results ; but his ardour upon his subject, at times, sublimates him into an enthusiasm that not seldom assumes the character of a monomania. All this, however, that we look upon as a defect, may perhaps be the greatest recommendation to the reader, and the work may be worthy of a place in some future volume of "*Curiosities of Literature.*" Miss Caroline Ward, as translator, has done her part well.

A Year at Hartlebury, or the Election. By CHERRY and FAIR STAR
In Two Volumes. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

We are a little surprised that this powerfully written work has not hitherto excited more attention in the literary and the reading world ; be it then our office to acquaint our readers with what we conceive to be its claims to that deserved consideration that we apprehend it has not yet obtained. In the first place, to a very novel and eminently striking plot, is added so complete and perfect a description of every character that works out the dénouement, that they will long be remembered, and very often similar ones will be recognized in society, by any one who is in the habit of mixing largely in it. We acknowledge that, to a very vitiated taste, the first quarter of the first volume would fail to impart that feverish excitement that the jaded appetite requires in the thoroughly worldly and sophisticated. But let him read on, and he will then discover more than enough to awaken all his susceptibilities, and fix him to an unbroken perusal, until even he shall peradventure weep over the lamentable catastrophe. But even the quiet parts of this work throw about the persons and the scenery which they describe, a charm that may be called almost holy. We will not destroy any thing of the reader's pleasure, by anticipating an outline of the plot, but we will so far acquaint him, that the novel possesses two characters, we think of a conception quite original ; one of which is a ferocious exquisite—a coxcomb at home, and a corsair abroad, equally expert at the tweezers and the dagger, who can with the same nonchalance gird his loins with the sword of the assassin, and his waist with the stays of the dandy, and yet the two parts of the character of this lover of the scent-bottle, and the poisoned chalice, amalgamate excellently. The other originality to which we allude is the hero of the piece. He cannot be hit off by a few lines of description ; his character is most artfully developed in the story, and would form quite a study for the psychologist as well as the moralist, for such a character we feel convinced has existed, and may now really exist. The whole description of the election upon which the plot hinges is vivid and delightful. We think that it is the best portrayed election scene, whether real or fictitious, that we ever read. If those to whom we recommend this "*Year at Hartlebury,*" find that we have over lauded it, we shall be content to confess publicly that " we have deceived ourselves, and that the truth is not in us."

A Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Doubts on Religious Questions, having an especial reference to Christianity ; with an Appendix, &c. Second Edition, Revised. Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row.

This is, in every sense, a good book. A state of doubt, even on mortal and perishable affairs, is a state of misery ; how infinitely is then, or

ought to be, that misery arising from doubts involving our imperishable souls, and our immortal destinies! The author, in this excellent treatise, does not so much pretend to solve every religious doubt, as he essays to put an honestly inquiring mind into that train of thought that may ultimately lead him into the paths of belief and of happiness. We think that to do so, no better plan than that which is adopted in the work could have been desired. The author says to the sceptic, if your doubts arise from this passion, that propensity, or any particular habit, in the first place listen shortly to me, and that will induce you to apply for fuller information from those other authors I am about to indicate, that have brought to bear upon the question whatever human learning and genius can achieve, assisted by something that is, if not divine inspiration, almost as holy, and nearly akin to it. The brilliant path is pointed out, the jewel is laid at the feet, and nothing short of hardened perverseness can prevent the mind from entering upon the one, or the searcher after truth stooping to pick up the other. If this volume does not run through many editions, we shall think worse of the moral blindness of our countrymen than we ever supposed it could be possible for us to do, and we shall deplore the conviction, if it be fixed upon us, as much as we now hail with pleasure the attempt of the pious, the highly gifted, and the right-thinking author, who has so judiciously endeavoured to remove that blindness.

Gift to the Members of the Church of England, being a Collection of Extracts from the most sterling Theological Writers, exemplifying the Advantages of a Church Establishment, and showing the necessity of preserving the same. By a LAY MEMBER of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

It is precisely such a work, and many such works as this, that are eminently called for at the present crisis. It may be a point for discussion, with those who discuss everything, whether a government is called upon imperatively to compel its subjects to be religious; but we are sure that it will be only the most worthless, and the most impious, who would contend, for a moment, that it is not the bounden duty of all who may wield the power, to provide for the opportunity of the great mass of the people to become acquainted with the divine truths of revelation, and the all-important principles of sanctity. This cannot be done without the intervention of an established and law-protected church. In order that we may confirm our readers in this opinion, we heartily recommend to them an assiduous perusal of the work before us. Even in a temporal point of view they will be great gainers. The authorities quoted are those that have a right to rank among the first of our English classics; they abound in fine specimens of seriousness of style, and all the rich energy of genuine English writing. They cannot be read without profit, and it is almost a profanation to neglect them.

The Destinies of Man. By ROBERT MILHOUSE. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

We noticed the first canto of this poem at its appearance, and found it very deserving of commendation; the second canto is now published, and the poem is complete. As one is led to suppose from the title, the work is of a nature at once didactic, metaphysical, and moral, the whole deeply imbued with a pure and solemn religious feeling. The philosophy of the whole is cheering; and when we add, that all this is made attractive to

a high degree, by very polished and impressive verse, our friends may feel assured that the *Destinies of Man* is a work most deserving of their serious attention, and one that will reward the peruser, by elevating the tone of his mind for the present, and perhaps lead to a still more desirable consummation. We mean not to say that this poem is devoid of faults—some of which are almost inseparable from the construction of the verse which Mr. Milhouse has adopted, and which can only be avoided by the utmost polish, and the most careful revision. The faults to which we allude, are the frequent eking out of the stanza by tautologous expressions, and the necessity of so distributing the sense, that the last line, that long alexandrine, may contain the whole pith and point of the verse; for if it do not, or has not something epigrammatical or antithetical in it, as an independent sentence, the whole reads very lamely indeed. We dismiss this work with our hearty commendations, and do not doubt but that it will be only the herald of something longer and better. The author is in good training to become one day sufficient to the attempt of an epic.

Residence in the West Indies. By COLONEL ST. CLAIR. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

We have read these two volumes with much interest, and having ourselves passed a small portion of our existence on the muddy streams, and still more muddy banks of the Demerara and Essequibo rivers, we can vouch for the general accuracy of the details. These colonies are in themselves a curious proof of how the force of habit will overrule common sense and regard for human life. They were settled by the Dutch, who, instead of taking advantage of the more salubrious higher ground, preferred to create a tropical Holland, with all the dykes, dams, canals, and flats of their own country; by which adherence to the customs of their forefathers and fader land, they have subjected themselves to all the miasma, malaria, fevers, and agues, which must naturally be expected from the extreme heat of the climate, and the powerful rays of the sun upon a parched swamp. The most interesting part of these volumes is the expedition upon the Essequibo river, an expedition of justice and mercy, undertaken by the late governor Nicholls, to prevent the hostile intentions of the native tribes, who had considered themselves ill treated. Since Stedman, we have had nothing more graphic or more correct, as we believe from our own knowledge of the country. The two volumes end with the Walcheren expedition, so that Colonel St. Clair appears to have been destined to war with fever and ague. The writing is lively, and highly creditable to the literary talents of the colonel, and we feel assured that those who are not yet tired of caymans, sharks, jaguars, and boa serpents, will read this work with great interest.

Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece; in Three Cantos, with other Poems. By AGNES STRICKLAND, Author of "*Worcester Field*," &c. &c. &c. James Fraser, Regent Street.

The romantic tale, by this young lady, for young we presume that she is by the moral freshness of her poetry, combines many beauties, with fewer faults than generally fall to our lot to observe in works of this description. The beauties are certainly not of a striking order, but they please by their elegance, and satisfy the mind by their classic correctness. The book is made up of a mass of recollected ideas from the best authors, clothed in new, and generally attractive language, and what more can be truly said of the most successful of our poems? Other poets may

have been able to disguise their thefts more completely. Thefts! did we say? who accuses the bee of stealing, in collecting the sweets which it converts into honey? If these be thefts, we hope that Miss Strickland may go on stealing, and we benefiting by her acquisitive propensities. The plot of the tale is not so well managed, as the poetical clothing is elegant in which it is arrayed. There are too many songs, and they do not fall in the right places. Ships coming in from a cruise were never yet welcomed into harbour by troops of ladies, singing choruses on the beach, excepting in the West Indies by the negresses. The noise of furling sails, letting go the anchor, and clearing the decks, would be but inharmonious accompaniments to such sweetly attuned verses as our authoress has put into the mouths of the welcoming parties. The lyrics at the end are good—neither rapt, nor inspired—but still good.

Statistics of the United States of America, for the Use of Emigrants and Travellers. By THOMAS J. TREDWAY, of the State of Tennessee. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

We notice this practical book for three valid reasons; in the first place, because it is eminently serviceable to all those classes for whose guidance it was written; in the second, because it contains an admission that all the best seamen are English that navigate the American merchant and state navy; and, in the third place, as the Yankees are notoriously living notes of interrogation, it affords a very good hint how to parry the intolerable nuisance of cross-examination, viz.

“ We arrived at an inn, near Buzzard Bay, in the state of Maine; being somewhat better acquainted with the ‘ down-easters ’ than my friend, he proposed that I should be ‘ spokesman.’ I assented, and the following is the substance of our dialogue.

Traveller. Are you the landlord?

Landlord. I guess I be.

Trav. Can we obtain lodgings for the night?

Land. Why, I guess so.

Trav. What have you got that’s good to eat?

Land. Eh—we’ve a little thanksgiving pie, some boiled taters, and samp and milk.

Trav. When was your thanksgiving pie made?

Land. O! I guess, somewhere about two days ago or thereabouts.

Trav. Well, let’s have it.

Land. Here, Betty; I guess you had ought to git these fokes a bait. But stop, I’m goin to ax this ere man how he comes with that ere one arm only. I say, mister, if I mought be so bold, how did you lose your arm?

Trav. Well, I’ll tell you right candidly, if you will make me one promise.

Land. I guess I will. What is it? Now, Betty, listen.

Trav. Not to ask me another question to-night.

Land. Well, I guess I wont.

Trav. Then, sir, it was bit off.

Land. (to his wife.) L—d, I’d give the world to know what bit it off.”

What may be done in Two Months; a Summer Tour through Belgium, up the Rhine, and to the Lakes of Switzerland, &c. &c. ANON. Chapman and Hall, Strand.

This is nothing more than a very pleasant and useful guide book. We recommend all who are going the same route to buy it. It has no pretensions to a literary character, and makes none. Yet it really is very pleasant reading.

Excursions in New South Wales. By LIEUTENANT BRETON, R.N.
Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

There have been so many contradictory statements relative to the various settlements which have been made over the world, to make room for the redundancy of our island population, that this book is as remarkably well timed as it is well written. The exaggerated accounts, as to the beauties of the climate, the fertility of the soils, the advantages of every kind to the settlers, which have been given by interested parties, to induce settlers to leave the land of their fathers, and embark their all in a new and supposed El Dorado, have been equally met by the clamours of disappointment and a depreciation of the real advantages of the countries, arising from the feeling. Thus it has become hazardous to believe any thing. Mr. Breton speaks candidly and manfully; and is, we believe, a most impartial narrator. He proves that there is good and bad in new climes as there is in olden; that there are advantages and disadvantages. That soil varies as well as the generations of men, and that there is no spot on the earth, settle were we will, where man must not fulfil the divine fiat, which saith, by the sweat of his brow he is to obtain his livelihood. The properties of the new districts at Swan River, the old settlements of New South Wales in general, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand, are all well entered into and fairly laid before the reader; those who have any intention to emigrate will do well to read them; those who intend to stay at home may derive much interest from an insight into the future prospects of their self-expatriated countrymen.

A Pre-existent State proved, and the Consistency of the Trinity exhibited upon a new Principle. By a LAYMAN. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is a very rash attempt, written evidently with a good feeling, but in very bad taste, to prove what must always remain a matter of faith, and which attempt we certainly shall not recommend to general perusal. The author wishes to found his arguments upon the Holy Scriptures, (right in that,) yet, in the very outset, begs leave to doubt the authenticity of the copies now in use, which doubt, if, for a moment, it be permitted to the world to entertain, every one will, from his own feeble lights, make his own emendations—and thus, in the sequel, we shall have as many bibles as we have sects. Good Christians need trouble themselves little about a pre-existing state—let them watch over the present, in order that they may be happy in the future, and leave vain speculations to the crazed and the presumptuous.

Universal History from the Creation of the World to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. By the late Hon. ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, LORD WOODHOUSELEE, &c. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

We have now before us this excellent and rapid history, and, as a survey of all the head-lands, and leading marks that ought to be observed as we course swiftly down the stream of time, it is invaluable. It is not so much a history as a recapitulation of those principal events, out of which history grows, forming a book of paramount utility. It brings up the "Cabinet Family Library" to the 41st number. We are not displeased to see that it is very probable that a continuation, upon the same plan, will shortly appear, brought down to the period of the battle of Waterloo, and, if conducted with the same ability, will be a great acquisition to general literature.

Two Years at Sea. By JANE ROBERTS. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

The two years' pilgrimage over the waste of waters, so eloquently recorded in this volume, was undertaken for the pious purpose of sustaining a brother through an affliction of no common severity; thus, by the assiduity of tenderness, making the tear that started in bitterness, ere it fell, soften the very anguish which gave it birth, and the smile of a sister's love, the herald to the laugh of health. Great as must have been this sacrifice of time, of all the refinements of home, and painful the missing so long the pleasant face of her native country, we, who have gone down with those "whose business is on the deep," are not surprised at it, for we know how much a well-educated and right-minded English lady will undergo, when she listens to what she thinks are the calls of duty, or the still more imperative whisperings of her own virtuous and love-surcharged heart. But little as the public have to do with the cause of our author's voyages, they must rejoice that they were undertaken, as they have produced one of the most elegantly written, naïve, and interesting works we have met with for some time. Miss Roberts' cruise was as follows:—from England to Swan River, thence to Van Dieman's Land, Singapore, Pulo Penang, Nicobar Isles, Rangoon, Calcutta, Madras St. Hélène, and home. The most interesting part of the book, in our opinion, is the episodes of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, the American missionary and his wife, with the account of the visit to Rangoon and Nicobar Isles. For the fidelity of the major part of her descriptions we can ourselves vouch. It is a very interesting, well-written book, and we strongly recommend it for perusal.

Poetry. By Mrs. ABDY. (*For private circulation.*)

Mrs. Abdy is one of the most elegant "wooters of immortal verse" of the day. We may compare her to a gently-inspired being wandering through this our dreary world, hanging upon the rocks that she meets in her path, here a chaplet of roses, and there a garland of flowers, of less obtrusive, but of as much real beauty. Albeit, that we wish our periodical to be likened to the same metaphorical rock as touching its stability; we would have no one so rash as to carry the simile further, and say, as also touching its sterility. Yet, on our stability has the lady hung some of her choicest and most embellished wreathes. These poetical bouquets, that have, by being scattered so widely, rejoiced so many, are now collected in one beautiful little volume; and as the printed copies are not attainable by the many, the happy few, who may possess one of them, will be thrice happy in the distinction of being of the favoured.

The Sacred Classics; or, Cabinet History of Divinity. Edited by the Rev. R. CATTERMOLÉ, B.D., and the Rev. H. STEBBING, M.A. Volume Seventh. John Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly, &c.

It is well said by Mr. Cattermole, in his forcibly written preface, that the Christian is the only religion that ever possessed what may be properly termed apostles. Warriors, believers, and even martyrs, many an immoral faith has possessed, but none, excepting the moral Christian religion, has had that sacred and influential office attached to it of "the preacher," the expounder of moral duties deduced from Divine Will, as permitted to us by revelation. In this volume, the seventh, of the sacred classics, are contained some of the most remarkable sermons by Jeremy Taylor—remarkable, as much by the strength of their argument, as by the holy fervor that warms upon the heart through their whole course. The sermon entitled "Fides Formata, or Faith working by Love," is a beautiful specimen of the finest and the most touching oratory, combined with the closest application of the rules of reasoning.

Curiosities in Literature. By J. D'ISRAELI, Esq., D.C.L., and F.S.A.
Ninth Edition, revised. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This edition is now advanced to the fifth volume, and a very entertaining one it is. The biblioplists should reprint one of the chapters in large type, and allow it to lie about their establishments profusely and carelessly; it is the chapter entitled the "Secret History of Authors who have ruined their booksellers." It would be a gentle hint to gentlemen dropping in, with rolls of closely written foolscap in their pockets, or, more ostentatiously, under their arms. We will shorten our notice upon this volume, being actually startled by the information that we find in the chapter that treats of the life of Lenglet du Fresnoy, by which we find that the good old man, after living to the age of eighty, was still busied in collating good old books, but, by one of those grievous chances to which aged men of letters are liable, the *caustic critic slumbered over some modern work*, and falling into the fire, was burnt to death. It is not pleasant to anticipate one's own probable fate.

Ina, and other Fragments, in Verse. Glasgow.

Friend Markham, in your preface, you seem to wish to treat the critics like dogs, and the public does not fare much better than you would have the critics do—flinging it your fragments! Fragments from rich men's tables are sometimes endurable to the very hungry; but yours—the mere spillings of a milk-and-water posset. However, if they are neither highly seasoned or nutritious, they are very harmless, and may do to feed children with. *Ina* would have done much better, as a nursery tale in prose, beginning—"Once upon a time there was a great sultan covered all over with jewels and gold." However, as we always like to commend when we can, we shall conclude by recommending this book to all the lovers of innocent rhyming, for really there is no *harm* in it.

History and Principles of Banking. By JAMES W. GILBERT.
Longman, Rees, and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

As the author most truly says in his preface, the aim of this book is to impart useful knowledge. Those who are ignorant of the art, or rather science of banking, for it may be considered as a science in political economy, will here obtain a knowledge of facts and principles, which will sufficiently enlighten their minds on the subject, and they will have the good fortune of not having principles instilled, which may lead them into error. The questions of currency, cash payments, &c., which have been such a source of labyrinthic litigation, are not mooted. It is a clear, well-written work, and must have been written by a person endowed with a lucid head and an impartial mind.

The Architectural Director, being an approved Guide to Builders, Architects, &c.; with Tables, &c., and a Glossary of Architecture.
Second Edition. By JOHN BILLINGTON, Architect. John Bennet, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

This, the fifth part, treats of the various proportions of the different orders, and teaches how to apply them in the erection of all kinds of edifices. The plates are cut with the usual precision that marks this work, and the engraver has ably supported the author. The glossary extends to the word "carpentry," and is sufficiently explanative, as far as it goes, of every term of architectural art.

***Trials and Triumphs.* Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.**

This small volume, embellished with a frontispiece, contains two tales, one the "Convict's Daughter," the other the "Convert's Daughter." The first is the narrative of the trial, death, and subsequent events connected with this catastrophe, of a gentleman for a murder which he did not commit. It opens with a very remarkable, graphic, and humorous description of an election contest, which, indeed, assures us that the author is able to succeed in a work of more importance, if he will make the attempt. Indeed, the whole of the tale is classically correct, admirably written, and the pathos very effective. In the "Convert's Daughter," we have infidelity, religion, and fanaticism brought upon the stage in a very pleasant, well-written tale. There is a simplicity about this tale which is very delightful; and we have no hesitation in assuring our readers, that they will, after reading them both, lay down the volume, not only amused, but instructed. We trust the author will write again, for there are not many who write so well.

***History of England, by David Hume, Esq., with Illustrations and Portraits.* Vol. VIII. A. J. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.**

This, the Eighth Volume of Valpy's well edited England, is now before the public, with two very appropriate engravings, one as a frontispiece, the other as a vignette to the title page. The volume embraces the whole of the history of the vacillating pedant, the first James, who, we feel assured, would have failed as a schoolmaster, if his lot had been cast in that sphere, had he not been happy in a good usher. We think that he materially helped to hasten all the revolutionary movements that have since agitated Europe; and maintain that he was the father of the English one. This volume also contains the early portion of the reign of Charles the First, and affords much instruction to all who mark the course of events in the present day. It is a volume replete with interest, and worth possessing singly.

***The Modern Cambist, forming a Manual of Foreign Exchanges, in the direct, and indirect, and cross operations of Bills of Exchange, and of Bullion, &c. &c. &c.* By WILLIAM TATE. Second Edition. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London; Robinson, Liverpool; Galignani, Paris.**

Utility, as it is almost the only requisite, is the leading feature of this well-considered volume. In it may be found almost every thing that is necessary to be known to the broker and to the merchant, and either will fail to avail himself of the services of a good friend, who does not place this volume in his counting-house, and carry as much of its contents as possible in his head. It is, however, a subject on which we have no occasion to dilate—it is self-evident—it concerns the pocket, and that, to the generality of Englishmen, is a paramount consideration, and will ensure this publication a most extensive sale.

***Love's Botanica, a Key to the Study of Botany, on the System arranged by Linnæus.* London, published by Edmund Fry.**

A very elegant little appendage for a lady's reticule, or a gentleman's waistcoat pocket, when either may chance to make a rural excursion. It is very beautifully got up, and is so small, that it would incommode, neither by weight nor bulk.

The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Volume VI. Cochrane and M'Crone, Waterloo Place.

It has been found expedient to extend this publication to eight volumes, a circumstance that neither ourselves nor the public will regret. This, the sixth volume, contains his general correspondence, and gives us a more thorough insight into the depths of the poet's mind, than would the most elaborate disquisition, or the most diffuse biography. Very many of these letters are wholly new to the public, and they will carry that recommendation with them, in addition to their genuine and inherent beauties.

A Complete System of Commercial Arithmetic. By W. TATE, JUN. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London.

We have looked through this work, and find it contains nothing worthy of remark, excepting the rules for performing mental calculations, which may be of use to some peculiarly constructed minds. The type is very good, and the whole affair is a good affair, no worse and not better than the usual well written treatises on this subject, without it be cheaper, and then it is the best.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Philosophy of the Evidences of Christianity. By James Steele. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Turnbull on Veratria. Second Edition, with an Appendix on the External Application of Delphinia, and on the Internal Administration of the Salts of Veratria and Delphinia. 8vo. 5s.

The Fly-Fisher's Guide, illustrated by coloured Plates of upwards of Forty of the most useful Flies. By G. C. Bainbridge, Esq. Third Edition. 8vo. 16s.

Principles of Elementary Teaching. By James Tilling, F.R.S. Second Edition. 12mo. 3s.

Prior's Key to Keith on the Globes. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. I. New Series. 8vo. 16s.

Coleridge's Poetical Works, Vol. III. 12mo. 5s.

Landseer's Catalogue of Pictures in the National Gallery. 8vo. 12s.

Joseph's English and Hebrew Lexicon. royal 8vo. 21s.

Boy's Help to Hebrew. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Thelwall Refutation of Irving's Heresy. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Scenes and Hymns of Life. By Mrs. Hemans. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Household Worship; or, the Liturgy Expanded. By the Rev. E. Fielde. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Costs in Bankruptcy; or, Proceedings under Country Fiats. 12mo. 2s.

Jarrin's Italian Confectioner. Fifth Edition. post 8vo. 12s.

Ude's French Cook. Twelfth Edition. post 8vo. 12s.

Henri Quatre; or, the Days of the League. 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.

The Darker Superstitions of Scotland. By J. G. Dalyell. 8vo. 16s.

The Rules of the Courts of Law at Westminster. By G. B. Mansel, Esq. 12mo. 12s.

Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher. By Horace Guilford. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Wright's Improved Game-Book for One Year. 5s.

Family Library, Vols. XLV. and XLVI., being Vols. V. and VI., and the Completion of "Universal History." 18mo. 10s.

Abbott's Parental Duties. 18mo. 1s.

Memoir of Isabella Campbell. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

A Grammar of British History. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Commercial Arithmetic. By William Tate, jun. 12mo. 3s.; and with Appendix. 5s.

L'Echo de Paris. By A. P. Le Page. Second Edition, with a Vocabulary. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Ross's Second Voyage to the Arctic Regions. 18mo. 3s.

Abbott's Child at Home. 18mo. 2s.
 Instructive Fables. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 The Gentleman's Drawing-Room Companion and Toilette Guide. 1s.
 Popular Poems, with Illustrations by Cruikshank. 1s.
 A Treatise on Naval Tactics. By P. Paul Hoste; translated by Capt. J. D. Boswall, R.A. 4to. 3l. 3s.
 Edward's Eton Latin Grammar, accented. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Book of Matrimony, addressed to both Sexes. 18mo. 1s. 6d. Forming Vol. I. of Kidd's Miniature Library.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Dr Southey is engaged upon a Life of Dr. Watts, to accompany a new edition of the "*Horæ Lyricæ*," forming the Ninth Volume of the "*Sacred Classics*."

The Rule of Life, or Guide to Practical Piety, deduced from the Sacred Scriptures.

The Sixth Monthly Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms' National Lays and Legends will be devoted to Tartary, and include a translation of the Tartarian Story-book—"The Relations of Ssidi-Kur."

Sixth Edition of Dr. Castle's "*Essay on Poisons*."

The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the Sixteenth Century: an Historical Novel, with Notes, &c., by a Polish Refugee.

The Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, which will appear, it is hoped, on the 12th of August, will present a mass of Literary Correspondence, to which, since the publication of Hayley's Life of Cowper, or Boswell's Life of Johnson, there has been, it is believed, no parallel. The narrative is principally carried on by the medium of this correspondence. The letters of Mrs. More herself, of which there are more than three hundred, are interwoven with sixteen by Mrs. Montagu;—nineteen by Sir W. Pepys;—six by Lord Orford;—five by Dr. Langhorne;—six by Mr. Garrick;—twenty-four by Mrs. Boucawen; twenty-four by Bishop Porteus;—five by Archbishop Magee;—twenty-three by the Rev. J. Newton;—three by the Rev. R. Cecil;—ten by Mr. Stephen;—seven by Mrs. Kennicott;—five by Bishop Horne, and a variety of miscellaneous letters, by the Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Cremorne, Lord Teignmouth, Lord Barham, Bishop Watson, Bishop Barrington, Dean Tucker, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Siddons, the Rev. T. Gisborne, and many other well-known public characters. In point of incident, it will be found equally well-stored; passing in review all the leading events of the last half century, and giving details which are full of interest, of the last days of Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Kennicott, Bishop Horne, Bishop Porteus, and other distinguished and intimate friends of Mrs. More. The work will form four volumes, of 500 pages each, and will sell for 1l. 16s. in cloth. It will be embellished with a Portrait of Mrs. More, from the picture by Opie.

The Agricultural Magazine. By the Proprietor of the "*Dundee Guardian*," (lately Editor of the "*Constitutional and Dundee Courier*,") so soon as a respectable number of Subscribers can be obtained. Price 6d. a number, or 6s. a-year. Will be published monthly. The leading object of the little work about to be offered to the public under the above title, is to diffuse correct information on the question of the Corn Laws, and on the relation which the profits on capital have to the wages of labour; and to point out the errors which, too generally passing current on these subjects, lead to the most unwarrantable heart-burnings and disagreements amongst the various classes of the community.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists: comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Architects, from the earliest period to the present time, interspersed with Original Anecdotes. To which is added an Introduction, containing a Brief Account of the various Schools of Art. In a closely printed Pocket Volume, price 12s. 6d. cloth, embellished with a View of the National Gallery. By John Gould.

A History of British Fishes, with Wood-cuts of every Species, and numerous illustrative vignettes. The descriptions by William Yarrell, F.L.S. This work will contain about fifty Species more than the last published catalogue of British Fishes.

NEW MUSIC.

1. *The Spirit Soul of Love. Ballad*, composed by ALFRED HEARNE Chappell.
2. *The merry Blue Eye. Ballad*, composed by Mrs. WILLIAM COLE Hawes.
3. *'Tis better to Laugh than Cry. Bacchanalian Song*, composed by W. J. READ. Duff.
4. *Old Lovers they never will do.* Composed by J. BLEWITT. Bates.

The first song on our list—first in worth as in situation—has given us much pleasure. It is of that quiet, soothing nature, that goes at once to the heart, and renders it almost an impertinence to ask how it got there. Not that Mr. Hearne's ballad is deficient in learning—far from it; but one feels, after singing or hearing it, that it would be an outrage to make it a question of quavers and crotchets. It is of moderate compass, and easy of execution.

No. 2 is pretty. Mrs. Cole, we observe, has dedicated her song to "Thomas Attwood, Esq.;" but whether it is the London organist, or the Brummagem agitator, she does not inform us: either, however, might very properly be invoked to assist the circulation of her notes.

"'Tis better to laugh than cry,"—a good sentiment, and well expressed in the style of the old English school. The *andante* movement is a pleasant relief to the first subject, and the return to the original air has a bold and pleasing effect. It is suited for a tenor or baritone voice, and has no passage that a singer of ordinary pretensions may not readily accomplish.

The words of No. 4 are said to be written by "John Francis, Esquire;" and the perusal of them only confirms us in a long-cherished opinion, that that gentleman is a great master of pleasant lyrical verse. The music to a "playful ballad" is scarcely within our sphere.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, comprising Views of the most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. From finished Drawings, by STANFIELD, CALOTT and TURNER. John Murray, Albemarle Street; and Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Part the sixth contains a representation of what the God-honoured Bethlem now is. It is a twilight view, solemn, tender, and interesting. There is a remarkable cruciform star that seems to shed a benignant influence over the ruins, and to point out to the spectator that there is a sanctity for ever hovering over the place. It is well engraved and well designed. The artists are Turner, Barry, Masters, and Finden, for all these gentlemen have been employed to produce this beautiful picture. The next plate is a view of the Desert of Sinai,—a piece of wild scenery, and well got up. The range of Lebanon, from Bairout, gives us a wide and cheerful expanse of sea, mountain, and sky. It is a fine piece of art, with a particularly well-marked in foreground. Stanfield has been at work here, and he embellishes every thing that he touches. The last engraving gives us a view of the temple in ruins, at Philoe, in Egypt, and affords us a somewhat adequate idea of the vast magnificence of what was once the centre of civilization, and the focus of the then existing arts and sciences. This part is fully equal to the preceding ones in every attribute that must insure the publication the most complete success.

Westall's and Martin's Illustrations of the Bible. With Descriptions by the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

This number, the fourth, is an improvement—not certainly in the designs of the artist, for they have always been of an equal and well-sustained merit—but of the impression, and of the wood-cuts from which those impressions are made. In the whole there are eight representations, with as many well-written explanations, and all this for no more than twelvepence! Verily, in respect to the fine arts, we are now on the march of intellect, and the pace is that which is termed in the art military, double quick time.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

IN the beginning of the month, for the first time, the East India Company permitted their indigo to be viewed by the brokers at the St. Katherine's Docks. There was a good demand for all colonial produce at fair prices, and the Yorkshire and Lancashire manufacturers have had no reason to complain. There was a large sale of Mocha coffee, private property, on the 3rd ult., in the East India Company's sale room for the first time, at a reduction of 10s. per cwt. upon the market prices. In the mercantile world, the principal topic of interest has been the alteration of the commercial duties by Mr. P. Thompson, and, as far as it goes, it appears to have given general satisfaction. Australian wool has met with a reduction, compared with the sales of last year, by 5d. per lb. Rum has generally had a good demand, and obtained very fair prices. There has been an increase in the imports of cotton this year, as compared with the last, of 11,715 bags. There has been, upon the whole, but a very limited demand for dye-woods up to the middle of last month. There has been, during the month, a very large speculation in salt-petre, rather an unusual affair in these "piping times of peace," and the market has been unnaturally forced up, but latterly it has sunk down to 28s. the old price. The indigo sale took place on the 15th, when, owing to the flatness of the market, many proprietors withdrew their lots, which caused much dissatisfaction to those who came to buy. Upon the whole sale, the prices were 6d. per lb. lower than the last. Towards the latter end of the month, there was a very considerable increase in the demand for cotton. Upon a review of the whole of the commercial transactions of this month, we see nothing to despair of in the state of the country. There is no where any thing like a flush business doing, but every thing seems to move on steadily well, if not absolutely prosperously. Hops, it is apparent, will be a failure, the duty scarcely averaging 85,000l. The fluctuations in the English securities have been trifling, and hardly commensurate to the public agitation, on account of the recent changes in the Administration.

THE CHINA TRADE.—The arrival of the first free trader from China since the opening of the trade to Canton, by the abolition of the monopoly of the East India Company, with a most valuable cargo, which, in consequence of the recent extensive advance in raw silks, will prove most profitable, has given an impulse to the commercial operations in the city, which is considered as indicative of the great advantages that will result to the port of London, as well as other ports of the empire, in consequence of the termination of the privileges which have been enjoyed by the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies. The Sarah has brought home not less than 3667 bales of raw silk, upon which a very great profit will be realized, in consequence of the expectation of a failure of the supply from Italy, as reports are prevalent that there will be a failure to a very considerable extent in the mulberry plantations.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 28th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 218 half.—Indian Ditto, 266.—Three per Cents Reduced, 9 half.—Three per Cents Con. 91.—Three and a Half Per Cents Reduced, 90 three-eighths.—New Ditto, 91 seven-eighths.—Ditto Bonds, 21, 23.—Exchequer Bills, 1,000l., 51.—Ditto, 500l., 52.—Consols for Account, 91 one quarter.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, 98 half.—Brazilian Ditto, 80.

—Columbian Six Per Cent, 30 half.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 51 one quarter.—Ditto, Five Per Cent, 98 one-eighth.—Mexican Bonds, 32.—Portuguese, 85 one-eighth.—Spanish Five Per Cent, 44 three-eighths.—Russian Bonds, Five Per Cent, 106 half.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8.—British Iron, 30 half.—Real Del Monte, 26.—United Mexican, 6 quart.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 24, TO JULY 17, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

June 24.—R. Cowan, Plumstead, schoolmaster.—T. Hodsoll, Garnault Place, Spa Fields, picture dealer.—T. Hunt, Sheffield, victualler.—T. Walsh, Warrington, cotton spinner.—J. Balmer, Hartlepool, merchant.—W. Willis, Exeter, builder.—R. Whitehead, Liverpool, attorney.—C. Whyborough, Manchester, victualler.—S. Cohen, Birmingham, factor.—J. James, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, innkeeper.—B. Lee, Selby, Yorkshire, soap boiler.—S. Chapman, Hurst, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—E. Day, Bristol, surgeon.—E. Griffin, Erdington, Warwickshire, surgeon.

June 27.—C. F. Elderton, Parson's Green, Fulham, wax bleacher.—W. and F. Fincher, Ivybridge, Devonshire, paper manufacturer.—J. Plimpton, Finsbury Square, merchant.—J. Newbery, Reading, scrivener.—R. Bennett, Worcester, draper.—J. H. Bielefeld, St. Martin's Lane, toyman.—G. C. Davy, New Church Street, Lisson Grove.—J. and S. Taylor, Manchester, commission agents.—R. Moss and I. Brunt, Leek, Staffordshire, silk manufacturers.—T. Franklin, Walsall, Staffordshire, carrier.—J. Cormie, Burslem, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware.—N. Trafford, Oxford, cook.—H. and G. Leach, Romsey, Hampshire, ironmongers.—T. Sharples, Liverpool, ironmonger.

July 1.—T. Smith, Edgeware Road, Middlesex, hosier.—S. Brady, Kingston-upon-Thames, grocer.—J. H. Arthur, Garlick Hill, stationer.—T. Dodson, St. Paul's Church Yard, needle manufacturer.—R. Pittman, Park Lane, Piccadilly, saddler.—I. Watts, Stoke-upon-Trent, stationer.—C. P. Lamb, Leeds, commission agent.—P. W. Hooper, Leamington Priors, carver and gilder.—W. A. Fullerton, Liverpool, mariner.—R. Roberts, Liverpool, ship chandler.—W. Cox, Wombourn, Staffordshire, miller.—H. P. Curtis, Romsey, Hampshire, scrivener.—P. Ioughin, Liverpool, builder.

July 9.—G. Sutton, New Street, Borough Road, builder.—H. Prior, Ladgate Hill, stationer.—R. Holden, Leamington Priors, ironmonger.—J. Drage, Northampton, horse dealer.—G. Bickerdike, Huddersfield, victualler.—P. H. Daniel, Bosbury, Herefordshire, cider merchant.—J. Davenport, Nantwich, Cheshire, shoe manufacturer.—W. Ashwin, Aston, Warwickshire, gilt toy manufacturer.—T. Chambers, Birmingham, publican.

July 8.—J. Goulding, Basinghall Street, woollen draper.—G. Palmer, Southampton, tailor.—G. Mitchell, Bury Street, St. James's, tailor.—F. Messenger, Liverpool, corn merchant.—W. Proud, Bishop Auckland, Durham, builder.—J. Smith, Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer.

July 11.—W. R. Thorn, Southend, Essex, victualler.—J. Flint, Siltoe, Bedfordshire, shopkeeper.—H. Case, Fore Street, grocer.—W. Turner, Parleigh, Essex, carpenter.—J. Viney, Hornsey, carpenter.—T. Norval, King Street, West Smithfield, victualler.—E. Coade, Devonport, grocer.—E. Ogden, Elland, Yorkshire, corn miller.—W. Norman, Mendham, Norfolk, wine merchant.—H. Myers, White Street, Houndsditch, wholesale stationer.—R. Brewer, Walsall, Staffordshire, builder.—W. D. Parkhouse, Tiverton, Devonshire, ironmonger.—W. Salthouse, Poulton, Lancashire, malster.—T. W. Clisby, Brighton, builder.—T. Holman, Devonport, printer.—R. O. Hughes, Carnarvon, druggist.

July 15.—J. Thompson, West Harding Street, bookbinder.—W. Gummow, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, ironmonger.—G. Baker, Woolwich, linen draper.—J. Drayton and C. Drayton, St. John St. Clerkenwell, woollen drapers.—T. Phillips, Lower Thames Street, lighterman.—J. Le Conteur, Guernsey, woollen draper.—William Emmitt, Bourne, Lincolnshire, grocer.—William R. Holroyd, Great Scotland Yard, plumber.—F. B. Turner, Liverpool, druggist.—T. Buckley and R. Kenman, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Goodman, Arham, near Shrewsbury, innkeeper.—J. Barnes, Manchester, pork butcher.—F. Edwards, Manchester, bow string maker.—J. Evans, St. Neot's, surgeon.—E. Sandell, Bristol, stay maker.—W. Lang, Jan., High Bickington, glover.—G. Griffith, Chester, tailor.—J. Mall, Lanteglos, Cornwall, miller.

July 17.—H. Jennings, Faversham, Kent, innkeeper.—W. Briggs, Vine Yard, Richmond, tailor.—T. Tapster, Quadrant, Regent Street, ironmonger.—J. Morgan, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.—T. Elliott, Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, tallow chandler.—T. Grove, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, miller.—J. Weeks, Langford, Somersetshire, grocer.

NEW PATENTS.

G. Bather, of the Haymarket, in the Parish of St. James, Westminster, Scale Maker, for a weighing machine upon a new construction. May 22nd, 6 months.

T. Edmonds, of Burton Street, in the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square, Middlesex, for a certain process or method of manipulation and treatment for the preparation of leather, whereby it becomes less pervious to water, and preserves better its pliability during use, than does leather prepared by the ordinary means. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Morgan, of Manchester, Lancaster, Pewterer, for certain improvements in the apparatus used in the manufacture of mould candles. May 22nd, 6 months.

C. L. S. Baron Heurteloup, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, for improvements in certain parts of certain descriptions of fire arms. May 22nd, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, Middlesex, Machinist and Engi-

neer, for a new and improved method of preparing phormium tenax, hemp flax, and other fibrous substances, and rendering the same fit for hackling in the manufacture of linen, and for spinning in the manufacture of ropes, cordage, lines, and twines. May 24th, 6 months.

L. Smith, of Manchester, Lancaster, Cotton Manufacturer, and J. Smith, of Hepwood, in the same County, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in weaving machinery. May 24th, 6 months.

P. A. de Chapeaurouge, of Fenchurch Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for a machine-engine or apparatus for producing motive-power, which he denominates a self-acting motive-power, and called in France, by the inventor, "Volland moteur perpétuel." Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 24th, 6 months.

S. Hawkins, of Milton House, near Portsmouth, Hants., Gentleman, for certain improvements in warming-pans or apparatus for warming beds and other purposes. May 24th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and boilers applicable both to fixed and locomotive engines. May 24th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of grates, stoves, and furnaces, applicable to steam-engines and many useful purposes. May 24th, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, for certain improvements in certain machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin net lace. May 27th, 6 months.

W. H. Hornby, of Blackheath, Lancaster, Cotton Spinner and Merchant, and W. Kenworthy, of Blackburn, aforesaid, Engineer, for certain improvements in power-looms to be used in the weaving of cotton, linen, silk, woollen, and other cloths. May 27th, 6 months.

R. Simpson, of Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for roving and slubbing cotton and wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 3rd, 6 months.

J. Bertie, of Basford, Nottingham, Machinist, and J. Gibbons, of Radford, of the same place, Machinist, for an improved texture of the lace-net, hitherto called bobbin-net or twist-net, and also certain improvements in lace-machinery, in order to produce lace-net with the said improved texture, either plain or ornamented. June 5th, 6 months.

G. S. L. Grenfell, of Paris, in the Kingdom of France, Merchant, at present residing at No. 4, Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, Middlesex, for certain improvements in the constructions of saddles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 5th, 6 months.

E. Keele, of Titchfield, Southampton, Brewer, for an improved valve and apparatus for close fermenting and cleansing porter, beer, ale, wine, spirits, cider, and all other saccharine and fermentable fluids. June 7th, 6 months.

T. R. Bridson, of the Township of Great Bolton, in the Parish of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be used in the operation of drying cotton, linen, and other similar manufactured goods. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 10th, 6 months.

J. Whitaker, of Wardle, near Rochdale, Lancaster, Flannel Manufacturer, for certain improvements in engines used for carding wool. June 12th, 6 months.

M. Bush, of Dalmonarch Printfield, near Bonhill by Dunbarton, North Britain, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for drying and printing calicoes and other fabrics. June 14th, 6 months.

J. Lee Hannah, of Brighton, Sussex, Doctor of Medicine, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in surgical instruments for reducing the stone in the bladder, and enabling the patient to pass it off through the urethra. June 16th, 6 months.

J. Jones, of Oldham, Lancaster, Cotton Manufacturer, and T. Mellodew of the same place, Mechanic, for certain improvements in the construction of power-looms, and in the manufacture of certain kinds of corded fustian or fabric to be woven in diagonal cords, from cotton, wool, and other fibrous materials. June 16th, 6 months.

C. Wilson, of Kelso, Roxburgh, for certain improvements applicable to the machinery used in the preparation for spinning wool and other fibrous substances. June 17th, 6 months.

I. Jecks, Jun., of Bennett's Hill, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an apparatus or machine for putting or drawing on or off boots. June 17th, 6 months.

W. Symington, of Bromley, Middleton, Cooper, and A. Symington, of Falb-land, in Fifeshire, in that part of the United Kingdom called Scotland, Watchmaker, for a paddle-wheel of a new and useful construction for the propulsion of vessels and other motive purposes. June 23rd, 6 months.

J. Chester Lyman, of Golden Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain im-provements in hulling, cleansing, or polishing rice, bearding or peeling barley, and hulling and cleansing coffee. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 24th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 27' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	40-76	30,23-30,37	N. b. E.		Clear.
24	46-75	Stat. 30,29	S.W.		Clear.
25	47-71	30,25-30,17	S.W.		Cloudy.
26	50-75	30,14-30,12	S.		Cloudy.
27	40-74	30,10-30,06	S.E.	,075	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
28	52-79	30,04-30,11	N.E.	,025	Clear.
29	54-80	30,17-30,22	E. & N.E.		Clear.
30	51-81	30,26-30,20	N.E.		Clear.
July					
1	47-60	30,23-30,11	N. & N.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
2	40-74	30,04-30,00	N.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
3	53-79	30,00-30,03	N.E.		Cloudy, except the evening.
4	54-81	Stat. 29,99	N.W. & N.b.E.		Generally clear.
5	51-82	29,97-29,93	N.E.		Cloudy; rain accomp. by lightning in the even.
6	40-70	29,91-29,92	N. & N.E.	,325	Cloudy; rain and thunder frequent during the day.
7	51-78	29,89-29,87	S.W.	,2	Cloudy; rain at times.
8	54-74	29,89-29,96	S.W. & S.	,025	Cloudy; rain at times.
9	49-69	30,01-30,03	S.W.	,025	Overcast with dark clouds.
10	51-73	29,98-29,93	S.W.		Generally clear.
11	56-79	29,91-29,99	S.W. & S.		Generally clear.
12	57-81	29,98-29,90	S.W.		Generally clear.
13	50-72	29,85-29,88	S.W.		Cloudy; a few drops of rain in the evening.
14	53-76	29,90-29,97	S. b. W.		Clear.
15	50-81	30,05-30,15	S.W.		Clear.
16	53-85	Stat. 30,18	N.W.		Clear.
17	56-87	30,16-30,09	S.W.		Clear.
18	60-75	29,84-29,79	S.E.		Raining during the p.m. A thunder storm in even.
19	50-59	29,61-29,50	S.W.	,975	Raining, generally during the day.
20	40-65	29,43-29,58	S.W.	,6	Raining, frequently.
21	51-65	29,66-29,72	S.W.	,375	Raining, frequently.
22	53-71	29,81-29,91	S.W & N.E.	,1	Raining, at times.

The wheat which every where promises abundance, has in some places been cut, and no doubt but for the rain since the 17th, the harvest would ere this have generally commenced.

The thermometer on the 17th rose to a height not attained since June 28, 1826, at which time it was 80.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JULY 1, 1834.

HOUSE OF LORDS, June 23.—Some petitions were presented in favour of the claims of the Jews, after which the Marquis of Westminster moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill.—The Earl of Malmesbury opposed it, and moved

an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months.—The Archbishop of Canterbury regretted that the subject had been pressed so soon again, after its rejection last year; and contended that as a christian country they were bound to resist such a proposition. He feared that the blessing of Providence would be withdrawn from the country if any thing were done to sap the foundations of Christianity.—The House divided: for the second reading, 38; against it, 130; majority, 92.

June 24.—Earl Grey moved the second reading of the Civil Offices' Pension Bill.—The Duke of Wellington opposed the Bill, contending that the interests of the public service required that the servants of the crown should be fairly paid.—The Lord Chancellor entered into a history of the pensions granted to various statesmen, and supported the Bill, which was read a second time, and passed through a Committee.

June 25.—Lord Farnham asked when it was probable that the Irish Coercion Bill would be brought forward, as from the obstruction with which it was threatened in another place, it was important that no time should be lost.—Lord Melbourne agreed that no time should be lost in bringing the bill forward, and in a few days his noble friend would give notice of the day when he intended to introduce it, and it was intended that it should be introduced first in that House.

June 27.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Transfer of Real Property Bill, the West Cork Mining Company Bill, the Perth Harbour Improvement Bill, the Dublin Cemetery Bill, and 24 other bills.—Lord Grey gave notice, that on Tuesday he would move for leave to bring in a bill to renew the Irish coercion act.

June 30.—The order of the day for the attendance of the Editor of the *Morning Post* was read, upon which Mr. Thomas Bittleston appeared at the bar.—The discussion was finally terminated by a motion that the House should proceed with the other orders—a proceeding which left Mr. Bittleston still in custody of the usher of the black rod.

July 1.—Earl Grey presented a Bill to renew, until the 1st of August 1835, the Irish Coercion Act, which is to undergo no alteration, except the omission of the court-martial clause. He entered into an elaborate statement of the beneficial operation of the bill, in diminishing crime, in the four districts which had been proclaimed; and contended that its re-enactment was necessary to the peace and safety of Ireland.—The Earl of Wicklow concurred in the necessity of the proposed measure.—The bill was read a first time.

July 2.—On the motion of Lord Wynford, Thomas Bittleston was called to the bar, and ordered to be discharged from custody on payment of fees.—The Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London argued in support of the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill, which, after some further discussion, was read a first time, ordered to be printed, and to be read a second time on Tuesday next.

July 3.—The London and Southampton Railway Bill was read a third time.

July 4.—Upon Earl Grey moving the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill, Lord Durham protested against the clause giving government power to suppress political meetings, still he gave his qualified assent to the measure, and would not hesitate to give it his support if the objectionable clauses were withdrawn.—The Lord Chancellor defended the measure as it stood, and Earl Grey declared, "with deep pain, his total and absolute dissent from the view which his noble relative had taken on this occasion—a dissent so total and absolute, that he declared if he could not propose the bill with the clause that respected public meetings he would not propose it at all." The bill was read a second time, after remarks from several peers as to its necessity, in consequence of the state of Ireland.

July 7.—The Coercion (Ireland) Bill passed through a Committee.—The Bill for abolishing the practice of hanging criminals in chains was read a second time.

July 8.—On the motion of Earl Grey, the order of the day for taking into consideration the Report of the Irish Coercion Bill was postponed till Wednesday.

July 9.—The Bodies of Criminals' Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the motion for receiving the Report of the Committee on the Irish Disturbances Suppression Bill, Earl Grey rose to make his expected statement on the subject of the ministerial resignations. His lordship was so much overpowered by his feelings, that it was with much difficulty, and only after repeated attempts, that he was enabled to proceed. His opinion of the necessity of the renovation of this act had never, for one moment, suffered the slightest change or variation. On the 22d of June he received a private and confidential letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which did appear to give a new view of the subject, and which he, therefore, laid before

his colleagues. That letter appeared to have been produced, not so much by that illustrious person's original view of the state of Ireland, as by certain considerations suggested to him by others (without his, Earl Grey's, knowledge or privity)—certain considerations rather affecting the political state of this country than anything else. A new practice, which never before occurred in the political annals of the country, now took place—disclosures were called for of what passed in the confidential communications between ministers themselves and persons holding subordinate offices. This was perfectly unjustifiable; the result of such communications was all that parliament was entitled to learn—the result founded on sufficient documentary evidence. "I must say," continued the noble lord "that such a communication, so made, ought not to have been divulged; but ministers being charged with a breach of faith, in addition to a charge of vacillation as respected the measure itself, and the discussion which took place in the other House of Parliament on the subject, these things placed us in difficult circumstances, and the consequence was that my noble friend (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) feeling the ground thus slipping from under his feet—feeling the difficult situation in which he was placed in the House of Commons, concluded that he could not, with satisfaction to himself and advantage to the country, continue in his present situation. The consequence was, that yesterday morning I received a letter from the noble lord containing his resignation, and having subsequently, in a personal interview with my noble friend, ascertained that the resolution was final and unalterable, I transmitted the resignation to his Majesty. The being deprived of the assistance of my noble friend, the leading minister in the House of Commons, in whom the strength of ministers in that House lay as a leader, and in losing whom I lost my right arm, placed me in such a situation that I felt I could not continue longer in office with satisfaction to myself—with advantage to my sovereign and my country. Therefore, upon receiving the resignation of my noble friend, I felt an unavoidable necessity to tender my own resignation, and they have both been accepted; and I have only to discharge the duty of my office till such time as his Majesty shall be able to appoint a successor."

July 10.—A deal of unprofitable conversation about the ministry.

July 11.—The public business was postponed.

July 14.—In answer to a question from Lord Haddington, Lord Melbourne stated that he had been honoured by his Majesty's commands to lay before him a plan for the formation of a new ministry. He had undertaken the task. He should not discharge the duty which had been confided to him without securing the co-operation of his noble friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the sanction and approbation of Lord Grey.

July 15.—Lord Ellenborough inquired whether ministers would be prepared on or before Monday to state their views with respect to the Coercion Bill.—The Lord Chancellor said he thought it was exceedingly unlikely that any thing would be done before Monday.

July 16.—The Marquis of Londonderry wished to know whether a noble viscount, a member of the other House, still retained his place in the administration. A noble earl (Grey) had, on a former occasion, described him as the right hand of the government; now, he wanted to learn whether that right hand had come back to the old body?—The Lord Chancellor had no hesitation in stating that his noble friend was still Chancellor of the Exchequer, and added that he might well be considered the right hand of any administration to which he belonged.—The Chimney Sweepers' Regulation Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 17.—The County Rates' Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Ellenborough inquired what day was to be fixed for the third reading of the Irish Coercion Bill.—Viscount Melbourne said he did not mean to mention any day; it was the intention of ministers to introduce into the other House of Parliament a bill, having for its object the suppression of disturbances in Ireland, omitting certain clauses that formed part of the present bill. Ministers did not intend to proceed with the bill on their lordship's table.

July 18.—Lord Suffield, on moving the second reading of the Capital Punishment Bill, stated that he intended to withdraw that clause which made letter-stealing capital.—The bill was read a second time.—The Duke of Buckingham asked was Mr. Littleton still secretary for Ireland?—Lord Melbourne replied, Yes, he is.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 23.—The Southwark (borough) Water Works Bill and the General Steam Navigation Bill were read a third time and passed.—Mr. Littleton, on moving that the House resolve itself into Committee on the Tithes (Ireland) Bill,

entered into some general explanations of the alterations proposed to be made in it. One was the omission of that part of the measure which invested the revenue of the church in land; which alteration the government had been induced to make by representations, from its firmest supporters, that the amount would be so excessive as to be injurious to the country, and that it would greatly increase the political influence of the church. The composition would, on the passing of this act, be converted into a land-tax, payable to the crown. At the end of five years it was proposed that four-fifths of the land-tax be converted into a rent-charge, to be imposed on the owners of estates of inheritance, who were to recover from their tenants and sub-tenants. The amount of these rent-charges so collected by the crown were to be paid to the tithe-owners, subject to a reduction of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the expense of collection.—The bill was committed *pro forma*, and ordered to be reconsidered in committee on Tuesday.—The Greenwich Hospital Annuity Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 24.—In answer to a question from Mr. Shiel, Mr. Littleton said that nothing had transpired to warrant the government to believe that there was any probability of a general famine, or even of a considerable scarcity of provisions in Ireland.

June 25.—The Four per cent. Annuities Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 26.—On the motion of Mr. Poulter, the House resolved itself into Committee on the Lord's Day Observance Bill.—M. Potter proposed the following amendment to the first clause;—Provided always that nothing in this Act shall tend to prohibit the sale of fruit, confectionary, soda-water, ginger-beer, or any other unintoxicating beverage.—Mr. Poulter contended that this amendment would make it a bill for the violation of the sabbath.—On a division, the amendment was adopted by a majority of 38 to 4. The amendment clause was then agreed to.—On clause 2 Mr. Potter proposed an amendment to the effect of permitting bakers' shops to be kept open till two in the afternoon, and also to permit the sale of butchers' meat, fish, or green grocery, before half-past nine on the morning of Sunday.—Mr. O'Connell opposed the bill altogether, contending that the sabbath was now more strictly observed than it had ever been, and that any legislation on the subject would be mischievous.—Mr. Potter consented to withdraw the part of his amendment relating to baking, and the latter part was adopted.—Mr. Wallace, pursuant to notice, moved "That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to appoint a commission to inquire into the management of the Post Office and Packet Service." The hon. gentleman supported his motion by a variety of arguments and statements that went to prove the defective state of management, and the many abuses which prevailed, in the present arrangement of the post-office.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer supported the motion, and complained that the appointment of Postmaster-general was always made a job for the aristocracy.—After some further discussion, the motion was negatived without a division.—Mr. Ewart postponed his motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the Royal Academy, and its Influence on the Arts, until the next session.—The house having gone into Committee, a resolution for granting compensation out of the county-rates to officers who will be deprived of emoluments by the Central Criminal Courts Bill was negatived by 27 to 14. The House then went into committee on the bill, and proceeded as far as the 16th clause, when the Chairman reported progress.

June 27.—On the motion that the Report of the Poor Laws Amendment Bill be taken into further consideration, several clauses were proposed by Mr. Jervis, Mr. Tooke, Sir H. Willoughby, &c., but they were negatived.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer withdrew a clause (the 56th) as not essential to the working of the bill, other clauses on the subject having been postponed.—The report was then agreed to, and the bill was ordered to be read a third time on Tuesday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating, that on Monday he would move that the bill have precedence of notices on Tuesday.—On the motion of Mr. Vernon Smith, the House went into Committee on the Postage on Newspapers' Act, in which he proposed a resolution, that a charge of 2d. should be laid upon every newspaper brought in and sent out of the country. The honourable gentleman explained that it was only intended as a temporary arrangement, to operate until foreign countries agreed to our Post-office regulations for free transmission.—The resolutions were agreed to, and the House resumed.—The address to the Crown respecting compensation to officers and seamen at the battle of Navarino was agreed to.—Mr. O'Dwyer moved for a return of the names of all male persons accompanying Don Carlos to this country, whose arrival has been notified to the Foreign Department: copy of all correspondence between the Foreign Department and the authorities of Spain, regarding the seizure and putting to death of Mr. Boyd, a subject of his Majesty. He said it was well known

that General Moreno had invited the brave Torrijos, and several of his companions, to Malaga, and had there become the instrument of their destruction. Among these victims was Mr. Boyd, an Englishman. Moreno was now in this country, and some steps ought to be immediately taken to obtain satisfaction for this outrage.—Lord Palmerston had no objection to the production of the correspondence. A claim was made on the part of the British authorities for Mr. Boyd, as a British subject; that claim was not recognized, and the letters transmitted by the British authorities were found of no avail. However he might lament the fate of Mr. Boyd, he feared that his death was justifiable according to the laws of Spain.—Mr. O'Dwyer inquired whether, since the arrival of Moreno in this country, any reference had been made to the law officers of the crown as to whether any and what mode existed of bringing that man to punishment.—Lord Palmerston said that he had directed such reference to be made for the satisfaction of public feeling, but he himself had had very little doubt what the nature of the answer would be.—The motion was then agreed to.

July 1.—Lord Althorp moved the third reading of the Poor Laws' Amendment Bill.—Mr. Hodges moved an amendment, that it be read a third time that day six months. He argued at considerable length against the bill, contending that it would produce an open resistance on the part of the labouring population.—Sir H. Willoughby seconded the amendment, particularly condemning the provision regarding workhouses, and that relating to the union of parishes.—Lord Althorp replied, at considerable length, to the objections that had been raised against the bill.—The House then divided: ayes, for the third reading, 187; noes, 50; majority for the third reading, 137.—The bill was read a third time.—On the question that the bill do now pass, Mr. P. Scrope referred to a resolution of which he had given notice, respecting the extension of a similar law to Ireland, but declined to bring it then forward, on account of the lateness of the hour, and because he felt confident that it must be the intention of his Majesty's government to carry the provisions of the present measure to Ireland in the course of the next session at the furthest, as the means of maintaining the union between the two countries.—Mr. Littleton said he expected the report of the poor law commissioners early in the next session.—The bill was then passed.

July 2.—The House went into committee on the Registry of Births Bill, and after a long and desultory discussion, the clauses from 1 to 12, with several verbal amendments, were agreed to.—The remainder of the clauses were agreed to, with a few verbal amendments, and the bill went through committee—to be reconsidered on Monday next.—On the motion of Mr. P. Thomson, the House resolved into committee on the Customs Acts. The right hon. gentleman then enumerated various articles on which it was the intention of government to reduce the duty. The duty on currants and other similar fruits would be reduced to one-half of its present amount. Olive, cocoa-nut, and palm oils, would be reduced in duty one half; with the exception, however, of the olive oil, the produce of the Two Sicilies. He proposed entirely to remit the export duty on coal. The present duty on the importation of foreign books was 5*l.* per cwt. It was impossible to take that duty off entirely, so long as there existed in this country an excise on paper; he proposed to reduce the duty to 2*l.* 10*s.* per cwt., but books, the first edition of which appeared in this country within 15 or 20 years ago, would not be allowed to be imported from abroad. The honourable member enumerated several other articles, and concluded by moving, that instead of the customs' duties at present payable, the several duties set forth in the annexed table be in future made payable.—On Mr. G. Wood's motion for committing *pro forma* the bill for Admission of Dissenters to Degrees in the Universities, Sir G. Murray spoke at considerable length against the bill, which he denounced as unintelligible and contradictory.—The bill then went through the committee *pro forma*; the report to be brought up on Monday next.

July 3.—On the motion of Mr. Lennard, the House resolved into committee on the Punishment of Death Bill.—Lord Howick moved, as an amendment to the second clause, the addition of the words "not doing bodily harm to the person so wronged."—Mr. Lennard and Mr. Roebuck opposed the amendment as contrary to the principle of the bill.—Lord Howick said his object was to induce persons who might be guilty of robbery to abstain from the further commission of crime.—The amendment was withdrawn and the clause agreed to. The remaining clauses were agreed to with verbal amendments, and the House resumed.—The House resolved into committee on the Prisoners' Counsel Bill, and on the motion of Mr. Ewart the second clause was expunged. Clause 3 was agreed to, as were several others, after which the House resumed: the bill was ordered to be recommitted.—Mr. O'Connell

inquired whether the renewal of the Irish Coercion Bill in its present shape had been advised by the Irish government.—Mr. Littleton replied that the introduction of the bill had the entire sanction of the Irish government.—Mr. O'Connell then inquired if it was his intention to bring the bill forward in that House.—Mr. Littleton: "That is a question that cannot yet arise. The bill is now before the Lords. When the proper time arrives, it will be for the government to decide as to its introduction here. I can tell the honourable gentleman, however, that whoever may bring the bill in, I shall vote for it."—Mr. O'Connell: "Then I have been exceedingly deceived by the right hon. gentleman."—Mr. Littleton then entered into a narrative of certain communications which took place between Mr. O'Connell and himself, in the course of which he admitted that he had made indiscreet disclosures, and charged Mr. O'Connell with a breach of confidence in making such disclosures known.—Mr. O'Connell: "The right hon. gentleman is perfectly safe in saying that, for it will be utterly impossible for me, after what has taken place, to place confidence in anything but his public statements. The right hon. gentleman talks of being actuated by motives of kindness towards me. What kindness can the right hon. gentleman do me? None in the world. I do not go to the right honourable gentleman's office of my own accord to seek kindness or patronage,—to ask for places in the police for my friends, or for anything else. I asked the right hon. gentleman no favour. I did not seek him. I published a letter to the electors of Wexford, and grounded it on the determination of government to renew the Coercion Bill. I had in the press an address to the reformers of England on the Coercion Bill. Just at that moment, while I was sitting as chairman on the committee on the inns of court, the right hon. gentleman sent to me a most respectable gentleman, the hon. member for Kildare, to beg that I would go over to him to the Irish office, stating that he had something of great importance to communicate. I was ~~thought~~ caught by him. He had no right to send for me to go to his office. I did not want him. If he wanted me, he knew where I lived. I went to him at his request. I should never have repeated the conversation that took place, if it had not been that by means of it, he tricked, deceived, and obtained a decided advantage over me. I admit the confidential nature of the communication; and that confidence should never have been broken but for the deception practised upon me. The right hon. gentleman told me that the Irish government was opposed to the renewal of the Coercion Bill of last year, that those concerned in the Irish government (meaning, of course, Lord Wellesley and himself) were opposed to the renewal of that bill. I was going away with the cheerful determination to regulate my conduct, in accordance with the communication that I had just received, when the right hon. gentleman again repeated to me that the Coercion Bill would not be renewed, but only a short measure for suppressing agrarian disturbances. I was going out of the room, when the right hon. gentleman addressed to me this observation, that if the Coercion Bill should be brought into that House, it would not be brought in by him. By making this statement he secured my neutrality in the Wexford election; and he also secured an advantage in the debate on the Tithe Bill. If I had not been deluded by that statement, I would already have addressed the reformers of England on the subject. I would have called upon the people of Ireland to present petitions against the bill; and at this moment you would have had petitions from them with more than half a million of signatures. But the right hon. gentleman, by the statement he made to me, got a full fortnight's advantage of me. The right hon. gentleman is not so young as not to understand that a minister making such a communication as he did must be understood as expressing the opinion of the government to which he belonged. The advantage which the right hon. gentleman has reaped from that communication, renders it necessary that the seal of secrecy should be at length torn away. I leave the House and the public to judge of the species of government that is compelled to have recourse to such unworthy artifices, and that acts directly contrary to its own declarations. I wish the right hon. gentleman joy of the success of his deception. Of this he may be certain, that let him send when he will, he will never again see me at his office."

July 4.—The House having resolved into committee on the Irish Tithes Bill. Mr. Littleton again enumerated the changes which had been introduced into the present measure.—Mr. Stanley objected to the resolution as the first step of a system of plunder about to be commenced on property. It was plunder without assuming the boldness of plunder, having all the meanness without the dexterity of a common shop-lifter. He never saw anything this conduct so resembled, as the tricks of a certain class who frequent fairs and race-grounds, whose tools of trade were a board on three legs, four or five thimbles and a pea; whose game consisted in a sort of juggle, hiding

the pea and asking the dupes, "Is it here, is it here, is it there?" the only result of all which was, that the person who was thus addressed was sure to lose, whatever he had at stake. There was his right hon. friend with his pocket, the church pocket, the state pocket, and shifting from the one to the other, asking, "Is what you want in this? No.—In this? No;" and so on till he took up, like these wandering frequenters of fairs, all the thimbles and showed that what they had been seeking for had been appropriated or vanished.—Lord Althorp was not astonished at the effect which the speech of his right hon. friend had produced. It had confirmed all his anticipations, that with whatever grace he appeared on the treasury bench, he would appear to infinitely greater as an opposition member. He was, therefore, not surprised when he heard his hon. friend bandying the terms shoplifters, petty larceny-men, thimble-riggers, and other similar expressions, for they, in reality, formed the chief staple of an opposition speech, and his right hon. friend had used them with such astonishing dexterity, as almost to warrant a suspicion that he had had a private rehearsal of their effect.—Mr. Hume characterised the course taken as disingenuous. The noble lord in his speech alluded to other sources from which the deficiency could be made up. Why not state what these sources are? For his part, he would only say, let the deficiency be made up out of the church property.—After some further discussion, the Committee divided on the motion—Ayes, 235; noes, 171; majority, 64.

July 7.—Lord Althorp presented papers relating to the state of Ireland, and moved that they be printed.—After an extended and stormy discussion, the House divided—the numbers were, for the printing of the papers, 157: for a committee, 73—majority against Mr. O'Connell's amendment, 84.—The Marquis of Chandos moved an Address to the King that he would relieve agriculture from its present heavy taxation.—The House then divided, when there appeared—for the motion of Lord Chandos, 174; against it, 190; majority for ministers, 16.—The annunciation of the numbers was received with loud cheering by the minority.—On the question that the resolutions agreed to by the Committee of the whole House on Friday, on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Act, be read a second time, Mr. Hume divided the House, and the second reading of the amendments was carried by 181 to 106.—The Court of Common Pleas (Lancaster) Bill was committed.—The Stannaries Court (Cornwall) Bill was committed.—The Admission of Freemen Bill was recommitted.—The Report of the Merchants Seamen's Widow's Bill was received.—The Report of the Universities' Admission Bill was farther considered, and the bill ordered to be read a third time on Wednesday se'ennight.—The debate on the third reading of the Lord's Day (No. 2) Bill was adjourned till Monday next.—The London Port Dues Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 8.—Mr. Ward brought up the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the best mode of taking authentic lists of the Divisions in the House, and moved that the report be taken into consideration, with a view to the adoption of its recommendations at the commencement of the next session.—The House divided: for the motion, 76; against it, 32; majority, 44.—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a second time.

July 9.—Lord Althorp said he was placed in a position which rendered it necessary that he should state to the House the reasons which had governed his conduct, and that he had obtained his Majesty's permission to make such statement. "When the renewal of the Coercion Bill was first under the consideration of the government, I felt it my duty, though with the greatest reluctance, to concur in the renewal of it, with the omission only of the courts' martial clauses. Afterwards, confidential communications from the lord lieutenant of Ireland to individual members of the government brought the subject again under their consideration in the week before last. It was at this time that the secretary for Ireland suggested to me the propriety of telling the hon. and learned gentleman opposite that the question was not yet finally decided, and that the bill was still under consideration. I saw no harm in this, if it proceeded no further; and I begged my right hon. friend to use extreme caution, and by no means to commit himself in what he said. From the nature of the private communications from the lord lieutenant, to which I have alluded, I was led to believe that the three first clauses of the act—those, I mean, which refer to meetings in the parts of Ireland not proclaimed—might be omitted from the new bill without endangering the peace of Ireland. Under this impression, I objected to the renewal of those clauses. My right hon. friends the members for Inverness, for Cambridge, for Edinburgh, and for Coventry, coincided with me in making that objection. We were in a minority in the cabinet. The cabinet decided against us;

and we had to consider whether we would acquiesce in this decision, or whether we would break up the government. We decided that it was our duty to acquiesce, and I now think that we were right in taking that course. I felt that, in coming to that decision, I might be placed in a situation of great difficulty and embarrassment in conducting the measure through this House. But when, on Thursday last, I heard the statement of the secretary for Ireland, and then, for the first time, was made aware of the nature and extent of the communication which he had made to the hon. and learned gentleman, I certainly thought that the difficulties which I should have to encounter would prove to be insuperable. The debate on Monday night convinced me that I could no longer conduct that bill, or the general business of government, in this House, with credit to myself or with advantage to the public. I accordingly wrote that night to Lord Grey, and requested him to tender my resignation to his Majesty, which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept. I am authorized by my right hon. friends to whom I have already alluded, to say that they approve of, and concur in, the step which I have taken. I should be extremely sorry if my conduct on this occasion should not be approved of by my fellow countrymen, and that large body of gentlemen in this House who have reposed so much confidence in me, and who, by their handsome and steady support, have enabled me to maintain a position for which my abilities would otherwise have so little qualified me. I have nothing further to add, but that I hold my office until my successor is appointed, and that, until that is the case, I shall feel it my duty to conduct the ordinary business of the government in this House."—Mr. Hume regretted to find that the noble lord and others of his colleagues, in whom he and the country could place confidence, had been obliged to secede from the administration.—Lord Althorp said he had omitted to state to the House, that in consequence of his retirement from office the administration was at an end.—The Central Criminal Courts Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 10.—Mr. Hume withdrew his motion for an address to his Majesty on the state of the nation. When he had given notice of it he thought that the entire cabinet had resigned. As there was no responsible minister in the place of the noble lord, he considered that no important business ought to be proceeded with, and therefore moved that the House do adjourn till Monday.—After some further discussion the motion was agreed to, and the House adjourned to Monday.

July 14.—Lord Althorp, in moving the adjournment of the House to Thursday, stated that Lord Melbourne had received his Majesty's commands to lay before his Majesty a plan for the formation of an administration.—The motion was agreed to without discussion, and the House accordingly adjourned till Thursday.

July 17.—Lord Althorp moved that a new writ be issued for Nottingham, in the room of Lord Duncannon, who had accepted the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department. He said that Lord Melbourne had been commissioned to lay before his Majesty a plan for an administration, that his noble friend had completed his arrangements, and a ministry had been formed. Lord Duncannon was to be home secretary, Sir J. Hobhouse commissioner of the woods and forests (with a seat in the cabinet,) and he (Lord Althorp) would continue chancellor of the exchequer, in compliance with the gracious request of his Majesty. He added that Lord Melbourne would be the head of the government—a nobleman of judgment and qualities well fitted for his station.—After some further conversation, the motion was agreed to.—Considerable discussion took place on the motion for going into committee on the Beer Bill, which was opposed by Mr. F. Palmer, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Gisborne, and others, and supported by Sir E. Knatchbull, and Lord Althorp.—The House divided. For the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair, 105; against it, 35. Majority, 70.—The House then went into Committee, and Sir E. Knatchbull moved the following addition to the second clause, "That every person applying for a licence for the sale of beer, ale, or cider, to be drunk on the premises, shall, in addition to the application, setting forth the particulars, annually produce to the commissioners or other officers of excise in the parish, a certificate signed by six persons, inhabitants of the parish, town, or place, where such beer, &c. is to be sold, who shall be rated at 10*l.*, (excepting malsters and retailers of beer, &c.), who shall certify on their own knowledge that the person applying is a person of good character, and likely to conduct the house in a peaceable and orderly manner, and at the foot of the certificate one of the overseers shall certify to the respectability of the six persons, and the certificate shall be verified by oath before a justice of the peace."—An Hon. Member moved that the word "annually" be omitted, on which the Committee divided, when there appeared for the insertion of the word "annually," 77; against it, 51; majority 26. The Clause was ultimately agreed to, and the House resumed.

July 19.—Mr. T. Duncombe presented a petition from the inhabitants of Upwell, against the Upwell Tithes Bill.—Mr. Childers moved the second reading of the Bill.—Mr. Wason moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.—After a few words from Mr. Townley, in support of the Bill, the House divided : for the second reading, 45 ; against it, 60 ; majority 15.—The Bill was accordingly thrown out.—Lord Althorp then moved for leave to bring in a Bill “ to continue and amend the Act for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland. He proposed to continue such portions of the Act as empowered the Lord Lieutenant to proclaim districts, and to enforce the different regulations for keeping the peace, with the exception of the three first clauses, which refer to public meetings.—Mr. Poulter moved that the Lord’s Day Observance Bill (No. 2) be read a third time.—Mr. Potter moved, as an amendment, that it be read this day six months. There were for the third reading, 57 ; against it, 24 ; majority, 33. It was read a third time.—Mr. Cayley moved then a new clause to legalise all games of exercise in the open air on Sundays, not played during the hours of divine service. The clause was carried, as were some other clauses ; after which some of the friends of the Bill said, as the Bill was so altered, they would rather it should not pass. The House divided on that question. The numbers were—for the Bill, 31 ; against it, 35. The Bill was consequently lost, by a majority of four.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

CAPTAIN DAVID THOMPSON.

Intelligence has been received of the decease, at the Mauritius, of this well-known computer and author of the Lunar and Horary Tables, and inventor of the Longitude Scale, in consequence of severe injuries received during the hurricane which recently devastated that colony. The work which has brought Captain Thompson’s name into note among men of science, is his solution of the problem, of clearing the apparent distance of the moon from other celestial bodies, from the effects of parallax and refraction—one of the most useful in nautical astronomy ; and he received from the late celebrated Baron de Zach, high commendation for his skill and success in this investigation, and from the late Board of Longitude, a tardy acknowledgment of the high merit of his Tables. All methods which solve this problem by approximative formulæ being in some particular cases defective, Captain Thompson undertook the arduous task of resolving the spherical triangle, for every case which can occur in practice. The correction to one of the approximative formulæ which he adopted, was thus obtained, in every individual case ; and these single results were classed in a Table of triple entry, embracing all the cases which can possibly occur. The seaman takes out from the Table the number required for each case, with great ease, and adds it to the calculated numerical value of the approximative formulæ, the defect of which Captain Thompson’s Table is intended to supply, and he thus obtains a perfectly correct solution. Captain T. also invented a scale adapted to the solution of the same problem, which is made use of by many mariners.

Married.—At Newbattle Abbey, Sir John Stuart Forbes, Bart., of Pitaligo and Pettecairn, to Lady Harriet Kerr, third daughter of the late Most Noble the Marquess of Lothian.

Lieutenant-Colonel De Lacy Evans, M.P. for Westminster, to Josette, relict of Phillip Hughes, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company’s Service, daughter of the late Colonel Robert Arbuthnot.

At St. Peter’s Port, Major T. K. Clubly, Madras Army, to Ellenor, third daughter of Staff-Surgeon Paddock.

At St. George’s, Hanover Square, the Viscount Mahon, only son of Earl Stanhope, to Emily, daughter of Major-General Sir E. Kerrison, Bart., M.P.

At Clewer, near Windsor, Berks, Captain George Thomas Bulkeley, 2nd Life Guards, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Captain Charles Langford.

At Great Neston, Sir John Reid, Bart. of Bara, to Janet, daughter of Hugh Matthie, Esq., of New Hall, Cheshire.

Captain John Markham, R. N., grandson of his Grace the late Archbishop of York, to Marianne Georgiana Davies, youngest daughter of the late John Brock Wood, Esq.

Died.—The Hon. Mary Roper, relict of the Hon. Francis Roper, of Linstead Lodge, Kent, mother to the present Lord Teynham, aged 100.

At Bath, in the 72nd year of her age, Lady Fraser, the widow of the late Sir William Fraser, Bart.

At Stoke Park, Bucks, aged 74, J. Penn, Esq., Governor of Portland.

In the 68th year of his age, Sir D. Bayley, who for upwards of twenty years filled the office of his Majesty’s Consul-General in Russia, and of agent to the Russian Company at St. Petersburg.

At Leamington, Amelia, daughter of Sir C. E. Carrington, of Chalfont, St. Giles, Bucks.

The Right Hon. Anne Catherine, in her own right Countess of Antrim and Viscountess Dunluce, wife of Edmund M’Donnell, Esq., and mother of the Marchioness of Londonderry.

At Tonbridge Wells, in the 30th year of his age, the Hon. Thomas Le Merchant Saumarez, second son of Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Saumarez, G.C.B.

At Rome, the Right Hon. James Everard Lord Arundel of Warder.

Major General Sir William Aylett, K.M.T.

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THE END.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

